Fortean Times

ISSUE No. 30

The Journal of Strange Phenomena

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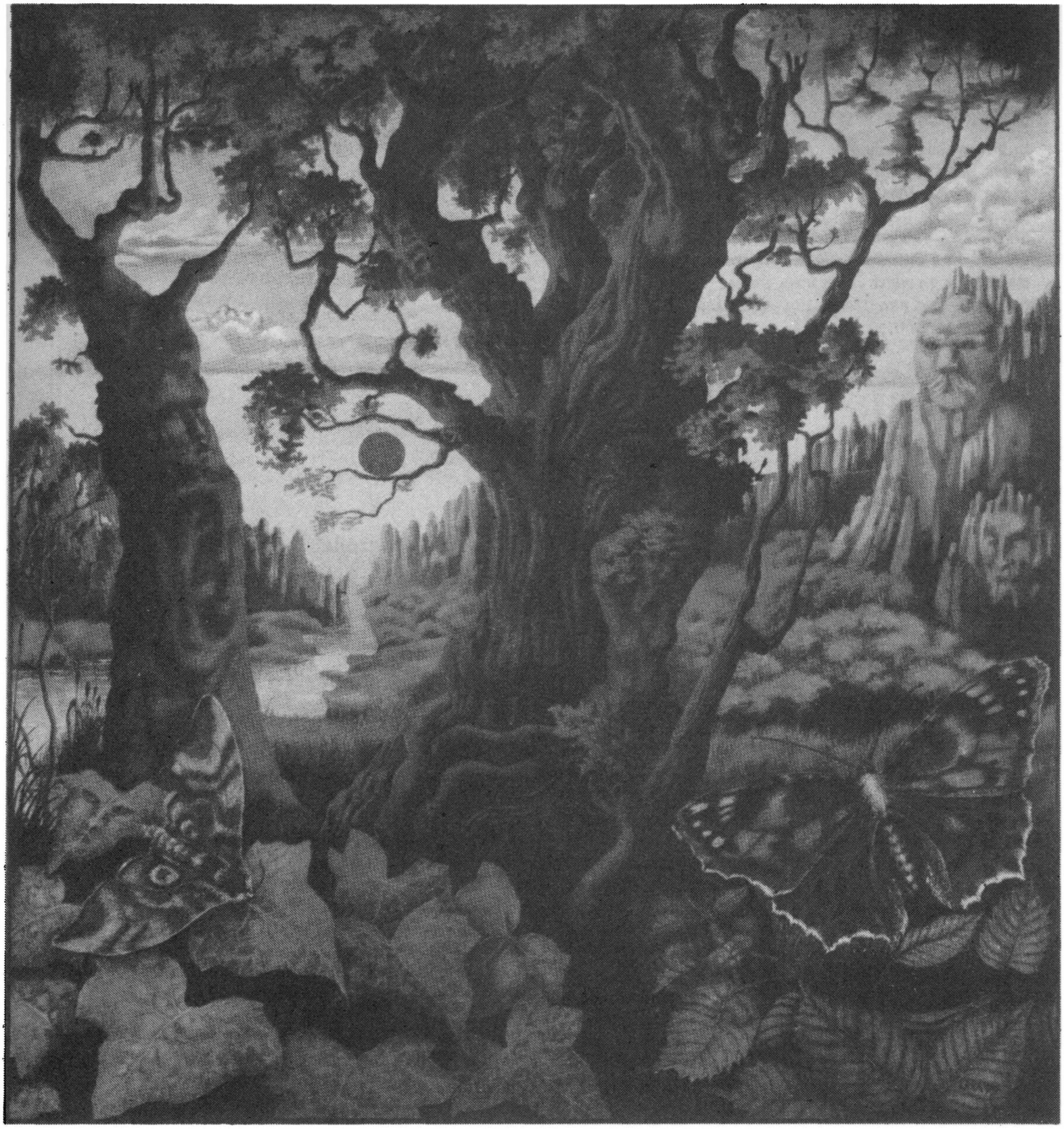

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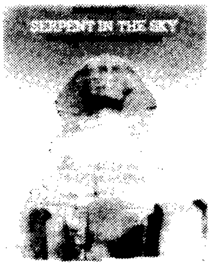

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Fortean Times

The Journal of Strange Phenomena

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Cover painting by Una Woodruff, whose thoroughly recommended book *Inventorum Natura* is reviewed among our paperback reviews this issue

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Editorial

Your appreciation is our reward. However we have had to reassess our goals recently and bring them into line with the small resources available to us — some of the more obvious and tangible reforms are apologised for and explained in an accompaying letter to our subscribers.

Even before last issue's experiment in newsstand appearance, many readers thought FT was professionally run and funded. We are flattered, but this is not so. We are entirely dependent upon the voluntary, unpaid and sparetime efforts of a few loonies, and funded mainly by your subscriptions, some shop sales and valued donations.

Over the last couple of issues our subscriber list has nearly doubled — but then so has our printing, production and postage bill , and the balance is as shakey as ever it was. Seedling ventures like FT are very much affected by the successive waves of price rises, union actions, shortages and deteriorating services, each threatening to swamp our little boat. As of writing more postal rate increases are looming, and other rises are on the way.

Our only refuge lies in gaining more subscribers. As an incentive we will continue to peg our sub rates for as long as possible, but effective from this issue we have to put up our cover price. This makes the present sub rate an even better bargain, saving almost 30% over the cover value. Helping us get more subscribers will help you in the long run by keeping the sub rates down and fending off the spectre of a drabber, thinner FT. For each new sub you bring in we'll extend your own sub by an extra issue. There's no limit, but you have to claim this giving the name of your catch. Copies of FT blurbs are available free, in any quantity, for the asking.

Finally, I'd like to thank all of those — too numerous to mention — who have helped and advised us over the last six months. Thanks also to our patient contributors and artists who donate their material when they could be earning bucks elsewhere. Thanks especially to Una Woodruff for her truly astonishing cover painting this issue, to illustrate John Michell's article. It really is encouraging that we can attract such talent. And last but not least, thanks to all our readers, without whom this would all be empty vanity.

Bob Rickard.

Spontaneous Images and Acheropites

'Conditioned by rationalistic beliefs, our view of the world is duller and more confined than nature intended,' writes John Michell in his recent book **Simulacra** (Thames & Hudson, 1979), an eloquent denial of the 'single vision' that William Blake proclaimed the error of small and narrow minds and of scientific materialism. Faces and figures can be seen by anyone, in or on any form or surface, at any time. To 'the manifold vision innate in all of us' they are not without beauty or meaning or transcendent logic. **John Michell** here outlines his thesis of the interplay between nature and imagination, with illustrations from **Simulacra**.

One type of strange happening which intrigued Fort was the appearance of forms or images, produced by nature, which people interpret as spontaneous ikons, portraits or symbols of topical significance. These 'simulacra' or deceptive likenesses served well to illustrate his view of the world as anorganic entity of which we ourselves are part and which our human desires and imagination are largely responsible for shaping.

In *Lo!* Fort described a number of contemporary instances of the spontaneous image effect, including, typically, the reports in the *Bath Weekly Chronicle* during 1926 of the appearance on a stone pillar of the Abbey Church at Bath of certain damp stains which strongly resembled the figures of a soldier with pack in full marching order. In the course of several weeks it kept changing shape but the likeness remained. On the same pillar were exhibited the tattered colours of the heroic Somerset Regiment, and the opinion of 'local theosophists' was that the damp-stain image was shaped by the concentrated imaginings of the thousands who had been to view these moving relics. The literal-minded clergyman in charge of the Abbey thought differently. He disclaimed the miracle, denounced it indeed, and rebuked everyone who saw the image as anything other than the chance, meaningless effect of natural causes.

The tendency of the human eye to see its own image reflected in the appearances of nature and to detect faces and figures in the interplay of light and shade or any variegated pattern is well known. It has been much used by mystics for purposes of divination and by imaginative artists. Many of the designs by prehistoric and aboriginal cave painters, and also the mythic events they served to illustrate, seem to have been suggested by natural cracks or marks on the rock face. Leonardo advised his pupils: 'Stop sometimes and look into the stains of walls, or the ashes of a fire, or clouds, or mud, or like things, in which, if you consider them well, you will find really marvellous ideas.' Alexander Cozens in the 19th century followed a well-established tradition among painters when he daubed ink on to crumpled paper, thus obtaining the background of rocks and scenery for his landscape drawings. It is a tradition that has its roots in deepest antiquity. The ancient science of geomancy, by which were divined the proper sites for temples and for all other human additions to the landscape, was based on the idea that apparent likenesses and symbolic shapes in rock formations give clues to the hidden nature of the countryside and to the fortunes of its inhabitants. The modern prophet, Antonin Artaud, recaptured this type of vision when, as described in his *Journey to the Land of the Tarahumara*, he saw repeatedly in the shapes of the Mexican mountains the same ancient, alchemical symbols — which he then recognised in the designs and artifacts of the local people. Nature, he realised, had stamped a whole district and all its inhabitants with its own characteristic set of images. It came to his mind that a forgotten science, Universal Esotericism, which was still preserved in the secret rites of the Tarahumara, had once read and made use of these natural symbols. 'When one knows this' he wrote, 'and when one suddenly finds oneself in a country that is literally haunted by these signs, and when one recognises in them the gestures and rites of a race, and when the men, women and children of this race wear them embroidered on their clothing, one feels uneasy, as if one had arrived at the source of a mystery.'

The Bath clergyman who objected to the pious interpretation of the damp stain on the wall of his

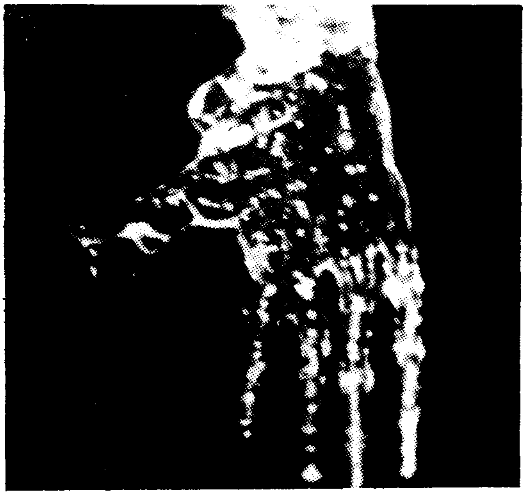
Abbey would doubtless have agreed that Artaud deserved the treatment he received from the mad-doctors for insisting on the importance of his vision in the Tarahumara mountains — incarceration and electric shock 'therapy'. Authorities, both religious and psychiatric, are inclined to draw firm lines between the world as it is and as we perceive it, and to ignore the indissoluble relationship between these two sources of reality. This relationship arises from the fact that our human ways of seeing things have been developed as part of the same processes of nature that have created everything we see. Our vision is a part of nature and thus, according to Fort's view of an organic universe, related to every other part. As we are programmed from birth to respond to certain forms and symbols, so is nature correspondingly programmed to manifest repeatedly these same images.

Consider the face pattern, which is the first thing a baby sees, which it has been found to respond to instinctively. This pattern continues to haunt our imagination throughout life. It is the most popular subject with painters, and it recurs again and again in the designs of nature.

In *Simulacra* are illustrated some of the many face patterns in the markings of creatures and natural objects. Apart from the skull on the back of the ominous Death's head hawk moth, there are well-defined face patterns on the wings and thorax of many kinds of insects, notably on the closed wings of the various types of Underwing and on the half-opened wings of the Eyed hawk moth. Several spiders, even tiny ones, are similarly marked. The most obvious example is the round, sun-god face on the abdominal plate of the trap-door spider. It uses this plate to block up the entrance of its hole, and the face pattern has been thought to act on the other creatures as a symbol of warning. On the back of the *Dorippe* crab, found off the coast of Japan, is the distinct image of a samurai mask, while another crab, inhabiting English waters, bears the markings of an irrascible Englishman! Most extraordinary of all is the chrysalis of a small, north American butterfly, *Feniseca tarquinius,* only about a quarter of an inch long, which is marked with a human face clearly resembling the features of a local Indian. Two other similar types of chrysalis are found elsewhere. In each case the pattern of a face marked upon them is characteristic of the locality.

Explainers of the Darwinian natural selection school have made all kinds of attempts to account for these face patterns throughout nature, some laughable indeed. For instance, Julian Huxley 'explains' the samurai face on the Japanese crab as being the result over the years of the more human-looking ones having been thrown back into the sea rather than eaten, even though he admits that the Japanese do not eat the crab anyway. And this of course fails to account for the English face on the inedible English crab.

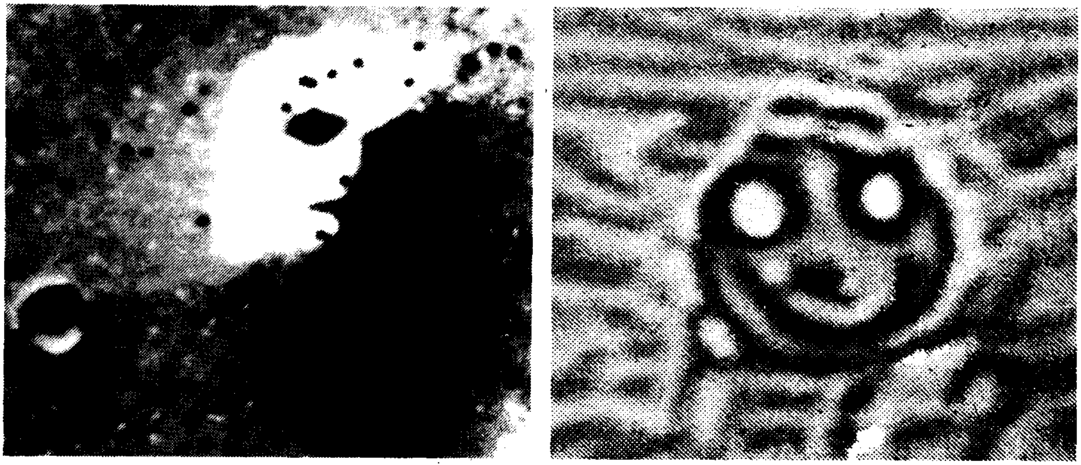
We are left with this observation: we are inclined to see patterns of faces and nature is similarly inclined to produce them.



The strangest of all the wonderful, naturalistic effects which are created by combinations of the elements are those which in some way are timely, as if intended as omens or as comments on human affairs. This icicle hand appeared at the kitchen window of Carol Alspaugh one morning in the winter of 1979. 'I wondered if someone was trying to tell me something,' she said afterwards to her local paper, the Press *of Grand Rapids, Michigan. 9 Feb 1979, because on that day she was due to take her sister to hospital, for a hand operation. When they arrived, the surgeon said he could not operate on account of a new injury to the sister's arm. It had been wounded the previous day -- by a falling icicle.*

Consider now acheropites. They are defined in Brewer's *A Dictionary of Miracles* as 'likenesses not made by the hands of men'. The Shroud of Turin, which appears inexplicably to be a negative photograph of a nobly bearded figure from the time of Jesus, is an acheropite. Closely related are 'veronicas' which are cloths marked with a face which is supposed to have been imprinted by the sweat of Jesus when a woman, Seraphia, wiped his face as he was walking to Calvary. The notion that the cloth was twice folded explains the existence of three veronicas, one in St. Peter's, Rome, one in Milan and the third at Jahen, Spain. A case of a similar effect is recorded in Sir Henry Halford's *An Account of the Opening of the Coffin of Charles I* 1813. He says that when a piece of cerecloth was unwrapped from the face of the royal martyr, it was found to bear the imprint of his features.

Modern Church authorities look askance at acheropites, fearing outbreaks of cultism. Not even the Turin Shroud is above suspicion, for the late John Paul Mark I at the start of his papacy was dissuaded from his intention of making a pilgrimage to it on the grounds that he would thereby encourage pagan superstition. Yet, whether as a spin-off from the growing Shroud cult or for some other or no particular reason, there has



Telescopes and microscopes have extended the range of face images visible in nature. The one on the left, from a photograph of the surface of Mars taken by Viking 1 Orbiter on 25 July 1976, is about a mile wide. The other, figured in the National Enquirer *12 July 1975, as a 'happy virus,' is a microscopic cell, photographed in the laboratory of the Children's Hospital, Philadelphia.*

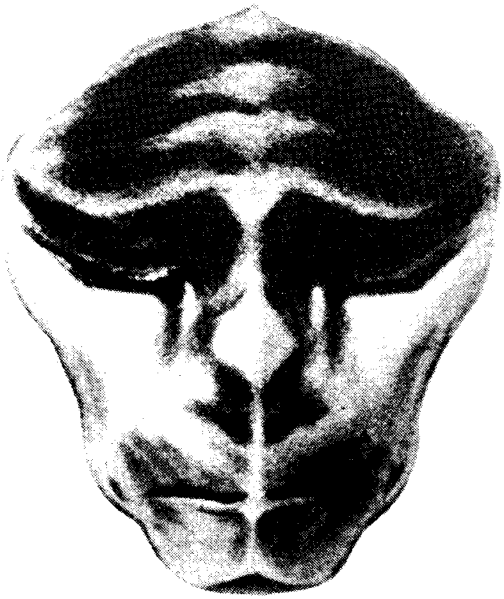
recently been an absolute spate of spontaneous holy countenance images. Many have been faithfully recorded in *Fortean Times* (see *FT* 7, 16 and 26). The hierarchies of the older churches have generally been quick to denounce them. For instance, in early April 1976 the Bishop of Nimes ordered the village church of Suave to be closed after crowds flocked to see the image of a face which somehow appeared on the wall of the nave. He said they 'came to see a spurious miracle rather than to worship.' Another case of official dampers applied to an acheropite and its cult occurred in 1978 when the Archbishop of Santa Fe denounced a fried tortilla, a kind of local bread, on which the New Mexico woman who had cooked it discerned the familiar bearded countenance. She enshrined it in a reliquary and persuaded the local priest to bless it. Unlike normal tortillas it did not decay after a few days. Once more the crowds flocked despite the Archbishop's attempts to restrain them *(International Herald Tribune* 25 July 1978 from *LA Times).* More excitement, flockings and official disapproval followed the recognition by a woman in a village near Voronezh in Russia of a 'miraculous' damp stain on the ceiling of her house as a portrait of her grandson who had recently died. 'Excursionists have taken her house by storm', said a Communist Youth newspaper, quoted in the *Guardian*, 19 September 1978. 'They beg, they plead, they demand, they threaten, they try to break in by force.' The paper called on the local anti-superstition zealots to take action against the damp stain and its cult.

What about the 5,000 students and their teachers at the Voronezh Institute of Scientific Atheism, it asked. 'They well know that neither the damp spot nor the rumours about it are going to disappear just like that.'

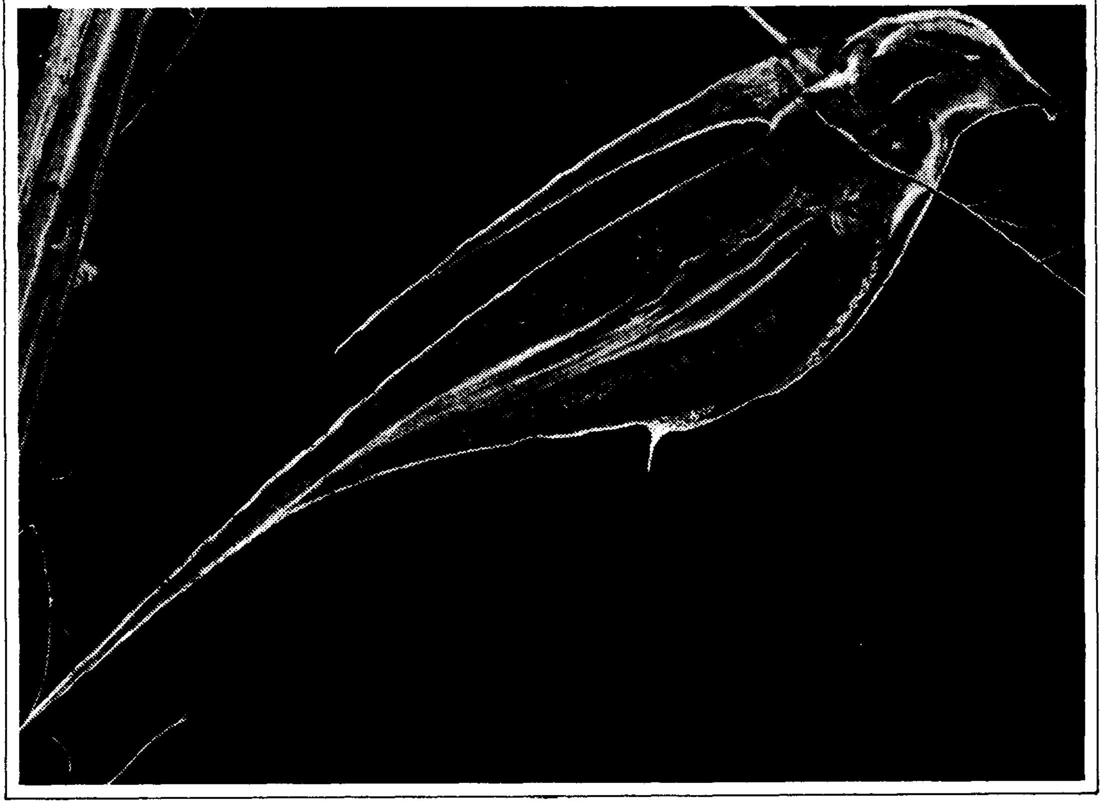
Sometimes, however, particularly in newer churches and those remote from the seats of authority, the local priest can not resist taking spontaneous divine portraits, when they occur in their churches, at literally face value. For instance, at Shamokin, in the case described at length in *FT* 26, when crowds of pilgrims swamped his Holy Trinity Episcopal Church following his discovery on an altarcloth of an apparent Shroud-like countenance, the Rev. Frank Knutti welcomed them with the services of spiritual healing. *FT* 18 reported that similar images in churches in New Mexico and Denver, Colorado were graciously received by the priest and minister concerned. In the latter case, the Rev. H. D. Wilson of the Episcopal Church, Denver commented on a 'face of Christ' that appeared on a windowpane of the church school, 'We feel it is a sign that what we're doing in the church is right.' Despite what their superiors may say, these simple churchmen have most authoritative precedents for not looking their spontaneous ikon gift-horses too closely in the mouth. After all, the world's most fanatically revered religious object, the Kaaba stone at Mecca, is an acheropite — a heaven-made image of God that fell from the sky.

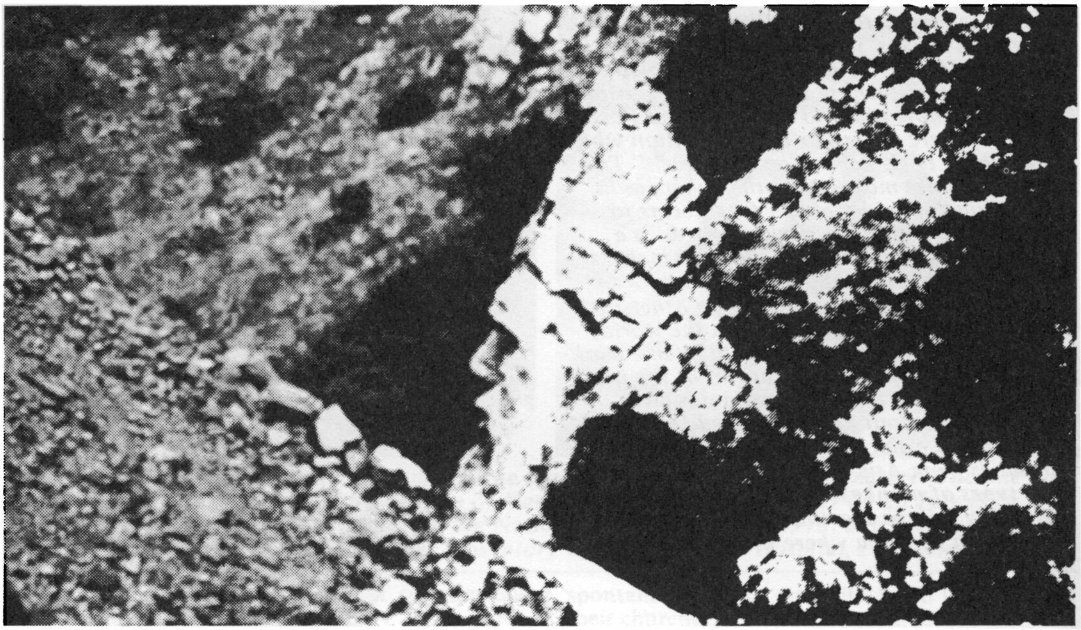
The world is full of acheropites, formed fleetingly in clouds, in growing or rotting timber and, more lastingly in rock formations. In every group of rocks the eye can see images, but there are certain spots about the world where they are particularly clear and numerous. Anyone interested in such things should visit the Brimham Rocks, on a high plateau above Pateley Bridge in Yorkshire, where a remarkable collection of rock-figures, carved by the wind and grit, are grouped together like prototypes for an alternative creation. Another such spot is the Forest of Fontainebleau in France where nature has wrought masterpieces of natural statuary, including three distinct elephant-rocks and herds of other creatures. Robert Charroux in *Le Livre du passe mysterieux* refers to such places as *points d'amour* or life-generation centres, giving as an example the

Nature's tendency to stamp likenesses of human features on insects' wings, crabs' shells, the backs of spiders etc. has never been explained by the evolutionists, whose ingenious but contradictory attempts to do so bring to mind Fort's dictum: "There never was an explanation which did not have itself have to be explained." The matter becomes more interesting when, as in the case illustrated here, the 'face' seems to resemble the local human type. Right *is a chrysalis, magnified from its natural ¼ inch size, belonging to the small blue North American butterfly,* Fenesica tarquinius. *Two other such chrysalids are known elsewhere in the world, in Asia and Africa. In each case the 'face' markings they bear reflect the features of the indigenous locals, and* Fenesica tarquinius *gives an accurate portrait of a noble Red Indian. Evolutionists claim obscurely that the similar chrysalids from Asia and Africa are mimicing local types of monkey rather than men, but the theory fails to account for this example from North America where there are no native monkeys.*



Good photographers have an eye for 'simulacra' or figurative effects of nature. This beautifully modelled ice bird, created by freezing rain on a twig of a tree, was photographed at Uzwil in Switzerland. International Herald Tribune *25 Jan 1979.*





In rock formations all over the world people see images which seem to resemble the characteristic human features or animal types of the district. These images are sometimes taken as representations of local heroes or episodes in mythology. One of the most striking is the natural rock portrait of a mitred figure near Chermoog in Armenia which the Armenian Church recognizes as an acheropite of St. Vartan, a 5th-century bishop, who was killed nearby ina battle against the invading Persians. The revelation of his image in his native rocks is said to have taken place on the day after the battle and to have brought great comfort to the Armenian survivors.

Marcahuasi plateau in Peru where Daniel Ruzo in 1952 discovered a vast gallery of natural human and animal sculptures, visible only at certain seasons under particular conditions of sunlight, which he thought to be the work of a mighty, lost civilization. The same idea occurred to Artaud when he called the Tarahumara country 'one of those sensitive spots on the earth where life has shown her first effects.' This belief in a mystical connection between the generation of life-forms and places where these forms are indicated by folds in the earth is as ancient as nomadic times, when fertility rites for the increase of various creatures were held at spots where those creatures were seen represented in the rocks and landscape.

The eye that detects simulacra in all nature's patterns is the primeval eye, the use of which is still enjoyed by children, tribesmen, mystics, madmen and dreamers. Shakespeare describes how it was regained by the banished Duke in *As You Like It*, holding outlaw court under the greenwood tree, who found 'tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' A wonderful account of its modern use is given by Strindberg in *Inferno*, of how he descended into the loneliness of a room in Paris, began alchemical experiments, and found himself led by promptings from the signs and images around him to invoke a series of amazing coincidences through which he gained the information needed for his research.

This brings us to the really interesting part of the simulacra phenomenon; the appearance or recognition of spontaneous images in circumstances that make them seem significant as guides, portents or commentaries on topical events. A legendary example, illustrated here, is the rock-acheropite of St Vartan, the 5th-century Armenian hero, which was revealed to his disconsolate followers after his death in battle against the Persians near Chermoog in his native land, where it is still to be seen. Natural rock-heads, recognised as portraits of local characters, are not uncommon, but accounts of such timely representations in this medium are rare. A recent case was the discovery, soon after the assassination of President Kennedy, of his familiar profile in lava rocks on the island of Maui, Hawaii. Fort gave several examples of images not made by men appearing in times and places which gave people grounds for viewing them as portentous. These include the mysterious marks that appeared on windows in Germany in 1872, which were seen as images of French cavalry soldiers waving banners. It happened just after the Franco-Prussian war when feelings were still inflamed. The authorities ordered the windows to be smashed! Another Fortean classic is the item he culled from the *English Mechanic* 12 June 1908, about a fall of large hailstones at Remiremont in France. Stamped on the hailstones were shapes recognised by witnesses as very exact representations of the Virgin of the

Hermits, the object of a local cult. A week before the event the town council had banned the Virgin's annual procession, but this, said the town's priest, was 'a vertical procession that no one could forbid.' (For details of some other Fortean characteristics of this happening see *Phenomena* p59)

The spontaneous image effect embraces a wide range of phenomena, among them stigmata — the symbolic markings which appear on certain people's skin in apparent imitation of the marks of crucifixion on Good Friday or some other significant season — and images projected on to sealed film or some other surface by proved 'thoughtographists' like Ted Serios or Eusapia Palladino (see *Phenomena* 'Projected thought-forms'). The invention of photography last century, closely followed by the first offerings of 'spirit photographs' and the like, has yielded a vast new crop of mysterious images. A number of contemporary examples of photographs, showing faces or figures which were not present when the photograph was taken, and which the photographer recognized as having some personal meaning, were shown and described in *FT* 10, (others in *FT* 26), where it was suggested that, like the 'thoughtographs' of Serios, these images were involuntary products of the photographer's or someone else's mind. Perhaps photography in general is less impersonal than is generally considered. After all, what is it that distinguishes a good photographer from a bad one when both have steady hands and the same equipment?

The strong evidence that the appearance of photographs may be influenced by human thoughts or desires reopens the old question of the extent to which these same thoughts and desires may influence appearances in the world at large. This question is central to Fortean studies, as it has also become central in the modern study of physics. Whatever conclusions we come to, experience warns that they should be lightly held; for in this world, where theories drawn from observation of phenomena begin to affect the phenomena themselves, nothing ever can be cut and dried. Forteans are likely to sympathise with the *idea*, though not with the *certainty* of the Bath theosophists that the damp-stain image on the Abbey wall was shaped by the pious thoughts of visitors. And the same goes for the idea [the certainty] of the sceptical vicar that it was shaped by blind chance. How could either party finally judge between these or other possible theories? Explanations in general being arbitrary and conditioned, we have the choice of patronizing whichever we want, whichever seem most delightful and beneficial. Exercising that choice, the ancients invoked the gods and powers of the earth at places where nature displayed a god's symbols or image. And, following that increasingly recognized effect of experiments tending to justify a theory, perhaps these invocations were successful.

John Michell

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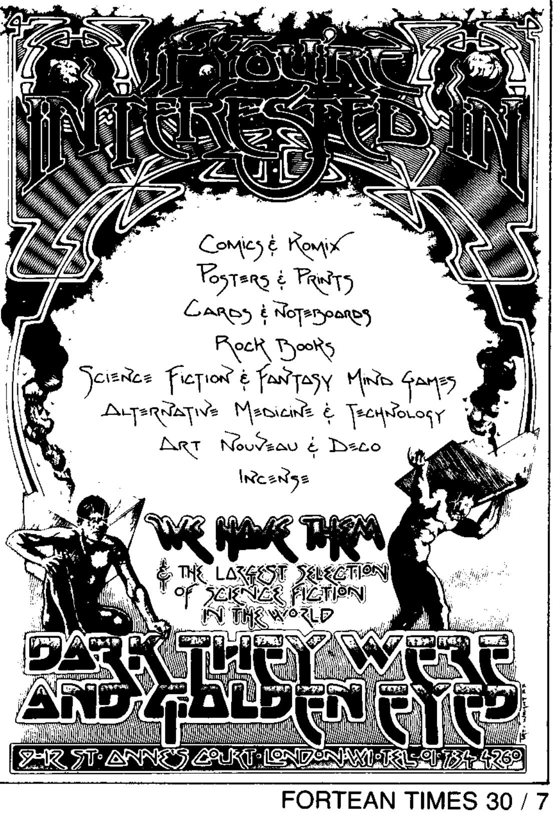

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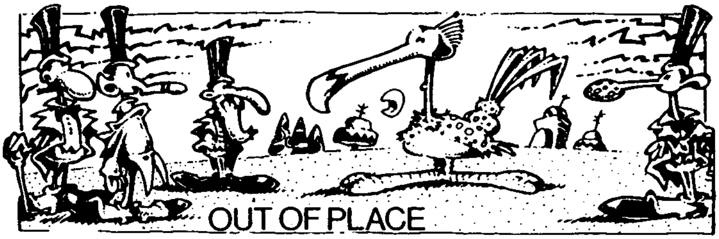

There seem to be more mystery animals roaming the British landscape than ever before. As we go to press more sightings of our phantom feline friends are coming in, to be given next issue.

'Surrey Puma' Lives...

Stories of large cats — lions, pumas, cheetahs, leopards, lynxes etc — living wild in the British countryside have been regularly reported since the early 1960s. These exotic aliens are seen strolling in fields and surprised in lanes; they are heard yowling at night; they scare domestic animals and leave tracks. They are hunted by big game hunters, police and experts from London Zoo — but nothing conclusive is found. The experts retreat to London convinced of what they knew all along — that the countryfolk had been 'seeing and hearing things' again and letting their imagination get the better of them. We could suppose that these animals have a phantom existence conjectured from the effects they leave behind them. These effects themselves are phantoms, usually recollections of an encounter, or thoroughly ambiguous or inconclusive physical evidence. The lesson is obvious: this poor state of affairs is usually the result of the involvement of an 'expert', whose function in the scheme of things is to extricate himself with his world-view intact and unmodified in a way which leaves the affair even more confusing than before. But on with our story...

Before sightings this year our last note of the 'Surrey puma' — which is confined neither to Surrey nor to puma — was from October 1977 (see FT25 p33). All 1978 it laid low, or was unobserved or unreported. It was seen again early in January this year, this time in Kent. In woods at Boughton Street, near Faversham, two boys out ferreting saw a 'big black animal'. A lecturer, Peter Latham, spotted it near his house, and a neighbour, Mrs Bernadette Kiely, found 'unusually large' paw prints in the snow nearby. *Sunday Mirror* 14 Jan 1979.

The next sightings in the Faversham area came a few weeks later, but our net of clipsters caught the tiny note in London *Evening News* 31 Jan 1979, that a police hunt for a large cat, thought to be a 'puma', was going on at Waldershare Park, stately home of the Earl of Guildford. Waldershare Park is about 4-5 miles from Dover and perhaps 17 miles from Boughton. No details of the sightings that stimulated the hunt are given, but we note the use of the term 'puma'. Pumas are large sandy coloured cats, whereas a large black cat would have to be a pigmented leopard or jaguar, or a panther. Popular insistance on the term 'puma' for all these sightings provides an easy target for the scorn of big city 'experts'.

Nevertheless, a black 'puma' continued to be seen in the Faversham area. Chris Flood, who has a farm at Uplees, Faversham, was among a number of people who reported their sightings to Faversham police. Flood, who thinks it could be a panther, says: 'At first people round here thought it was just a large domestic cat but it is far too big for that,' Prints were found on Flood's farm, and police confessed themselves mystified. There were no reports of escapes from zoos or circuses. Not taking any chances they issued a public warning to beware of a 'dangerous large black cat'. *D.Star* 21 Feb; London *Evening News* 24 Feb 1979.

Chief Inspector Carey told papers 'Some very sensible people have made reports of seeing it so we can't dismiss it as nonsense.' Their own searches revealed nothing, except the mysterious paw prints. Like a good Chief Inspector, Carey sent casts of the prints to Howletts Zoo, Canterbury, but despite the accompanying suggestion that the prints might be panther or puma, the keepers there said they could not be sure what kind of animal made them. Like good keepers they decided to let someone else make fools of themselves identifying them. The Last Resort for perplexing zoological questions: London Zoo. After all, justifies Chief Inspector Carey: 'They have the best brains in Britain on this kind of thing.' London *Evening News* 5 March 1979. London Zoo did not diappoint us for once — like good puzzled zoologists they passed the buck to a higher authority. Back came the word from the Natural History Museum: 'Dog.' This was good enough for Chief Inspector Carey, who, like a good policeman, shelved his own earlier reservations ('It could be a big dog but everyone who has seen it says it does not look like one.') in favour of *ex cathedra* judgement. He said: 'At last the residents of Faversham can stop worrying... Two of the county's top experts say the print is not made by anything from the cat family and is almost certainly a dog. Now the mystery is over.' We bet it isn't. London *Evening News* 14 March; Kent *Adscene* 15 March 1979.

We have often reflected on the quiet, comfortable and untroubled life we would be able to lead if we weren't curious. To be able to change convictions as easily and quickly as Chief Inspector Carey would get us out of many an awkward position. But we have some reservations about these paw-casts: two zoos (full of living animals) were unable, or reluctant, to pronounce upon them — then, in steps the Natural History Museum, which normally sidesteps controversy. The Museum is a weird place — a visiting extraterrestrial could be forgiven if he came away with the idea it was a shrine to glassy-eyed extinction, where an invisible priesthood have set out to kill, stuff or pickle at least one of every different living thing, displaying the victims of their unguessable rituals in a celebration of the abhorrence of life and movement. It's said that the only way to tell a member of staff from a specimen is to wave a wage packet in front of the creature — and even that's been known to fail. But what excuses have they got? Only that they follow in the impeccable tradition, subscribed to by institutions, authorities and experts all over the world, of knowing better than locals and witnesses what the latter have seen and heard. Such superior knowledge at a distance would make a case for clairvoyance if it weren't wrong much of the time.

What guarantee have we that the paw marks were made by the sighted large black cat. If they were indeed made by a local large dog — any large dog — what more convenient way to squash a mystery?

So...having been cynically dismissive about an expert opinion have we anything to put in its place? Only the original and firsthand reports of witnesses that a large black panther-like creature, distinctly feline, visited the Boughton area in January and February. Valerie Martin, one of our correspondents in Kent, spoke to a woman who lived in Boughton. 'I asked her about the animal,' wrote Valerie. 'She had not seen it but knew several people, including children, who had. The animal was seen in the main village street during the recent snowy weather in the third week of February. Two sheep were also found dead and mutilated. The villagers were most annoyed at the 'expert' opinion of it being a dog. They say it was definitely feline in appearance, and not a golden retriever, labrador or fox, nor as had also been suggested, a large domestic tom.' Valerie observes that the countryside is full of lonely wooded places which could shelter predators. She also recalled that a few miles south-east of Canterbury is John Aspinall's zoo park. 'He keeps tigers, lions, cheetahs and black panthers but I've not heard of any recent escape. Remembering the terrible fuss many years ago when one of his panthers did escape and was shot, I do not think another such occurrence would pass unnoticed.' This generates another hypothesis, that we have the ghost of a shot panther haunting the area, and like ghosts everywhere appears sometimes solid and sometimes immaterial, but always neither one thing nor any other.

The Young Turk who shocked the Curators at the Natural History Museum by actually studying Live Specimens!

A Sussex Panther?

As so often happens in our subjects the 'mystery' closes down its operation in one locale and sets up shop elsewhere. Alan Gardiner, another of our vigilant readers, has been keeping his Fortean eye on the 'puma', or large black cat, that turned up in his Sussex backyard at mid-year. Alan was alerted when, in the course of the conversation with a colleague at work, Colin Carter, Carter confessed that he had seen a 'puma' 3-4 weeks previously. He knew nothing of the history of the 'Surrey puma', and had not mentioned his encounter to anyone except to his mother a week later. She asked if it was like a puma, and that's when the oddity of the event sank in. The following details are from a statement made to Alan Gardiner on 31 Aug 1979.

Colin Carter was walking along the South Downs, in the Belle Tout area, east of Eastbourne, at about 9pm on either Saturday 30th June or Sunday 1st July. A large black animal crossed the path about 10 yards in front of him. Before it was lost in the undergrowth he got the impression of a cat-like creature 'the size of a small pony'.

The creature, or one like it was next seen on 10th September. The story is pieced together from the Brighton *Evening Argus* 14 Sept 1979, and yet another statement obtained by Alan Gardiner, this time from witnesses John and Frances Clarke. That Monday was warm and overcast and found John and Frances at midday strolling through picturesque Tilgate Forest, near Crawley. Suddenly ahead of them they saw the large cat-like creature, about 75-100 yards away. It was motionless, gazing at them, as though it too had been surprised in its walk. After an eternal 10-15 seconds, during which they could see the animal clearly, John whistled. The creature turned swiftly and retraced its steps with long bounds, then turned aside into the undergrowth. Frances said: 'I don't mind admitting I felt quite panicky. I picked up a stick and carried it until we got to the car.'

The Clarkes estimate its height at 2 to 2'6", with a small head, pointed ears and a long tail. Its colouring was 'either black or very dark brown.' Like most people, the Clarkes knew very little about the 'Surrey puma', but when they told their story in their pub that night, they were told other stories in turn. Crawley Council, who administer the Tilgate Forest, said that their woodland workers had seen no sign of the beast.

I guess it's still out there!

Scottish Cats

In previous issues we have kept a beady eye on the 'Surrey puma's' friends north of the border, in Ayreshire, Sutherland and Inverness-shire. Two of these have been reactivated.

Either the Inverness 'lioness' (see FT25 p34) moved south and east over the Cairngorms, or we have another outbreak of phantom feline, this time in Angus. On the edge of the bleak Forest of Alyth, between Alyth and Glen Isla, is the small village of Kilry, in wild Macbeth-country. Witnesses told police that a 'large black cat-like creature' was seen twice, at 8am and 1pm, in a snow covered field opposite the village store. It was described as 'bigger than any domestic cat or dog', and about 2ft high. No date is given but we'd guess at 8th or 9th February. Scottish *Sunday Post* 11 Feb 1979.

In late August the 'puma' returned to its Ayrshire haunt. After being seen several times in the Holmston district of Ayr itself, SPCA Inspector Robert Dunbar saw it for himself. He said: 'It has all the characteristics of the puma family. Without doubt it is the largest cat I have come across...his body length is about four feet.' Witnesses agree this puma-like animal is big and black. Then, about 1st August, Sharon Sloan, 18, and her neighbours saw it several times in the back gardens of Glencairn Road. Pictures of a large cat were shown to the director of Calderpark Zoo. Scottish zoo-keepers it seems are just as conservative as their English cousins — he said it was an ordinary domestic cat. To be fair there is no real indication of scale in the picture, and any cat looks smaller when hunched in a defensive posture. Inspector Dunbar was undaunted — he planned a safari. But before he got very far a girl on a pony was frightened into a 'near-hysterical' state by a large black animal that fitted the description of the creature. Casts of paw-prints spanning four inches across were taken, and they appeared to match those taken from the Dundonald area of the same county during a 'puma' hunt there last year. We have no further details on either series of sightings. This may be because Inspector Dunbar did a fatal thing. He said: 'I'm keeping my fingers crossed that more sightings will be made.' As far as we know none have been reported. *Glasgow Herald 6 & 8* Aug; *Weekly News* 11 Aug 1979.

Bear-faced Monkey Business

Sometime in July this year — none of our sources say precisely when — a change came over the woods on Brassknocker Hill at Claverton Down, about 5 miles south of Bath, Somerset. Ron and Betty Harper, who live at Sun Cottage on the hill, reported that something had stripped the bark off a 40yr-old oak tree beside the cottage — and whatever it was had badly frightened their goat. Dubbed the 'Beast of Bath' by the papers, the mystery animal became an object of great curiosity, and so did the tree. Local gardener, John Harris, 70, thought it might be the work of squirrels, but when he saw for himself he changed his mind. 'Squirrels usually walk across the tops of branches and strip off the top bark. This damage looks as though it has been done by an animal hanging under the branches. The bark has been ripped off all the branches from about 20ft up to the top.' Another account, perhaps carelessly, says the lower 20ft. Another old-timer who lives on the hill, Frank Green, 81, said that since the incident all the birds had gone and the wood was strangely silent. He said: 'It must be some kind of creature which can cling upside down and lean over. I suppose it could be a bat, but it would need to be a terrific one to strip bark like that. I think it's some sort of monkey.' Ron Harper thinks it 'has got to be a rodent' after a Bath Parks official made a nervous joke about him having a 'squirrel 10 times bigger than normal'. Harper adds: 'The teeth marks were 10-20 times the size of a squirrel's.' One paper quotes him supposing it could be an escaped monkey or raccoon.

Harper's neighbour, Mrs Jean Blunt, said her cat went missing the night the Harper's goat was frightened. She woke that night to hear a terrible scream. Later, Mary Silk, a nurse, said she and a colleague at nearby Winsley Hospital also heard the noise, at 4am. Mrs Blunt later found her cat with a 7 inch gash across its belly. The accounts imply the scream was made by the 'Beast', but it could have been the cat when attacked.

By the 1st August we learn that about 50 trees had been found stripped, though none of them to the extent of Harper's oak. They were mostly oaks, and a few beech — the 'Beast' seems partial to the softer sweet pith between the bark and the trunk. 'Experts' say this is the behaviour of some monkeys but none have been reported missing recently. We have news for them — in February 1977, 3 baboons escaped from Longleat Wildlife Park, not 10 miles south of Claverton Down, and as far as we know were never caught. *D.Mirror* 1 March 1977.

People began seeing things which may or may not have been the 'Beast of Bath', who may or may not have been a giant bat, giant squirrel, racoon or monkey or baboon. Albert Miner, sitting in the garden of his Bradford Road cottage at Claverton, saw a 'strange animal come through the gap in my garden wall. I followed it to the garden gate but did not get a look at its face. It crossed the road and went into the wood opposite.' It was dusk but he made out that it was about 2ft high, about twice the size of a cat, stood upright, and was bushy and grey in colour. On the 9th August a 3-man team claimed to have almost caught the creature and are fully convinced it is a *fully grown chimpanzee.* Search leader Alan Heaslop, of Combe Down, said he and his men had been in the wood several hours when they heard and then saw 'this black creature swing from tree to tree above our heads.' It dropped to the ground about 20ft away, and seemed tame, or at least curious. The men approached and Alan dived. 'I caught it by the leg, but it let out a high-pitched screech and jerked free.' Once again it was poor light but they describe the chimpanzee as 'about 3ft tall with a flat face and patches of grey and white on its chest.'

A feature story in the *Guardian* later gave the experience of Christopher Morris, returning from a fishing trip with a friend. 'We were driving through Monkton Combe at about 12.30am, and it stood in the middle of the road, right in our headlights. It was 3-4ft high and scrambled through a hedge. To me it looked like a baboon. My friend thought it looked like a chimpanzee. It had bright white rings around the eyes, rather like spectacles. We hadn't been drinking.' Baboon, chimpanzee – a world of difference – yet our two eye-witnesses cannot agree. But wait a minute: white rings around the eyes? Mrs P Lawless, of Bath, also spotted that one and wrote to the *Guardian* pointing out that quite a few zoos have Spectacled Bears with precisely that distinctive feature, and could not our 'Beast' be an escaped one? Now bears — splendid! But police and zoo officials kept reassuring us that there were no known escapes — experts in these things usually end up blaming a hypothetical owner of some exotic animal who lets it loose or from whom it escapes, but they can never say where, when and from whom. I'm tempted to be as 'scientific' as any expert and refuse to believe in such imaginary and inept zoophiles on the same grounds as the well-tried logic that resists 'Surrey pumas', yeties and Nessies.

That was the last we heard about anything. Like all our mysteries, the 'Beast' was never identified positively and press interest, or sightings, or its very existence ceased as mysteriously as it had begun, leaving only a confused record of a haunted wood which was for a short time visited by a were-thing seen, heard and touched in the form of a baboon, a chimpanzee and a Spectacled Bear. Story assembled from: *S.Express* 29 July; Bath *Evening Chronicle* 30 July, 1, 7 & 10 Aug; *Guardian* 23 & 25 Aug 1979.

Encore for Exotic Escapes

Speaking of monkeys:

Residents of Exton, Leicestershire, are claiming that a band of monkeys are raiding their dustbins and greenhouses during the night. Mrs Nancy Nicholls, of Exton, in what used to be Rutland, said she saw one climb into her greenhouse and begin eating her tomatoes. Up to five at one time have been seen. Peter Taylor, a pub-keeper at Barkby, said it could be his capuchin monkey, which escaped sometime previously. But Mrs Nicholls doesn't think so: capuchins are tiny, she says, and the monkey she saw was as big as a spaniel. Into the debate steps the inevitable zoo spokesperson, in this case Molly Badham, billed as a 'Twycross Zoo expert'. Mrs Badham, expert on Twycross Zoo, pronounces that a band of five monkeys is highly unlikely — it is probably only one. (You figure it out.) Naturally, puzzled as to its /their origin,she blames our old friend and zoological bogeyman, the phantom pet-keeper. Curiously, we have on hand Mr Taylor; but he doesn't count because he lost the wrong kind of monkey, the fate of which has passed beyond human ken. The last note we have is of a band of monkeys 'believed to have escaped from a travelling circus' seen swinging through trees at Stamford, Lincolnshire. A quick glance at the map showed that Stamford was only a few miles from Exton, over the border. *Leicester Mercury* 7 & 8 Sept; *D.Express* 10 Sept; *D.Mirror* 12 Sept 1979.

But what about bears? Well we've noted sightings of bear in Yorkshire in these pages (FT9p15f). In the week beginning 11th June there was a bear scare in the forest at Thetford, Norfolk. From the descriptions given by motorists travelling along the A1066 at Snare Hill, it was supposed to be a small Himalayan or Malaysian bear, eascaped — you guessed it — from a travelling circus. I wish I had £1 for every travelling circus that's sneaking along our byways distributing exotic aliens. Sussex *Bury Free Press*, Sunderland *Echo* and national press for 15 June 1979.

[Credit: Tom Adams, Janet & Colin Bord, Mollie Cairncross, PL Catlin, Richard Cotton, Peter Christie, Alan Gardiner, Chris Hall, Peter James, J Lang, Valerie Martin, John Michell, Colin Mather, Nick Maloret, Paul Pinn, Mike Rickard, Roland Watson, Sam] **RJMR.**

BIGFOOT
BIGFOOT
EXPEDITION
HONEYSETT

It's funny! Now we're actually face to face, I'm not the least bit frightened.

STRANGE
DEATHS

Behind many a grim datum we've detected the sure hand and black humour of the cosmic prangster. For your edification we present a selection *In memoriam*.

Thankamma Mathai (20) wore an artificial bun at her wedding in Trivandrum, near New Delhi. She collapsed and died as she walked down the aisle. A doctor found a snake bite on the nape of her neck. It was supposed that a small snake had coiled up in her bun overnight. Recent research at Melbourne University has shown that every year after mating, the entire male population of the marsupial Stuart shrew keels over and dies. Immediately after his marriage in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Greg Cundiff (23), stricken by nerves and heat, hit his head on the altar steps and never regained consciousness. *S. Express* 10 July 1977: Madras *S. Standard* 8 April 1979; *D. Mail* 26 June 1979.

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Paul Gleffe (12) of Milwaukee, taught himself to lose consciousness to amuse friends. He died after collapsing and striking his head on the school playground. London *Eve. Standard* 29 May 1979.

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A man was knocked down by a car in New York, got up uninjured, but lay down in front of a car again when a bystander told him to pretend he was hurt and collect insurance money. The car rolled forward and crushed him to death. Mark Harrison was killed as he worked in a field by bouncing wreckage from a plane that crashed nearby. The same fate befell his father a few years before. Malaysia *New Sunday Times* 10 July 1977.

Fish knifes man. A South Korean fisherman, preparing his catch landed in New Zealand, thought the tuna he was about to gut was dead. It flicked its tail sending the knife he was holding into the luckless man's chest. *Shropshire Star* 4 June 1979.

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Nitaro Ito, 41, a Japanese restaurant owner from Osaka planned a bizarre campaign to be elected to Japan's House of Representatives. He asked friends to beat him up, and then stabbed himself in the thigh, hoping to draw sympathy from voters and the publicity of running his campaign from his hospital bed. Unfortunately for him he had stabbed too deeply and died from loss of blood in the 20 yard walk from his car to his house. *AP* 20 Sept; Vancouver *Sunday News* 23 Sept 1979. Curiously, about the same time, Paul Williams, 24, a police recruit in North London, carried out a similar but non-fatal attack upon himself, hitting his head with a brick and stabbing himself with a penknife. His wounds were impressive enough to attract an award after hospitalization. He was caught out when other false alarms were traced to his own extension in the police station. He said he had expected police work to be more exciting. *Sun* 26 Sept 1979.

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A man was accidentally killed in Thonburi, Thailand, in a fight with his friend over which came first, the chicken or the egg. He said it was the egg. *S. Times* 15 Jan 1978.

A boy of 2 was killed in Florida when a wind-propelled beach umbrella pierced his heart. A French woman of 30 met an identical end on a beach at Roquebrune-sur-Argens on the French Riviera the following summer. *D. Mirror* 29 Aug 1978; *Int. Herald Tribune* 24 July 1979.

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Jean-Marie Escoubes (54) was killed while inspecting a double wheel on his truck at Pau in France. Both tyres burst simultaneously in the heat and hurled him 30 yards. This happened sometime in the week up to the 9th July 1978. An AP press release of 30 June 1979 (San Francisco) told of the sudden end of a San Jose quarry worker, Virgil Romero (48). The 7 foot tyre he was blowing up — blew up with a roar heard miles away. *S. Express* 9 July 1978; *NY Times* 1 July 1979.

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A stone flung up by a mower in a Surrey field entered a car window and almost decapitated a 19-year-old nurse taking a driving lesson. A year later, a Tel-Aviv woman was killed when a fizzy drink bottle exploded in her hand. A sliver of glass severed the main artery in her neck. *D. Telegraph & D. Mirror* 15 July 1978; *Guardian* 27 June 1979.

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A woman in Boise, Idaho, had a cornea graft died from rabies transmitted by the donor, 7 weeks after the operation in Atlanta, Georgia. *Rising Nepal* 18 March 1979; *Guardian* ? March 1979.

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12 men in a village near Rawalpindi died in succession as they went down a well which contained gas leaking from a kerosene-powered water pump. And 7 died of suffocation near Ahmedabad after a man fell into a cow dung pit and 6 others jumped in to rescue him. Delhi *Statesman* 12 April 1979; *Guardian* 30 July 1979.

A youth of 22 died after inserting a knife in his chest at a dargah in Jamnagar, India, believing it would do him no harm. He had seen people inserting a needle or a thin piece of iron into their lungs or other parts of the body with no ill effects. *Times of India* 29 May 1979.

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Student David Reynolds described in an essay how he was shot dead at a Hartford motel where he worked as a night clerk. A few nights later he was shot by a mystery intruder. He had even got the time of death right. *Weekly News* 23 June 1979.

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53 Hindus returning from a religious dip in the Ganges were killed and 12 injured when their bus plunged into a river, 65 miles from Allahabad. Unsympathetic magic? *Leicester Mercury* 9 Feb 1978.

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Villagers cut off the heads of a religious leader and his wife in the Philippines after challenging them to prove there was a life after death. *Reveille* 11 May 1979.

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A man who went fishing on the banks of the Amazon's Rio Negro was attacked by infuriated bees after he struck their nests while trying to free his line from a tree. To escape, he leapt into the river, where he was devoured by piranha fish. *D. Telegraph* 12 Aug 1977.

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During the British fireman's strike, one of the army's Green Goddesses rescued an old lady's cat from a tree. After tea and biscuits, the army left and ran over the cat in their fire engine. *Sun* 14 Jan 1978.

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[Credit: Janet & Colin Bord, Chris Hall, D MacAdams, Peter Rogerson, Paul Screeton, Has Thomas, D Whalen, Ion Will, Joe Zarzynski.] **PRAdeGS.**

Algernon Blackwood wrote: 'It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic...we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness ourselves.' *The Man Whom The Trees Loved.* We don't consider plants much... but they were here on this planet before we were a twinkle in a mud critter's eyes, and for all we know we may have been used...

Plants — Down to Earth and Skyward Ho!

'It's like something from Outer Space' is a frequent, post-triffid reaction to fearsome and futuristic flora, and Mrs Halliday and her dog suspected that it might be so. So did Mr Bill Halliday, who found some seeds while walking on the Fells (!) which he planted in his garden in the hamlet of Quaking Houses, Co. Durham. There grew a 'strange menacing' 6ft high plant, eventually and authoritatively identified by experts as a *'Dispsacus sylvestris*, one of the Teasel family'. Helpful, but no-one could explain why at night it emitted an 'eerie white glow'. (*S. Express* 25 June & 2 July 1978).

Equally exotic were farmer Joe Carr's crop of luminous potatoes, Pentland Firth variety, from his field at Pica, Cumbria. 'It's as if they had been scattered with glitter dust', said his wife Sadie, 'but they make super chips'. Local wags dutifully dubbed the starry-eyed spuds Identified Frying Objects. *D. Express* 29 Jan 79). Russian botanists reported from Tunguska that the area before the 'event' of 1908 produced only stunted wirey trees, but has 'recently become a mighty coniferous forest and the natural rate of genetic change in the flora of the region has increased twelvefold'. Unusual silicate dust particles, thought to be the remains of whatever it was that exploded on arrival, have been found trapped in nearby layers of moss. *S. Times* 4 April 1976.

We glimpse the growth of a far-flug fertiliser and seed delivery service — an Interstellar Interflora — our planet's plant life occasionally requested to relay a genetic chain-letter to the outer galaxies. And since human migration has always been used by plants to accelerate their colonisation of *this* world, we are not surprised to find them active in space exploration and busy developing new forms designed for long journeys to new lands.

'Brilliant, much brighter than usual' gladioli were a big hit at Moscow's Botanical Gardens — grown from bulbs that had spent several months in orbit in Soyuz 20. 'The space trip seems to have worked wonders' said the bemused botanists. Well you see, they flowered *23* days earlier than is considered normal. (*S. Express* 4 April 1979.) Then, in May 1979, the cosmonauts on board Salyut 6 harvested and ate their first crop of orbital onions, with a witches' salad of fennel, parsley and garlic to follow. We trust that the undeservedly little-known cult of onion-worshippers in France (*Herald Tribune* 14 May 1979) were consoled by the news that a Soviet computer-programmer got six years hard labour for speculating in closely-related tulips from a State tulip farm only ten days after a tulip was sent aloft by supply rocket to grace Salyut's sacrificial supper table. (*D. Telegraph* 15 & 26 May 1979.) [About a week after these words were penned, we learned that the Salyut cosmonauts had returned to earth. The news that 'doctors had to relieve them of a large bouquet of gladioli handed to them after landing because of the strain on their weakened muscles' (*D. Telegraph, Guardian* 21 Aug) provoked disruptive hilarity at the weekly FT editorial meeting. Later, another datum of galactic gardening turned up. According to *Soviet Weekly* 4 Aug 1979, tulips grown in space will send out shoots up to 20 inches long but the buds refuse to open. The current crew of Salyut will administer remedial doses of earth-gravity in a centrifuge. — Eds.]

'For all I know' mused Charles Fort in *Lo!* (chap. 4) 'some trees may have occult powers'. So, should, in continuing karmic compensation, a new wave of Tulipmania engulf the USSR, you heard it here first. Plants have had time to develop any amount of wild talents, including leading Cleve Backster up the garden path.

Heroic Sago

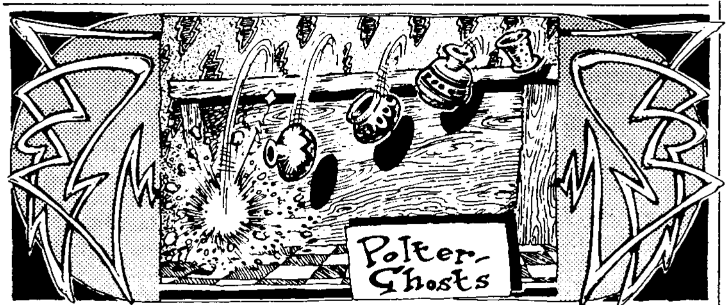
Training for survival under extreme conditions has been going on for some time: further reports that Mother Nature looks after her own come from Fukien Province, East China, where a 1000 year old lichee tree still bears fruit every year in the courtyard of the Sung temple in Putien county (*New Straits Times* 21 Feb 1978; *China Pictorial* June 1979); from Mendoza, Argentina, where 2000-yr-old seeds of the Quinca (a variety of pigweed) were successfully germinated and throve (*Washington Post* 12 Jan 1977); and from Saga, Japan, where a 4000-yr-old acorn discovered during excavations grew into a 5ft oak in a museum garden (*Shropshire Star* 21 Sept; *Melbourne Herald* 22 Sept 1978). In the last two cases the life-support system was a simple sealed jar.

Harry Potter is a keen gardener, so a wooden clothes peg he used to mark a row of seeds in his greenhouse at Bebside, Northumberland, sympathetically took root and grew 4 sturdy shoots. 'Millions-to-one fluke of nature' hoped an expert – but what about the 'mystery plant shoots up to a foot long' growing out of David Cowan's new kitchen-door frame at W. Bridgeford, Notts., or the runner-bean poles fueled by elephant manure at Dudley Zoo, Worcs., which grew into a row of poplars with 40ft trunks? *D.Express* 10 Jan 1978; *D. Mirror* 13 May 1976; *Weekend* 5 Dec 1973.

A cornucopia of fabulous fruits, voluminous veg and magnificent mushrooms suggests that low-gravity planets are desirable destinations for floral frontier scouts. Consider the 17 pound mutant mushroom in Villafranca, Majorca, which had a 'cluster of heads, some a foot wide, all sprouting from a central stalk' (*S.Express* 17 Sept 1978); and another, 6½ ft in diameter weighing 19 pounds from the Shoumen region of NE Bulgaria (*Times* 24 Oct; *Le Soir*, Belgium, 25 Oct 1978); and the profusion of 4 pounders which dotted the lawns and boulevard verges of the town of Osh, Kirgizia, Soviet Central Asia (*S. Express* 20 May 1979). 'Tear Mushroom eats 80 houses in Sapporo, Japan, Jan 23' indicates the next field of research — the marauding *Merulius Lachrymans*, which oozes tears of wood-rotting liquid enzyme, has found ideal conditions in houses insulated to beat heating-oil price-rises (*Ceylon Observer* 25 Jan 1979). Scotland produced a 42 pound world record swede (*D. Telegraph* 21 Feb 1979) and the 'biggest ever' tapioca, weighing 28 katies (look it up!) was uprooted during the Malaysian army exercises at Kuala Kelawang (*New Straits Times* 27 Nov 1978). We have further data on giant cabbages and brussel sprouts, potatoes, tomatoes, pineapples and even gooseberries. The current champion, a 297½ pound pumpkin, grew in, uh, *Petal*uma, California (*Nevada State Journal* 19 Oct 1978), but who remembers its 140 pound precursor found in a garden in Vaucluse, France, which was flown to London's Savoy Hotel to feed 400 US tourists at Thanksgiving? It preferred suicide to fraternisation and exploded in the kitchen! *Weekend* 5 Dec 1973.

Plant research lost a precocious pioneer when an 'ugly sort of rubber plant gone wrong' was thrown into a family dustbin. It lived next to Mrs. Josephine Cooke's TV set in Stockton-on-Tees, and learned to move slowly from side to side to grow away from the light and, when watered, to utter moans. It is not known whether this attempt at intra-species communication was directed at Mrs Cooke or the one-eyed electric lodger, but nature is prodigal. We await further developments. *S.Express* 24 June 1979.

[Credit: Chris Hall, Mark A Hall, Dave Hill, Janet & Colin Bord, Valerie Martin, Richard King, Henri Premont, Anthony Smith, Sam, Paul Screeton, Has Thomas] **IAW & PRAdeGS.**



Our last review of sexy spectres was in FT22, since when the randy wraiths have been busy with more ectoplasmic erotica and horny horror.

Asking For It.....

For the most part, the recipients of these astral affections are female, and all seem to be post-pubescent, which contrasts with many of the 'usual' poltergeist cases centering around adolescents. We suspect that sexual frustration and wish-fulfilment may play a large part in some of the following tales, but as our reports don't deal in detailed personal life-histories, we have to reserve judgement. But we note that if wish-fulfilment *is* the root cause, it seems mostly to be sufficiently unconscious for the ghostly groper's attentions to be unwelcome, if not horrifying. On the other hand, some folks just seem set on letting themselves in for trouble....

In a series of articles on the perils of the ouija board by Paul Pickering (*Reveille* 24 March 1978), we have mention of a certain Mrs June of Marske-by-Sea, near Redcar, Yorkshire. Mrs June, obviously a mature woman with a 10-year old son, became obsessed with the ouija, which in turn led to automatic writing, the communicating entity being 'a long-dead spirit called Leonardo'. Dead he may have been, but he still knew how to write a good love-letter, and he even claimed to want a child by Mrs June. A few weeks after the automatic writing began, Mrs June saw a floating shadow in the bedroom; then she felt the bedclothes move. Leonardo had arrived...and was, it seems, furious to discover she was taking the contraceptive pill. (Eventually she did have another child, physically by her husband, though she is convinced it was conceived because of the ouija board.) This doesn't seem to have dampened lusty Leonardo's enthusiasm though. Mrs June is quoted; 'I would feel his presence, even his strength of feeling when he wanted to make love. He was a competent lover and must have been on earth. But human love is more satisfying. With spiritual love, there is no warmth of flesh'. What eventually became of Leonardo is not, unfortunately, recorded...

And Getting It....

Cynic that I am, I confess there is something about the dating of our next story which makes me suspicious. A mere two days after Mrs June's expression of disappointment in Leonardo was published, we find Jenny Price, 20, of Shenley Lane, Wedley Castle, Birmingham, claiming complete satisfaction with her own ghostly gallant. *News of the World* 26 March 1978; *Kansas City Times* 13 April 1978. It seems that Jenny's mother, Olive, 50, wrote to the NoW to reveal her daughter's spectral sex-life, which perhaps qualifies Olive for a place in our 'Strange Behaviour' section. But on with the story...The family had known that the house had a ghost for years, but had never told Jenny about it. The first amorous approach was to the elder daughter, Lorraine, but it merely touched her shoulder. Then, three years prior to the report, Jenny was sitting up in bed one night when she felt invisible hands round her neck. With great strength, the hands pushed her down on the bed. Frightened, she tried to scream, couldn't, and thought the ghost would strangle her, but then realised the ghost had other intentions. After that she was scared to go to bed in case the attack was repeated, and a week later, it was. She soon realised that the ghost meant her no harm, however, and began looking forward to his visits, which began to take place as often as three times a week...

By the time three years had passed, the biggest problem appears to have been how to get Jenny out of bed, she being too intent on staying there waiting for her invisible lover to show up. It begins with a kiss on the shoulder, then hands come under the covers and caress her before he gets into bed beside her. 'I just let him do what he wants,' she says, 'and he does it beautifully ...he can certainly love.' But always silently, it seems.

Olive Price wanted to get in on the act too, so she swapped beds with her daughter for three weeks (what her husband Trevor thought about this is not recorded). But the randy wraith didn't show up. Prefers blondes, apparently. Still, you'll be pleased to hear that Olive doesn't think anything immoral's going on. She asked to see the vicar, and he said ghosts probably don't bother with morals. So that makes it okay. Doesn't it?

By George!

Or, more precisely, 'Why George?' Why does the name George turn up so often in our tales of amorous ghosts? If it were merely a case of an affectionate label, 'George the Ghost', all would be clear. But it's not so simple. A quick skim through our two previous selections reveals a George Lane, and a George Dexter, whose dead brother was supposed to be going a-haunting. And now we have more:

George Meyer had a friendly ghost at his converted stable home at Iver, Bucks, which introduced itself to his wife by slapping her bottom...this seems a fairly regular prank amongst our high-spirited spirits. But this ghost restricted himself to butt-smacking, making noises in the night, moving jewellery and switching off lights. *Daily Mirror* 18 May 1970.

Diane Moloney started work at Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel and was given a room on the fifth floor. The first night, she woke at 5 a.m. to find a man standing by her bed. Diane, 24, was not particularly reassured to be told it was 'only' George the Ghost...*Reveille* 10 June 1977.

While at the Black Horse pub at Windsor, Berks, another George the Ghost can't keep his hands off the bar-maids...he pinches their bottoms. *Daily Mirror* 5 Sept 1977.

At least two, and perhaps more, ghosts were haunting the Betts' household in Clacton, Essex, especially when Steve Betts, 24, was on night-shift. His wife, Ross, 22, seems to have been the centre of attention, but our clippings are a little contradictory. The *Daily Star* 15 Feb 1979, claims one ghost whispering sweet nothings in her ear, another materialised in her bed at 3 am, and yet another tagged along when she went for a bath one day. The *News of the World* 18 Feb 79, tells it a little less salaciously, and with only one major ghost, which had been plaguing the house for two years before an exorcism ejected it. Taking a bath one day, Ross heard footsteps moving from one bedroom toward the bathroom door. Wrapping a towel round herself, she opened the door... and nothing there. In bed one night with her 4-year old son Craig, she found the bed moving up and down at 2 am, followed by a loud banging in the ceiling; plaster fell on the dressing table. And on another occasion she saw a large black cat in the lounge, which her husband couldn't see. But here's the clincher: they would put young Craig to bed, and then hear him talking to a girl... the girl's replies could also be heard... and her name? You guessed it... Georgina!

Pun-worshippers may like to contemplate the fact that the name George derives from the Greek word for 'Husbandman'...

More Pub Polts

Landlady Sheila Jones of the Whitchurch Inn, near Tavistock, Devon, thought one of the customers was getting a bit amorous when she felt a 'warm hug'. But as no one was to be seen when she turned round, the furtive fondle was attributed to the resident ghost. It had also moved bottles and ornaments, and on another occasion upset a flower vase while the family was out. The two gallons of water in the vase simply disappeared. *Reveille* 9 Feb 1979.

Goosing the landlady in the bathroom seems a popular prank among our phantom fingerers. Barbara Barnes, 31, was getting into the bath at the Albion Hotel, Bolton, Lancs, when she felt a hand caressing her bottom. At first she thought it was her husband, but on looking round... no one there and the door still closed. Still uncertain, she dressed and went downstairs, only to find her husband hadn't moved out of the bar. So 'Fred' the ghost got the blame. Fred has also dried up the beer in the pumps, turned off gas-taps in the cellar, and one night, caused beer to flow unceasingly from one of the taps. *Sunday Mirror* 29 July 1979.

And, as we learn from the house magazine of brewers John Courage Ltd (*The Golden Cockerel* July 1979), the Liverpool Arms in Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, has another bathroom invader. Licensees Leila and Fred Mudd took over the pub about 3 years ago, and became aware of the ghost shortly afterwards. And while Leila's mother has heard heavy breathing, it is Leila herself who attracts most attention... perhaps not surprising as she is former Miss Great Britain. On one such occasion she felt someone was standing in the doorway, and a shadow passed across the room as if someone was blocking out the light. But so far, the ghost seems content to play the Peeping Tom... or perhaps that should be the Peeping George...

But at the Old Vic pub, Winchester Street, Basingstoke, landlord Bob Williams is something of an exception to the rule. He shares his bed with a female ghost. He isn't too happy about it either. But Bob, 24, is not the object of her affections. He simply hears her heavy breathing and sighing, but he sees (and, apparently, feels) nothing. 'It's as though there is a woman lying next to me making love,' he says. 'She sounds a very passionate sort of woman.' Bob hides his head under the bed-clothes until the panting stops... *Sunday People* 4 February 1979.

And in Naples, Italy, police were called in to hunt a sexy spectre that was trying to seduce women hotel guests. Perhaps the other guests need protection from the victims too...the latest one, newly-wed Annalisa Fusco, screamed so loud when she felt cold hands in bed that she woke up all 300 of the other guests! *Sun* 13 March 1978.

Back To The Bedroom

We have a couple more fairly straightforward stories to recount before we get on to the exotica...

The Hardie family of Stockton, Tees-side, had heard strange noises in the loft for a long time, but things started happening after the council did some modernisation work on the house. Daughter Margaret, 19, was lying awake in bed one night when she heard a thumping on the landing. The bedroom door opened, the bed shook. The bedclothes were slowly lifted, and then she felt a hand slide down the outside of her nightdress from her shoulders to her legs, where it rested. Paralysed with fear, she next saw a bald-headed man in a Victorian cape, who kept his face hidden from her. 'Come to the bathroom, Margaret,' he said, four or five times. Margaret still couldn't move, but eventually let out a scream. Her mother found her wringing with perspiration. After that, Margaret slept downstairs, but the ghost followed her, making regular visits (presumably of a similar nature). Her mother, Bessie, 57, sister Valerie, 20, and brother Bob, 24, have all seen the ghost also. The family were hoping to have the house exorcised. *Sunday People* 13 August 1978; *South Africa Sunday Times* 6 August 1978.

Divorcee Flo Dyke has been living in her 40-year old council house in Laburnam Road, Cannock, Staffs, for 30 years; but now she's had enough. Though

Flo has seen the ghost, he seems generally to leave her alone; it's her daughters he's after. The ghost is said to be in his 30's with greased black hair, and wearing a baggy, wide-lapelled suit over a vest. He first appeared to eldest daughter Yvonne 26 years ago, when she was 17, staring at her while she slept in the front bedroom, and he also took a look at middle daughter Annette in bed when she reached the age of 17. Three exorcisms seemed finally to have removed him, until...

Until youngest daughter Denise reached 17, too. Our early reports (*Sun, Daily Mirror, Daily Express, Daily Star,* all 11 June 79) play the story for laughs and sex, intimating that the saucy spectre had on several occasions popped out of the wardrobe and into bed with Denise, grabbing her arms and legs, holding her pinned to the bed, tickling her legs and so on. But later word (*Daily Star* 20 August 79) indicates that Denise woke one night to see the figure standing over her bed; tried to scream, couldn't; tried to move, pinned down; screamed again, succeeded, and woke Flo who swore at the shadowy figure. He laughed and dissolved away. Since when neither Flo nor Denise have slept at the house, and they've applied for a new house.

There is a tale that a Polish soldier was billetted in the street just after World War 2, fell in love with his host's 17-year old daughter, and hanged himself in the nearby woods on Cannock Chase when his suit was rejected. Now he is thought to have returned in search of his forbidden 17-year old bride. Only trouble is, it's the wrong house!

And another ex-serviceman: an unnamed couple living on the site of the old Croydon Airport, near London, are haunted by a young pilot who appears in flying helmet, oxygen mask and leather jacket. At first he simply appeared, standing there for up to five minutes. But the man of the house is a collector of military memorabilia, and a dummy in the hall, wearing an SS uniform, was hurled 10 feet one night. Later, he appeared to the wife in the bedroom, while she was ironing. Then another couple came to stay, and while the man was in the bathroom, the bedclothes were whisked off his wife. Finally, the couple had the house exorcised: yet while the exorcism was in progress, the wife felt the amorous airman plucking the straps of her bra. Wizard twang, what! The exorcism has apparently failed; phenomena continue. *Daily Star* 21 August 1979.

Some Nasty Ones

Certain of our bedroom invaders seem more intent on violence than passion, though we note that most of the first encounters with sexy spirits feature some kind of attack, frequently strangulation.

Madge Hislop and her family decided to move out of the old house in Oldmeldrum, Aberdeenshire, after only 9 months residence. They'd heard footsteps, strange violin music, and seen faces at the window. The last straw came when Madge was sleeping alone: the room went cold, the smell of roses pervaded the air. A voice called 'Marjory' three times and a pair of hands enclosed her throat. Madge screamed, the hands fell away... and when she put the light on, there were red marks round her neck. Exit the Hislop family, hurriedly. *Sunday Post* 7 May 1978

In *Midnight Globe* 15 August 1978 we have author Frank DeFelitta claiming that his new book *The Entity* had to be written as a novel because he couldn't publicly name those involved, but it was all true and the horrible tale he had to tell wasn't a publicity stunt to sell more copies, no sir! Be that as it may, we retell the tale briefly. In 1975 DeFelitta heard from UCLA parapsychologists Barry Taff and Kerry Gaynor of a woman who was being taken sexually by a force they could not pin down. The attacks took place nightly, with beatings, bites and marks appearing all over her body. DeFelitta recalls watching the woman one night: she screamed as the thing approached her, then a gaseous green light took on the form of an arm, shoulder and neck. The woman described the entity as a man about 7 feet tall, Chinese-featured, savage, but in a way loving. DeFelitta apparently spent several months with her, though no explanation was forthcoming...nor is there any mention of any attempts at preventative measures. The drama is, it seems, still being played out without resolution.

And then there's always a spectral spoilsport lurking around somewhere too: Steve Mikloz and his bride Debbie moved into their new flat in Rounds, Northants, on their wedding night, got into bed, put out the light...and Debbie, 17, realised they were not alone. Seconds later, so did Steve. Something grabbed him by the throat and dragged him out of bed, gasping for breath. After that bit of invisible interference, the couple got dressed and left, and haven't been back to the flat since. A spokesman for the landlord said quite plainly that the flat wasn't haunted: 'The disturbance must have come from the flat next door.' Rowdy neighbours, huh? *South Africa Sunday Times* 5 November 1978.

[Credit: Steve Hicks, Chris J Holtzhausen, Nick Maloret, Colin Mather, John Michell, Paul Screeton, Anthony Smith, Roger Waddington, D K Watson, Nigel Watson, Sam] SM.

...AND, AT THAT SAME MOMENT....
SYNCHRONICITIES

Coincidence abounds in the world of twins and their double lives often run uncannily parallel.

Twin Speed Speech.

'Genebene manita.'

'Nomemee.'

'Eebedeebeda. Dis din qui naba.'

'Neveda. Ca Baedabada.'

This is a snatch of a tape recording of Poto and Cabenga, or Grace and Virginia Kennedy, as their parents call them. The identical twins were born in South Georgia in October 1970 of a German mother and an English speaking father. Their father remembers that the day after they were born, Grace suddenly raised her head and stared at him. She was having a 'convulsive seizure'. Virginia did the same thing the next day. These seizures continued periodically for six months, in spite of treatment. At 17 months, they began to improvise (or receive?) their very dense and rapid ideoglossia ('own language'), their only concession to English being 'mommy' and 'daddy'. At 2 they moved to California, but there were very few other children in the neighbourhood for them to meet. For five years they spoke nothing but their own language, although they clearly understood their parents' English and the German of their grandmother who looked after them when the parents were out. (Mrs Kunert herself spoke no English)

Then the speech therapists at the Children's Hospital in San Diego, California, began to study and tape them, and coax some English out of them — which they speak with a curious high-speed delivery. In May 1979. Dr Hagen (head of the Speech Pathology Department) said: 'Right now the big problem is to reduce their speech rate to a level understandable to normal ears.' Some of the keen therapists have even tried to talk to Poto and Cabenga in their new language. 'They look at us as if we're crazy and laugh' said Anne Koenecke.

'Snap aduk, Cabenga, chase die-dipana' said Poto masterfully. (Poto and Cabenga at once began to play with a doll's house.)

They will celebrate their 9th birthday in October 1979, and they will be speaking English. As we see so often, a wonderful wild talent has been taught into woeful submission. Perhaps they are boat people from an alternative universe or early kundalini graduates (remember those 'convulsions'?) Perhaps they got sent to the wrong space-time by the Universal Reincarnation Company...But I digress. *D.Mirror* 19 Sept, *Nat. Enquirer* 15 Nov, *Daily Oklahoman* 23 July 1977; *D.Mail* 14 Sept 1978; *Observer* magazine 20 May, *Herald Tribune* 13 Aug 1979.

Double Lives

Prof. Thomas Bouchard of Minnesota University said that only 73 cases of monozygotic (identical) twins who have been raised apart have been recorded. At least three have come to light this year. In fact the air has been positively crackling with synchronicity for the devious or delightful duos.

Jacqueline and Sheila Lewis were adopted at birth by different families, and neither knew the other existed. 27 years later, they were admitted to Southmead Hospital, Bristol, on the same day with the same hereditary skin disorder, and put in the same room. They soon discovered they were identical twins and Sheila's husband had died on the same day, two years earlier, that Jackie had divorced her husband. *D.Mail* 2 July, *D.Telegraph* 3 July, *Nat. Enquirer* 31 Aug 1976.

Sometime in August 1939 in Piqua, Ohio, identical boy twins were adopted by two families who were told that the other baby had died. The Springers lived in Dayton, the Lewises in Lima 80 miles away. 6 years later, while completing adoption papers, Mrs Lewis learned by accident that the other twin was alive. When she said that she had called the child James Edward, the court official said: 'You can't do that. They named the other little boy James.' James Springer grew up thinking his twin was dead, while James Lewis didn't know where his twin was, and hesitated for many years before tracing him through the red tape jungle of adoption courts. In February 1979, at the age of 39, they met. In their lives apart the two James married and divorced Lindas and remarried Betties; and had taken holidays on the same beach in St. Petersburg, Florida. Both were into carpentry and mechanical drawing, both had had police training and occasional 'law enforcement' work. One is now a security guard, the other a records clerk. They called their eldest son James Alan and James Allen. When they met, their families noted similar speech patterns, mannerisms and posture. But Lewis had short hair combed back and Springer long hair combed forward...

On July 27 1939, a few days before the birth of the Ohio twins, an unmarried Finnish student, Helena Jacobsson, gave birth to twin girls in Hammersmith Hospital in London. They were christened Dagmar Margaret (Daphne, the elder by twelve minutes) and Gerda Barbara. Both were adopted, Barbara growing up in London and Daphne in Luton. In May or (?) June 1979, at the age of 39, they met. Barbara Herbert and her family live in Dover, while Daphne Goodship and her family live in Wakefield. Both their adoptive mothers died when they were children: both had worked in local government offices; both miscarried their first babies, then each had two boys followed by a girl — though Daphne had two more children later; and both had met their husbands at Town Hall dances when they were 16. They both like carving, tho' Barbara uses wood and Daphne soap; and they were wearing identical white petticoats at their reunion. This time the difference was one of weight: Daphne had been dieting. *Boston Globe 20 Feb, South Middlesex News* 22 Feb, *D.Mirror* 24 Feb, South Africa *Sunday Times* 4 March, *Midnight Globe* 27 March, *Sunday People* 10 June 1979.

In July 1979 twins Ruth Johnson of Lowell, Mass. and Allison **Mitchell Erb of Mount Vernon,** Maine, met for the first time since they were adopted 26 years ago in New Hampshire. Each is a hairdresser, with a daughter called Kristen and one other child each. The previous June they had both watched a TV discussion on the right of adopted persons to discover their origins, and both started to search for the other. *The Spectator* (Canada) 24 July, *Herald Tribune* and *Daily Mail* 25 July 1979.

Mrs Martha Burke (49) of California, suffered terrible burning pains in her chest and stomach as her non-identical twin was burned to death in the Canary Island plane crash in 1977 which claimed 582 lives. A year later she was sueing the airlines for lack of sympathy, but maybe she is lucky to be alive. Mrs Joyce Crominski wrote to the Melbourne *Truth* about her identical twin sisters Helen and Peg. At 11.15 one evening, Helen (19), awoke white-faced and screaming, with a terrible chest pain. Her parents sent for an ambulance and she died on the way to hospital, as did Peg, who had been in a car accident at exactly the same time as Helen awoke. The steering wheel had penetrated her chest. Lisa and Mark (3 months) died within minutes of each other in Dublin. The twins were in different cots, and the cause of death was unknown. Ida Torrey and Freda Palmer — twins born in Geronimo, Texas, in 1905 — died on the same day 350 miles apart. *D. Telegraph* 10 April, *National Enquirer* 6 June, *D. Express* 7 Feb 1978; *Psychic News* 11 Aug 1979.

Two By Two

We note that sometimes the universe goes in for clumpings of bifurcation. In 1978 there were nine sets of twins among the 285 pupils in the village school of Herrick in central Illinois, a village of only 600 souls. And there were five twin births within a few hundred yards of each other in Rose Hill, Loughborough, near Derby in England. Paul Slade wrote to the *Guardian* (30 July 79) that no less than 80 per cent of all the hen's eggs his family had eaten in the previous three weeks were double yolked. A 10-year-old gave birth to healthy girl twins in Indianapolis University Hospital in June 1979; and the next month Leslie Wallace (25) of Sydney gave birth to identical quadruplets — possibly the first recorded. *D. Telegraph* 2 June 1978; *D. Mail* 2 June, London *Eve. Standard* 27 June, London *Eve. News* 8 Aug 1979.

Twins Jacky and Geraldine Herz had had babies within days of each other on 12 occasions. Other twins have managed this feat once anyway, often with greater synchronisation. Renee and Bernee married on the same day and gave birth within hours of each other in Las Vegas. Gill and Susan Partridge carried it off in August 1979. Twins Paul and Fritz married twins ten years ago in Silesia. Two years later they became fathers within two hours of each other. And both sued for divorce on the same day. *The Star* (USA) 24 Aug 1976; *Houston Chronicle* 5 April, London *Eve. News* 9 Aug, *News of the World* 7 Jan 1979.

Grace & Virginia Kennedy, alias 'Poto' & 'Cabenga', aged 8.

Conversely Mrs Crocifissa Micchia had a baby girl at home in Marianapoli, Sicily, but continued to have pains. Next day she was taken to San Cataldo, 20 miles away where another girl was born. Four days separated the birth of twin boys to Mrs Walker in Tottenham in 1940. 'Four days apart' twins were also born to the wife of a Walthamstow baker in 1936. The greatest recorded interval between twin births is, supposedly, 136 days in a case reported from Strasbourg in 1846. *Herald Tribune* 17 July 1979; *News Chronicle* 9 May 1940. A case of twins 12 days apart is reported in a reader's letter in *D. Mirror* 24 Sept 1979. An Egyptian woman, Mrs Aziza Amin, 31, had twin boys in different countries. The first was delivered on the way to Cairo airport. It died, but Mrs Amin felt well enough the next day to travel to Athens, where she again went into labour. This time the baby, only 2lb, survived. *D. Telegraph* 22 Sept 1979.

Mrs Nebis Ramos, of Chicago, has double trouble — beating odds said to be 55 million to one, she has given birth to four consecutive sets of twins. Identical twin boys arrived in 1970, identical twin girls in 1975, and fraternal twins in 1977, the girl surviving the boy who died suddenly of the infant death syndrome. The latest pair, again identical twin boys, were born on the 3rd of August, and one has developed a breathing problem. Mrs Ramos is finding life hectic. She told a reporter: "I can't talk to you now. I've four loads of washing to do, dinner to fix for everybody, then get back to the hospital for the twins' breast-feeding." Mrs Ramos is separated from her husband, and on public assistance. Both we can believe! *Toronto Sun* 8 Aug 1979.

In 1978 there were reports of a German woman who had twins, one white and one black. Since we reported this case in FT26, p.11, some other cases have come to light. One was in the USA in 1810; another sometime between 1914 and 1924 in Liverpool; and in September 1939 a black woman in Hokerton, North Carolina, had twins, a white son and a black girl. In this case the father of both seems to have been 'coal-black Herbert Strong'. Blood tests have also shown that twins had different fathers, though both were white. Cases from Vlborg in Denmark and in Stockholm in 1934; and from Berlin in 1939. *Sunday Referee* 7 Oct 1934 and 5 March 1939; *D. Mirror* 9 Dec 1940; *Newsweek* 25 Sept 1978; *Moneysworth* USA Dec 1978; *Times* 4 Sept 1978.

For other tales of genetic complication involving twins in some form, see our 'Freaks' section.

Twinchronicity

Our files are bulging with case histories of twin telepathy, twinchronicities and extra-sensory empathy pains. The extraordinary examples of wound and pain transference seem to point beyond mere astrological identity to a shared Destiny... a single entity by fate or intention manifesting in two physical bodies.

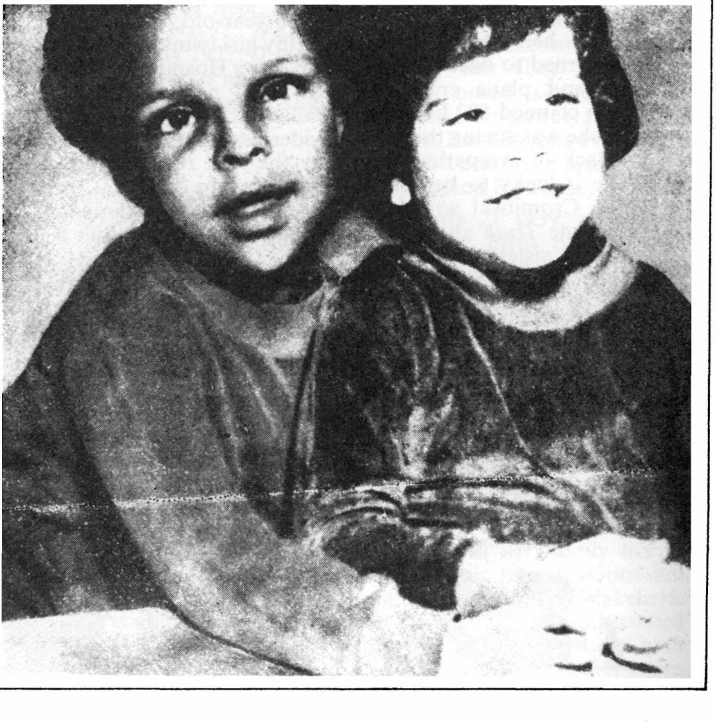
Take, for starters, the bunch of letters sent to the *News of the World* (7 May 1978). A woman found she had trouble moving her arms and legs. She also had a large red mark on her arm. Her twin sister had been in an accident, and was given an injection in the same place as the red mark. A girl won first prize in a raffle with the number 38; two weeks later her twin sister won again with the same number. A woman went to get ear-rings for her twin sister's birthday, only to find that they had been bought for her the previous day by her twin. Jayne Wilkinson, 5, fell and broke her nose; and her twin sister Claire had a nose-bleed. Their father and his twin brother both suffered the same leg injury playing football on the same day in different places. Mrs Sheargold went to hospital with a leg injury and her twin brother was kept awake by the pain. Later he cracked a rib, and *she* felt *his* pains. And so on.

Another case of wound empathy concerns the 5-year-old Spanish twins Silvia and Marta Landa who were being studied by the Parapsychology Society of Spain. When Silvia burnt herself on a hot iron, Marta felt the pain 12 miles away. Both developed a burn scar on their right hands. Shannon and Sharon Egner (7) both lost front teeth on the same day. Then Sharon broke an arm, and Shannon did the same a few days later. Helen Fry (13) was out shopping with her grandmother when she began to stagger about quite dazed and had to be taken home where she fell asleep on the settee. Her identical twin Lorraine was in hospital for a minor operation, but both twins had experienced the anaesthetic. On two occasions when Yvonne Green had a baby, her twin brother Christopher Gool had labour pains 300 miles away. Another time Christopher hurt his arm in a brawl (he is a policeman), Yvonne fell over and had to go to hospital to have her arm injuries treated. *National Enquirer* 18 Oct, *Reveille* 18 Nov 1977; *Rand Daily Mail* 29 Dec 1976; *Weekend* 9 May, *People* 25 March 1979.

Finally, what are we to make of the story related in *Fate* (Sept 79)? Sheila Doxtader gave birth to a girl in an Eaton Rapids, Michigan hospital. Within the hour another Sheila Doxtader gave birth to another girl in the same hospital. So far as the two Sheila Doxtaders know, they are not related. A subtle joke by the cosmic puppet-master, or a typo in the genetic code? A near-miss twin-birth or 'just one of those things'?

[Credit: Gary Abbott, Tom R Adams, Richard Cotton, Peter Hope Evans, Chris J Holtzhausen, Bob Forrest, Jackie Klemes, Valerie Martin, Nick Maloret, Colin Mather, Mark A Hall, Peter Roberts, Paul Screeton, A W Szachnowski, Thoth, Dwight Whalen, Ion Will, John Rimmer.] **PRAdeGS**

The black and white twins from Germany, Heiku and Bernd, aged 8. Daily Mirror *29 May 1978.*



This year has seen an extraordinary number of Siamese twins and extra-uterine pregnancies.

Siamese Gods

Once at an FT clipping sort, our utterances departed from the usual banter and cries of delighted astonishment. The topic was the future of the yet-to-be-born Fortean Institute (or whatever). One visionary, jokingly (I hope), suggested that we might have a department of genetic engineering to manufacture and supply living gods to pantheistic cultures — many-headed, multi-armed, blue-skinned types to India, for example. Well, like so many of our speculations, there will be no need for our Mail-Order god programme because genuine prodigies are being born all the time.

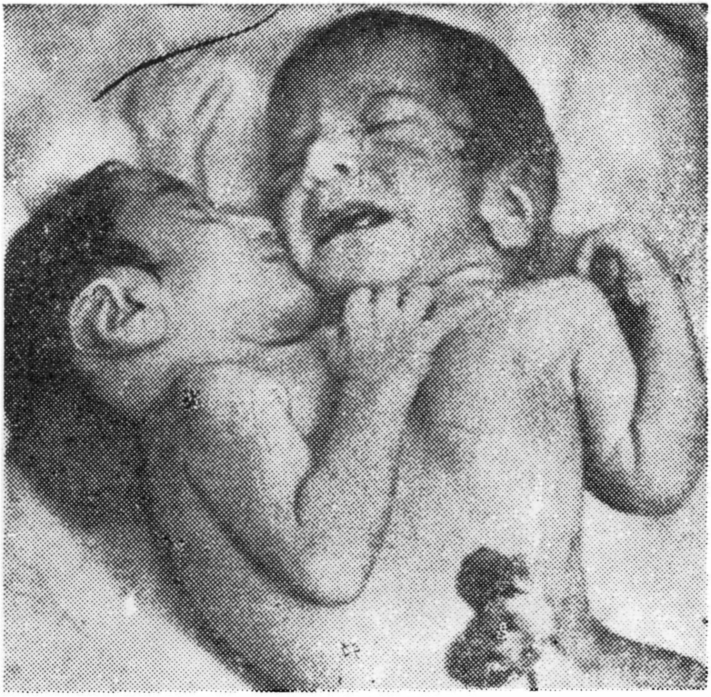
On 17 Feb 1979, the first Siamese twins to be born in England in 10 years were delivered by caesarian section at the West Kent Hospital, Maidstone. The boys were joined above the waist and so shared most of their vital organs. They died 10 days later, of 'natural causes', within 90 minutes of each other. No separation had been attempted, and it is not known if this operation — almost certainly fatal to one of them — had been planned, since the distressed parents requested all details to be kept private. *D. Express* 21 Feb 1979; London *Evening Standard* 22 Feb 1979; *Kent Messenger* 2 March; *D. Telegraph* 28 Feb 1979.

Within a few days of the Kent twins, two girls were born on 20 Feb, at Albert Einstein Medical Center, Philadelphia. They were joined from above the breastbone to below the navel, sharing an unusual six-chambered heart and a liver. In the first week of March they were separated at St Christopher's Hospital for Children, also in Philly, in a 6 hour operation involving 17 doctors. One of the twins had to be 'sacrificed', the other was in a stable condition for a while but later died too. Parents requested anonymity. *Grand Rapids Press* 5 March; London *Eve. Standard* 17 May 1979.

Twin girls, joined from chest to navel like the Kent girls, were born on 3rd May to Mrs Eleni Alifteras, 20, during a 'difficult' caesarian section in the Greek town of Larissa. Later they were transferred to Salonica, and then to Evangelismos Hospital, Athens, where, two and a half months later, Dr George Tolis and his team separated them in a half hour operation. The weaker twin died so that her survivor could have the heart and liver they shared. The last we heard her condition was hopeful. We can only hope the outcome was good news and therefore not worth reporting in the papers. *D. Telegraph* 5 May; *Guardian* 27 and 28 July 1979.

Siamese twins, or uniovular asymmetrical twins, are said to be one in a million or more, yet the law and disorder of chance sent us two together in February, and now another not long after the Greek twins. On 6 June twin girls were born to an Indian woman, Veeran Rani, at the JP Hospital, New Delhi (see photo). Although characterized by the *Daily Telegraph* (of all papers) as a 'two-headed baby', it is clear that these girls are two joined beings, having distinct nervous systems, heads and lungs. Unlike our earlier twins, the Rani girls share a third hand, with eight fingers, on their common shoulder. At the time of the reports no extensive examination had been made to determine what organs were shared — only one heart had been located. Doctors were not underestimating their chances of separating the twins, and if their worst fears are confirmed — that the girls indeed share a heart and other organs — then the operation, as in previous cases, will mean certain death for the weakest and slender chances for the survivor. While doctors were deliberating

The Rani twins: a divine being. Hindustan Times *8 June 1979.*

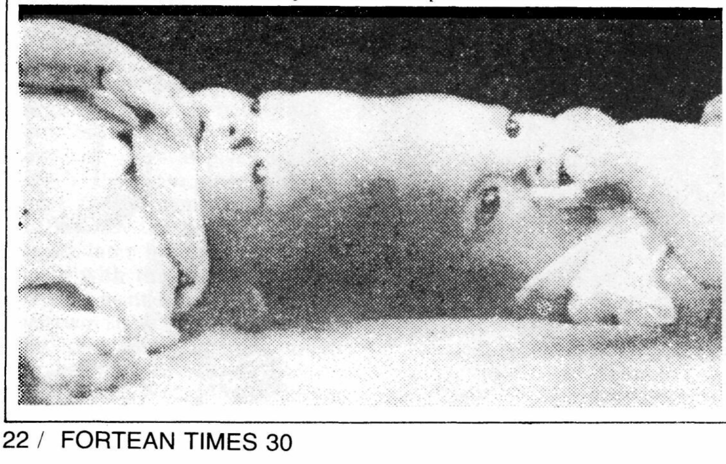


the curious effects of a double nervous system — one laughs while the other cries, one lies awake while the other sleeps, etc —the babies have drawn huge crowds who are in no doubt about the status of the babies; I should say 'baby' since the crowds, like the *Telegraph*, believe them to be a single being. In their eyes the baby is a goddess since only a *bhagwan ka roop* (divine being) can laugh and cry at the same time. Our last news was that the babies' condition had deteriorated. *Hindustan Times* 8 June; *Rising Nepal* 9 June; *D. Telegraph* 9 June; *Times of India* 10 June; Delhi *Statesman* 11 June 1979.

Finally, on 30th May, another pair of Siamese twins were in the news. They were Lisa and Elisa Hansen who had been joined at the head since their birth 19 months previously (Oct 1977). They were separated in a Salt Lake City hospital in an operation lasting 16 continuous hours. They made a reasonable recovery and were soon allowed home. But because of the seriousness of the operation and their vulnerability, doctors were watching them closely. Our last note reports that in late July Elisa was admitted to the Utah University Medical Center for surgery to 'adjust incisions in her head'. *Hindustan Times* 8 June; *D. Mail* 19 July; London *Evening Standard* 30 May and 20 June; *Herald Tribune* 30 and 31 July; *S. Express* 3 June.

[Credit: David Fideler, Ian Lawes, Peter Rogerson, Sam, Has Thomas, Ion Will].

Lisa and Elisa Hansen before their separation. D.Star *1 June79*



Their Brother's Keeper

Following on from the topic of Siamese twins, and twins in general (see our 'Twins' section) are a few notes we could call 'twins which might have been'.

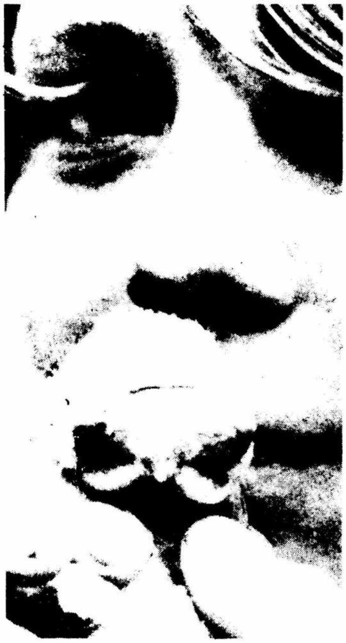
At the King George Hospital, at Visakhapatnam in south India, a foetus was removed from the abdomen of an 11-year-old boy. Dr Viswanatha Rao, who performed the 3 hour operation early Sept 1977, said the foetus appeared to have developed to the fourth month stage. Dr Rao believes that it was one of a pair of twins, which died and was then incorporated into the body of the living twin. Texas *Eagle* 14 Sept 1977.

Recently, a Viennese mother of four was found to be two people, giving rise to another case of biological complication. During a routine blood-test before transfusion to one of her children, it was found that her child's genes did not match her own. Half the child's genes were identified as inherited from her father, said Dr Wolfgang Schnedi, but the other did not match those of a woman who gave her birth. The enigma was only resolved when the woman recalled her own mother saying that she thought she was carrying twins,then she gave birth to only her. Dr Schnedi examined the woman and discovered that she was carrying her own twin, partially developed in her own womb. Then something even more unusual happened — genetic material from this partial twin somehow passed on to her children instead of her own genes. *Titbits* 8 Sept 1979; *Nature* 277 p211; *New Scientist* 18 Jan 1979. *[Credit: Tom R Adams.]*

Wombless Wonders

It is not uncommon in these days of widespread sterilization by severing of the fallopian tubes to hear of the occasional case of a woman discovering herself pregnant after such operations. Usually a fertilized egg has luckily made it before the scalpel, but sometimes we hear of the spontaneous healing of the tubes; such a case happened recently, see *Sunday People* 17 June 1979. But the following cases are characterized by foetal development *outside* a womb, some in cases where there was no womb at all. In reviewing these cases we note the regularity with which doctors, unaware of the other cases, claim theirs to be unique or the 'first of its kind'. In some cases they may be right — either way the situation is extremely unusual. Doctors attending the Chapel Hill birth (see below) said only 50 extra-uterine births had been recorded in medical literature. Eggs slipping out of the other end of the fallopian tube are estimated to occur once in 10,000 pregnancies, and those lucky enough to find somewhere to take root usually die within the first three months. Whatever the odds, it is a fact that we now record six extra-uterine births which have all taken place within *4 months* of each other.

The first was tiny Martin Trott, born on 31 March to Alison Trott, 23, at Musgrove Park Hospital, Taunton, Somerset. Alison had a hysterectomy after the birth of her first two children. The gynaecologist who performed the operation to remove her womb 11 months previously, and who delivered Martin by Caesarian, revealed that Alison had had an abnormal womb, but managed to carry to full term two normal children before the operation. He added, 'Only half the uterus had developed, the other side simply wasn't there... In this case the baby developed in the 'horn' which would have been the other side of the uterus had it ever



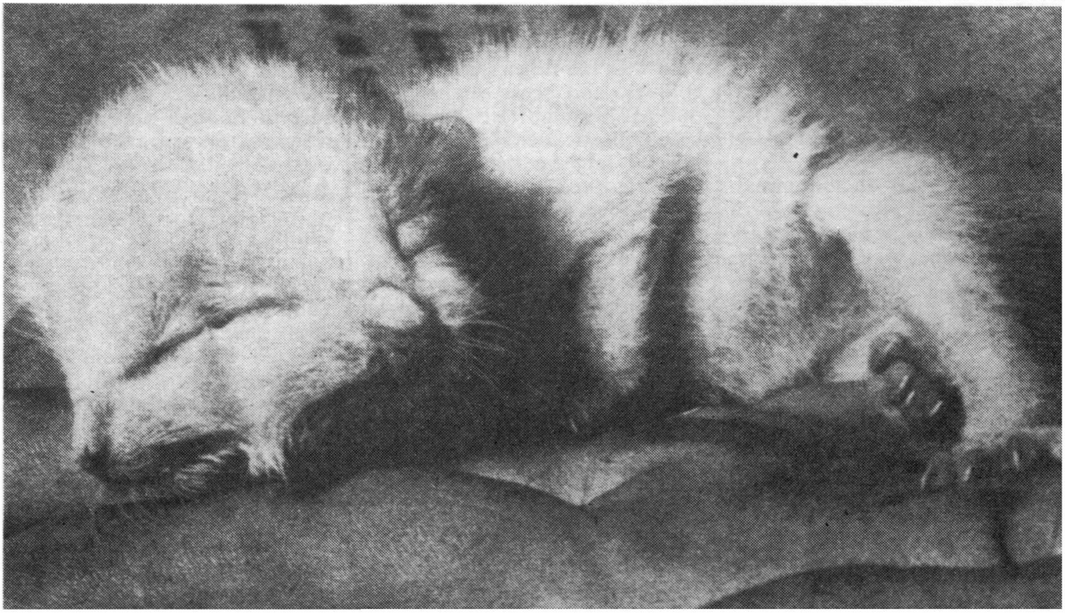
On - uh! - 23 July 1979, a stray cat in Montreal gave birth to the furry freak pictured below. National Enquirer *2 Oct 1979. Coincidentally, another two-faced feline, called Tom & Jerry, was born around the same time in Indianapolis (above)* Niagara Falls Review *7 Aug 1979. Both had normal siblings, and both died later.*

developed. Not only did the baby implant itself there, it grew to full term. This case, where the foetus had secured itself and stimulated a formerly non-existent uterus to support it, is, as far as I or the staff can ascertain, unique.' *Western Morning News* & Melbourne *The Age* both 17 April; *Philadelphia Inquirer* 5 April; *Guardian* 17 April 1979.

Next we have a note that sometime on the weekend 5-6 May an extra-uterine baby was delivered by caesarian section to a woman in Southeast Medical Center, Dothian, Alabama. The baby, said to be in good condition, had developed for 8 months in the abdominal cavity, but it was not said where. *Niagara Falls Review* 9 May 1979.

Margaret Martin had a hysterectomy after the birth of her third daughter. Eight months later she gave birth to a healthy girl, delivered surgically and one month prematurely at the National Women's Hospital, Auckland, New Zealand, on 15 May. Her doctors said that she must have become pregnant about two days before the operation last September, the fertilized egg remaining in the fallopian tube when the uterus was removed. In this case the egg fastened itself to the woman's bowel and other organs in her abdomen and drew enough nourishment from them to develop normally. Doctors induced the birth because the baby's growth rate had slowed and was apparently beginning to starve. Mr Martin described his wife as 'naturally plump', and despite complaining of morning sickness and cravings her own doctor had refused to believe she was pregnant until about two months before the birth. Dallas, Texas *Morning News*, & Harrisburg, Penn *Evening News* both 17 May 1979.

The case of Janet Sickles is slightly different. After two normal births previously her third child was said to be developing normally. In fact a fertilized egg had somehow escaped the fallopian tube and attached itself to the exterior of her ovary. On 25 April, three months prematurely, Mrs Sickles haemorrhaged causing a dangerously low blood pressure. She was rushed to Montrose Memorial Hospital, Colorado, where, to save her life, Dr Hamilton Lokey, said he expected to lose the baby and perform a hysterectomy. As soon as the incision was made doctors were astonished to find the baby, safe in its embryonic sac, in her



abdominal cavity. Despite being unusual and premature, the gratefully named Miracle Stacy Sickles, and her mother are doing well. Dallas, Texas *Morning News* 17 May 1979. NB: This and the previous case were both reported on 17th May, and a few days after the Alabama case!

The arrival of David Lee Patterson on 18th July, at North Carolina Memorial Hospital, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, was very similar. His parents had been trying for a baby for 13 years, however it was not until shortly before his ETA that it was discovered that the baby had developed outside Shirley Patterson's womb. The fertilized egg had escaped from the fallopian tube and attached itself to blood vessels near the pelvis. Shirley had been admitted because of pre-natal complications when tests confirmed the doctors' suspicions. Dr Linn Hatley, chief gynaecologist, decided on a caesarean. 'When we opened the abdomen, the first thing we saw was the placenta. Then I found the baby's feet, and the baby started kicking and screaming'. Harrisburg, Penn *Evening News* 19 July; *Indian Express, & D. Telegraph* 20 July 1979.

Our sixth case is short on detail because the parents request anonymity. A baby girl, called LaKesha, was delivered by caesarean on 31 July, at Mercy Hospital, Benton Harbor, Michigan, after developing normally in her mother's abdominal cavity. *Niagara Falls Review* 11 Aug 1979.

Finally a case of an abdominal foetus that went wrong. On 23rd May — a date that plugs the gap in our sequence of extra-uterine pregnancies above — an 83 year-old woman underwent an operation to remove the calcified remains of a foetus from her abdominal wall. She had been vomiting and complaining of abdominal pains before seeking medical help. An adopted son, translating for the Spanish-speaking woman, said that she had married but never had children, and although she had been in hospital before had never been x-rayed. The attending doctor believed the woman must have become pregnant when 12-13 years old and carried the foetus for about 70 years. He believed that it may have been an abnormal tubal pregnancy that the body tried to abort, pushing it into the abdominal cavity and walling it off with tissue. In the light of the above cases, it could also have begun life — or death — as a fertilized egg escaping the fallopian tube to develop for a little while in the abdominal cavity. Either way the foetus had become calcified. A curious side-effect was that the woman had not menstruated in all those years — her body believed she was still pregnant, said a doctor. Houston, Texas *Post* 2 June 1979.

[Credit: Tom R Adams, Larry Arnold, Jenny Cameron, Chris Hall, Kurt Lothmann, Valerie Martin, Peter Roberts, Sam, Has Thomas, Dwight Whalen] **RJMR.**

Synaesthesia, the apparent displacement of perception of one sense into the language of another, may be related to Psi, according to world wide reports.

Russia

Russian work in this field has been covered in some detail in Ostrander & Schroeder's *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, (Abacus 1977) and Gris & Dick's *The New Soviet Psychic Discoveries* (Souvenir Press 1979), so we will be brief...

We have an old and unreferenced clipping concerning Vera Petrova, an 11-year-old girl from Ulianovsk, who could read with her fingers, distinguish colours, and sense shapes and outlines through thick layers of wood, plastic, metal etc. She had normal sight, but the 'sixth sense' only worked when she was blindfolded. She could read a magazine article placed under three large books, and 'see' a picture placed under a carpet. She managed to convince Prof. D Fedotov of the Institute of Research Psychiatry, Moscow, who quotes three explanatory theories: that skin-sight is 'connected with infra-red radiation of human hands'; that some people have built-in rudimentary photo-receivers; that it's connected with telepathy. L. Teplov, of the *Literary Gazette*, disagreed though, claiming it was all fakery, and that claimants of the power were always mentally unbalanced or children, and therefore irresponsible individuals. Younger readers may not care for this implication...

Some time later, 22-year-old Rosa Kuleshova appeared on the scene, also with perfect sight, and able to distinguish colours with her fingers. Poor old Teplov seems to have been overruled, for it now seems that a programme is underway to teach the blind to develop the same abilities, and the Russians are claimimg some success...though the hows and whys are apparently still unexplained. *Reveille* 1 July 1977 & 20 March 1979.

China

Some kids are content with wiggling their ears; 12-year-old Tang Yu of Sichuan Province goes one better. He can see through his ears. Tang is the youngest of three sons of a rice-farmer in Dazu County, and discovered his powers in 1978. He can read Chinese characters even when the paper they are written on is folded up, distinguish between pen and brush writing, reproduce pictures 'seen' through his ear, and when tested, reproduced the letters A, B & C, though he is not familiar with the western alphabet, and did not know how to pronounce the letters. Tang describes the process thus: he holds the piece of paper up to his ear, then feels 'an electric current in his brain' and a picture of the word appears to him, in the correct colour. Tang can also obtain good results with his fingers and feet, which leads us to wonder if the sensing process might actually be located in the fingers holding the paper, rather than the ear. Tang was investigated with apparent thoroughness at his home, and produced the goods...but (same old story) when he was taken to the big city (Chengdu) and hounded by investigators and a curious public, his powers began to fade...which eventually led to the *People's Daily* (Renmin Ribao) denouncing the whole business as superstition.

But not before a couple of other wonder-kids had shown up: a brother and sister in Anwhei Province, 100 miles south of Shanghai, claiming the same powers (no further details); and an 8-year-old girl in Peking who heard of Tang Yu's feats and said she could do it too. And it seems she could... *Times of India* 26 May 1979; *National Enquirer* 12 June 1979; *Reveille* 13 July 1979.

Japan

If nothing else, Tang Yu's appearance on the scene should have scotched the notion that eyeless sight is a talent peculiar to females, which was current when Sayuri Tanaka, aged 10 in 1976, was causing an uproar in Tokyo. Her 'third eye' is positioned on the left side of her nose and has 20-20 vision. Amongst other things she can, while thoroughly blindfolded: ride a bicycle along a straight line, read a book, catch a ball, identify playing cards, play basket-ball (and score), and draw a pencil line through a maze drawn on paper. But whereas our other cases imply either telepathy or the necessity of touch, Sayuri's watchful nostril seems to behave exactly like an eye...blindfold her and hold a hand in front of her nose and she can't see a thing! *Sunday Times* 25 Jan 1976; *Daily Mail* 5 June 1976; *Weekend* 17-23 Jan 1979.

And Elsewhere

We have mentions of investigations in Poland and Albania, but no details. Meanwhile...

USA: Patricia Stanley of Michigan can accurately distinguish colours when blindfold. *Reveille* 1 July 1977.

France: Jean Flauret, 14, has been blind since birth, but can see well enough through his hands to ride a bicycle through his home town of Orleans, deal with speed and direction of traffic, distinguish shapes of trees and colours of houses. *Weekend* 17-23 Jan 1979

Egypt: In 1942, an unnamed boy in Alexandria was injured in an air raid, losing his sense of smell (later restored by surgery) and becoming totally deaf. He later discovered he could 'hear' by placing his hand on the radio, or on the throat of the person talking to him. And though this might be seen 'merely' as hypersensitivity to vibration, every word is apparently clear and distinct. *Weekend:* 5-11 Dec 1973.

And lastly...James Jordan, nationality unknown, a botanical artist blind since childhood, produced a book of full-colour flower paintings, distinguishing colours by the 'heat' they generate...red is hot, blue cool, green cold. While researchers at Rome's Institute of Mental Research suspect the pineal gland of responsibility, theorising that it translates impressions received by the subconscious into images that can be understood by the brain. *Weekend:* 17-23 Jan 1979. It's as good an explanation as any other, we suppose...but it doesn't explain *how* the signals are received through the skin in the first place. But then the other explanations don't do that *either...*

[Credit: Jane Brecha, Peter Roberts, Peter Rogerson, Anthony Smith, Martin Straw, Sam] SM.

LIGHTNINGS

Bolts of lightning seemed more vivid and active this summer, there being several dramatic deaths and coincidental events. Next issue; Ball-lightning.

Thunderbolt Terror

Every year has its quota of lightning deaths, and the tragedy that gripped the public imagination this year was undoubtedly the thunderstorm that suddenly and severely descended on Skegness, Lincs, at 3.30pm on 29th July.

Six-year-old Louise Hough, and her sister Lianne (4), three other children and a group of three married couples were on the beach at Skegness, near the Derbyshire Miners' Holiday Center. One of the women took the children down to the water's edge, and as they were all balancing along the top of a wooden breakwater, there was a shattering thunderclap knocking them all into the water. Young Louise in the lead seemed to have been hit directly by a vertical bolt of lightning, her father, Eric Hough, said later. Eric ran towards them in horror. Then a second flash, very near him, left him with a severely numbed leg. He crawled towards Lianne and began resuscitation until other rescuers took over. In all 11 people were rushed to hospital — most were simply shocked; some had burns, Louise was dead and Lianne barely alive. Lianne recovered and was later released.

Donald Mitchell, assistant manager of the Derbyshire Miners' Holiday Center, said: 'It had been marvellous weather — bright and sunny all day. Then suddenly, about 3.30, the clouds gathered and really torrential rain poured down. I've never seen rain like it — not even in the monsoons in the Far East. Along with the rain there was endless forked lightning, which went on for about an hour. We could see it bounce off the sea. One bolt hit our games room. The lights went out, and plugs and switches were burnt off the walls.' Story in most national dailies for 30 July; additional material in London *Evening News* 30 July, and Scunthorpe *Evening Telegraph* 31 July 1979.

Before we begin a round-up of lightning strikes and deaths, we must mention a couple of vague but interesting reports. Firstly, the year seemed to kick off with a weird omen of lightning. According to the *Daily Express* 18 Jan 1979, a farmer in South Africa, who had been praying for weeks for rain, had his prayers answered in a way he hadn't bargained for. Along with the rain came a bolt of lightning which struck and killed his wife! The other cases came from *Weekly News* 9 June 1979, and refer to unspecified storms earlier that month:

At Leigh, in Lancashire, a mother and 4-yr-old daughter were hurled backwards across their living room as a bolt hit the house. As the TV was thrown into the air, said Mrs Hazel Radcliffe: 'it's sides and top blew off, shelves and curtains came away from the walls, and all the light switches were wrenched from the walls.' And at a farm near Chester, Steven Wilson, 16, was walking across a field. The next thing he knew was waking up in hospital. His father found him staggering around the field in a very dazed condition. His mother said: 'His shirt, underpants and socks all melted, and his trousers were ripped to shreds. His wellington boots acted as insulators and saved him from certain death before they were blown off his feet.'

Lightning Strikes

April

8 — L hits 11 soccer players at Caerleon, Gwent, 4 hurt, 1 seriously. *J.Met* 4:39pl50.

17 — L rips through row of houses triggering explosion in Shogi village, near Simla, India. 14 killed, 7 hurt, 4 seriously. *D. Telegraph 18* April 1979.

19 — L hits tanker *Seatiger* near Port Neches, Texas. 1 dead, 30 hurt. *Lloyds List.*

25 — L hits lady golf pro, Leatherhead, Surrey. Unhurt. *D.Telegraph.*

28 — L hits Anglia TV weatherforecaster David Brookes, on golf-course at Cambridge. *S.Express* 29 April 1979.

May

17 — L blows roof off house in Scunthorpe, Lincs. 'Big blue flash' from phone receiver startles youth in phone-box nearby. Scunthorpe *Evening Telegraph* 18 May 1979.

23 — L hits house at Sacriston, Co Durham, cracking walls. Woman stoking grate at time blown backwards across soot-filled room. Newcastle-upon-Tyne *Journal* 24 May 1979.

24 — L hits an angler's rod killing him at Vimerby, south Sweden. *D.Telegraph* 25 May 1979.

31 — L kills 17 cattle on ranch near Piedmont, South Dakota (see 12 Aug).

June

3 — L kills one at Niigata, Japan. *Int. Herald Tribune.*

7 — L hits house at Sparkbrook, Birmingham; fuses blown, TV damaged etc. Lady hurt. Birmingham *Evening Mail.*

? — About this time the two cases described above occured; one at Leigh, Lancs, and the other at Chester.

16 — L hits house in Scandia, Michigan. Man on porch hurt. *Grand Rapids Press* 18 June 1979.

20 — L hits the National Guard's Camp Grayling, Michigan. 45 hurt, 3 seriously.*Grand Rapids Press* 22 June 1979. L hits 2 girls picking strawberries at South Haven, Maine. 1 killed, the other hurt. *Grand Rapids Press* 1 July 1979.

29 — L starts bush and forest fires in Arizona, over several days.*Lloyds List.*

July

29 — L strikes at least 3 times on beach at Skegness, Lincs. 1 killed, 10 hurt, 2 seriously. See our first story above for details.

31 — L hits 2 British climbers on Denti del Sassolungo, in Italian Alps. 1 dead, the injured dangled for 2 days before rescue. London *Evening Standard* 2 Aug 1979.

August

4 — L kills 4 West German climbers on Denti di Terrarosso, also in the Italian Alps (see July 31). *S Telegraph* 5 Aug 1979.

6 — L hits climber on Mt Yarigatake, central Honshu, Japan. 2 killed, 4 hurt. *Int. Herald Tribune, & D.Telegraph* 7 Aug 1979.

12 — L kills cattle on ranch near Piedmont, South Dakota, just 3½ miles from identical incident on 31 May (see above). *Omaha World Herald* 15 Aug 1979.

20 — L hits Leon Swiech, mowing a lawn in Houston, Texas. Recovering. Lightning pulled the 'Swiech' and witnesses said he 'lit up like a bulb.' *D.Mail* 22 Aug 1979.

September

2 — L kills soccer player and knocks over 50 spectators at Enschede, Holland. *D. Telegraph* 3 Sept 1979. Same day as L kills 7 horses and 1 rider at Düsseldorf, West Germany. *D.Mail* 3 Sept 1979.

[Credit: David Fideler, B Hain, Valerie Martin, Paul Screeton, Joe Swatek, R Watson, IA Will, Nigel Watson. Undated items from J.Meteorology *4:40 & 4:41] Sam]* **RJMR.**

As we receive and sort your clippings we often become aware of running themes and trends.

Skylab Funnies

The remains of Skylab finally fell to earth on the night of 12 July. After a man-made meteorite display of bright red and orange sparks accompanied by a thunderous sonic wave, it pitched into the great desert beyond Kalgoorlie, in Western Australia. Like good Forteans we kept a beady eye on the media during the run-up period of trajectorial trepidity, and gleaned much. Suffice it to say that people everywhere were seeing things plummeting out of the sky. Loren Coleman has assembled the data and will present an article in FT shortly. One particular event, the fall of a blob of green plastic on Mississauga, Canada, on June 16, attracted a lot of attention, including that of our colleagues, Dwight Whalen (whose home town it is) and the intrepid Mr X. We hope to include a report on the fall next issue.

Suddenly falling things were all the mode. We clipped quite a heap of falling planes, people falling or leaping from buildings — even a stuntman whose bid to leap a line of cars ended in a fatal rain of machine and rider. But perhaps the real fun began as Skylab passed into living legend. Early on, when fears that the junk would re-enter over the USA, there were several attempts to shift its orbit by thought power — one by an enterprising mentalist, and the other by a radio appeal for a million people to concentrate for 7½ minutes on 25th May. Then President Reddy of India denounced the spacelab publicly as a demon from which only God could save the people.

It seems the people of India entered into the spirit of the event. Surjit Singh, an accountant with the Punjab State Electricity Board, named his son, born on 11 July, Skylab Singh. An Indian woman ran away with her lover after her horoscope predicted that a chunk of debris would kill her husband. An old Indian, who set aside a lot of money for his sons at his death, was fooled into handing it over, when his boys convinced him the village was going to be destroyed. And one farmer pioneered a lucrative business selling 'genuine' pieces of Skylab to his credulous neighbours, until one, a bit sharper than the rest, found he'd bought part of an old stove.

In Brazil another baby was named after the space-lab — Marcos Skylab Galisa — and his unmarried mother was encouraged to write to NASA for financial support. Another unexpected claim — this time for damages — came from a South African restaurant owner who reckons the US Government are responsible for his extensive period of 'mental anguish'. Less lucky was Simeon Galvez, 58, who died in Manila of a heart attack. He awoke from a nightmare, crying: 'Skylab! Skylab!', and then collapsed. And just in case we didn't get the message it was underlined just over a week after Skylab fell,most appropriately, at the Miss Universe contest at Perth, Australia, when before the assembled stars the stage collapsed precipitating another unscheduled descent of heavenly bodies. On a large display behind the girls was one of Skylab's blackened oxygen tanks, rescued from the Western Australian desert, and doubtless piqued at being upstaged! Aberdeen *Evening Express* 17 May 1979; *Guardian* 9 July 1979.

But the best joke of all must be the news that on the very same day that Skylab fragmented into hundreds of smouldering pieces prior to pelting Australia, the meteorite shield 'inexplicably' fell off the model of Skylab displayed in Washington's National Air and Space Museum — the same piece that fell off during the launch of Skylab itself in 1973! Finally, as we are about to go to press, we learn that some UOD (unidentified orbital debris) has re-entered over Australia's Western Desert, on 7th Sept. Residents of Albany reported 'soaring lights' coming down very near the resting place of much of Skylab. The Western Australian Observatory said 2 Cosmos satellites were due to re-enter, and this might be Cosmos 900. Don't they know? It could be that Skylab will continue to reign over the world for some time to come. And why not? It's as probable as anything else in this wacky saga. Aberdeen *Evening Express* 17 May 1979; *Guardian* 9 July 1979; Omaha, Nebraska, *World Herald* 12 July 1979; *Washington Post* 13 July; *London Evening News* 10 July 1979; London *Evening Standard* 11 and 20 July 1979; *Daily Telegraph 12 and 21 July 1979; Australasian Express* (London) 13 July 1979; *Observer* 8 July 1979; *International Herald Tribune* 9 July & 8 Sept 1979; *Toronto Sun* (Canada) 15 July 1979; *The Spectator* (Canada) 13 July 1979.

[Credit: A&P, David Fideler, Joe Swatek, Dwight Whalen, Ion Will, Jake Williams, Heathcote Williams, Sam].

A Modern Myth in the Making

When General Zia Ul-Haq of Pakistan hanged his former prime minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, he must have hoped Bhutto's influence would die with him. In actuality the popular feeling for Bhutto has increased, and Zia must be thoroughly dismayed that Bhutto has become not just a martyr but a saint who, rumour has it, has performed several 'miracles' after his death.

The Delhi *Statesman* 19 April 1979, just two weeks after Bhutto was hanged in Rawalpindi, proclaimed the execution ended a bizarre series of coincidences. It began in 1929 when one Bhagat Singh shot and killed a British police officer in Lahore. (He had been aiming at the Superintendent of Police!) A tribunal passed sentence of death on him despite a split verdict. The man who hanged Bhagat Singh was the father of the man who hanged

Bhutto, Tara Massih. The witnessing magistrate at Bhagat Singh's death was Nawab Mohammed Ahmed Khan, later killed in an ambush laid for his son Ahmed Raza Kasuri in 1974. The ambush took place at the spot where Bhagat Singh was hanged, the jail having been demolished in the meantime to make way for a new road. The ambush also led to Bhutto's death, since it was alleged that he had ordered it. The tribunal that passed the death sentence on Bhutto did so on a split verdict. That, you'd think was that — but since the *Stateman*'s item we've learned that Tara Massih has been rushed to hospital dying from tuberculosis. *Daily Telegraph* 11 July 1979; *Guardian* 17 July 1979.

Even more curious are the stories of Bhutto's post-mortem miracles, which cannot be backed up with any documentation or authority but which have that enduring character of the best folk stories. The first miracle was said to have occured at the end of the traditional 40 day mourning period as thousands gathered to watch the ceremonies outside the walled graveyard at Naudero, in Sind, where Bhutto had been secretly(?) buried. It seems a pickpocket had made a good haul of watches and wallets and was on the point of escaping when he was mysteriously and suddenly struck blind. In panic he confessed all and the religious leaders proceeded to return the purloined property. As the last wallet and watch found their rightful owners, the man's sight was 'miraculously' restored. The second miracle was that a rose, taken from Bhutto's grave to a sick woman in Bhutto's Larkana constituency who was cured after eating the petals. This rumour has led to the widespread practice of pilgrims bringing flowers to the grave and taking others. The third miracle was said to have occurred as Bhutto's wife, the Begum Nusrat, and his daughter, Benazir, a former president of the Oxford Union, met with the executive of Pakistan's People's Party in Larkana. A phone call alerted them to a strange phenomenon to be seen on the moon. All present rushed into the garden, and stared in astonishment at the profile of Bhutto, clearly seen among the lunar features. *Guardian* 7 July 1979.

[Credit: Ion Will.]

Food for Thought

It began simply in April when a large quantity of 'brilliant yellow wax-like substance' was found washed up on Sennen beach, near Penwith, Cornwall. Analysis by the South West Water Authority said it was quite safe — it seemed to be the sort of fat used in the manufacture of margarine! Where it came from, they couldn't say. *Western Morning News* 23 April 1979. Within days an even stranger mystery was being unearthed at Milton, in Staffordshire. Two neighbours in Leek Road dug up, between them, three packets of sausages. No one knows how they got there. *Sun* 21 May 1979. After years of collecting such ephemera our practised eye notes the layers of acausal punning. What does Leek Road have to do with the Santa Anna freeway outside Los Angeles? Probably as much as a truck full of carrots has to do with a truck full of salad oil. Nevertheless two such trucks colided in that place creating what the Highway Patrol described as 'the biggest carrot salad ever'. London *Evening News* 28 June 1979. Similarly the *Daily Telegraph* 25 July 1979 reports that a lorry load of dressed chickens collided with another carrying barbecue sauce on New York's George Washington Bridge. The chickens obviously dressed for dinner, ended up fried in the flames — bet that smelled good! The London *Evening News* of the same day adds that also in the collision were trucks containing coffee and preserved fruit. It is given to a few of us to know how we'll meet our end — but we know of one poor soul who ended in meat! Driving his car under a Kansas City motorway bridge, he was hit by several tons of frozen beef off a lorry above. *Weekly News* 14 July 1979. And for afters? To go with the coffee and fruit, how about ice cream? Yep! 20 tons of the stuff blocked Cannock Rd, Wolverhampton, after its transporter jack-knifed on 7 August. *Daily Star* 8 August 1979. A late comer to the meals-on-wheels feast were the 18 tons of baked beans, which warmed up when their lorry caught fire on the M6 near Rugby, Warwicks. *D. Express* 28 Sept 1979.

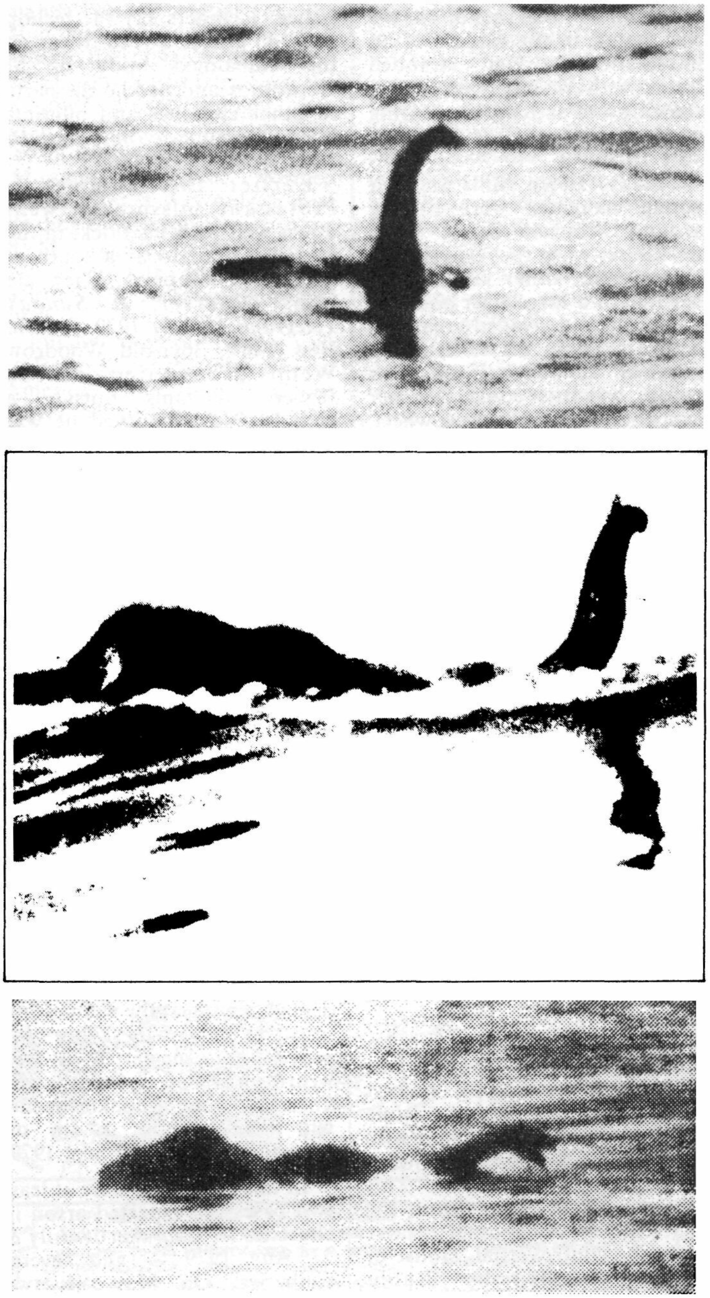
[Credit: Chris Hall, Peter Roberts, Ion Will, Sam].

Nessie Notes

The 1979 'silly season' opened on schedule with announcement, in the media at least, of the annual expeditions to Loch Ness. Among these were the teams of Dr Rines, Tim Dinsdale and Adrian Shine, plus the usual quota of TV film crews and tourists. Expectations were raised by the news that the stars of this year's Academy of Applied Science Circus were to be a pair of dolphins. The dolphins, Susie and Sammy, were trained at a Florida aquarium to carry cylinders on their backs containing strobe lights, camera, sonar and battery. Both cameras and sonar have been improved by Rines' team-members Harold Edgerton and Charles Wyckoff over previous experiments and minaturized to fit the special harnesses. The use of dolphins' mobility and curiosity, and their ability to be trained, has a highly questionable history, the most infamous exploits of which were the underwater intelligence and mine-placement experiments of the US Navy in Vietnam. The news of their use in the freshwater Loch brought a storm of protest, and the Scottish SPCA said they would 'watch the project closely' since dolphins are salt-water creatures. The Rines team countered: the dolphins would be kept in special tanks and would only be allowed into the Loch for short periods before being recalled. *Glasgow Herald* 2 April 1979; *New Scientist* 21 June 1979. The excitement was shortlived, for all were sorry to hear that Susie died in late June, the day after the pair were flown from Florida to Boston prior to their departure for Prestwick in Scotland. Susie had travelled much in her 14 years (10 of them in captivity) and although the move was not being blamed the cause of her death remains a mystery even after the autopsy. Glasgow *Evening Times* 4 July 1979; *New Scientist* 5 July 1979. It was rumoured that Rines was moved enough to abandon the idea but according to the *Daily Telegraph* 1 August the Boston Academy team are looking around for a pair of English dolphins to train up for another trial next spring, or perhaps even later this year.

Curiously, just as we were warming to the idea of the dolphins escaping and adapting to a feral life in the Loch, news came of further bizarre neighbours for Nessie. Lawrence McGill, 31, who owns a small waterfront hotel at Dores, on the north-eastern corner of the Loch, revealed that he was taking delivery of two King penguins from the Falkland Islands. The birds, at a monstrous £1,000 each, should adapt very well to the Loch, and their weaving manner of swimming should cause splendid havoc. Scottish *Sunday Express* 15 July 1979. As for 'out-of-place' animals in the Loch our prize for the most novel hypothesis of the year must go to Drs Dennis Power and Donald Johnson, who beat Prof Waldemar Lehn (University of Manitoba) into a cocked hat. Lehn (*Science* v205p183) explains Nessie sightings as temperature inversion mirages of protruding sticks or rocks; while Power and Johnson (*New Scientist* 2 Aug 1979) more ingeniously compare the famous Nessie photos to the behaviour of swimming elephants [see illustrations]. This theory, undoubtedly meant to raise a smile, has already had its supporters and sceptics (*New Scientist* 16 & 23 August 1979) but as Fort observed truth and fiction are continuous and often inextricable.

Finally; clairvoyant Kim Tracy, of Chatham, Kent, predicts that Nessie will surface in a big way in September. She also claims to have had a 'vision' of 'tunnels and caves deep under Urquhart Castle' when she visited the place, and that Nessie has about 20 companions down there. As far as we know, nothing



(Top) The famous portrait of Nessie taken in April 1934, by London surgeon RK Wilson. Compare it with this enlargement (center) from Admiral R Kadirgamar's film of an elephant swimming off the coast of Sri Lanka. (N Scientist *2 Aug 1979), and one of Frank Searle's questionable Nessie photos from 1972 (Bottom). The gents who proposed the idea (see story, Right) that Nessie sightings are simply of swimming elephants, have failed to observe its venerable antecedent as a Pictish symbol, spotted by one of our vigilant readers, Mike Crowley (see 'Letters' section).*

surfaced in September. (Unidentified newsclipping) 27 April 1979. If you miss that show, make a date to be at the Loch in May of 1981, when, according to the *New Civil Engineer,* a new bridge over the River Ness will be completed. If that means nothing to you then we refer you to the prophecies of the Brahan Seer, otherwise known as Coinneach Odhar, who lived on the Isle of Lewis in the 17th century, and whose prophecies have a reputation for considerable accuracy. Our source says that in this case (though we find no trace of it in the little data we have on the Seer) the prophecy runs that 'when the Ness River is overbuilt nine times, the river shall be emptied, and a powerful sea monster will appear.' Needless to say, the new construction will be the ninth bridge. *Spotlight* 12 1979.

[Credit: Larry Arnold, Clive Akass, David Fideler, Nick Maloret, Mark Hall, Martin Straw, Paul Screeton, Peter James, Roland Watson, Ion Will, Joe Zarzynski.]

Weasels Ripped my Tyres

The *Guardian* for 1 August told of reports from Switzerland of a new menace: weasels gnawing through car tyres and even cutting electric cables. Dr Donald Jefferies, of the Nature Conservancy Council in Huntingdon was asked to comment — and he did. It is possible, he speculated, 'that the smell of hot rubber is like the smell you get from the female in the mating condition.' Then he added: 'To a weasel, at least.' A spokesman for a leading tyre company (there's a pun there somewhere!) doubted the story. He thinks it escalated from an old tyre-dealers joke about badly chewed-up tyres — but do the Swiss joke about such things? That would have been the end of it if Katherine East, of Dorking, hadn't written to the *Guardian* (9Aug) that her cat will eat the rubber off her Wellington boots with great relish. Only the right boots, she notes.

Now that we smelled a trend, a quick sortie through our new clippings disclosed the fate of a police car in Sunnyvale, California, whose driver had called for a rescue squad. The car was found in the middle of an intersection, driver stranded inside, with two large bull terriers chewing and actually puncturing its tyres. *Niagara Falls Review* 12 July 1979.

Finally, Helen Mills and her young daughter were driving around Windsor Safari Park, Berkshire, when they had to stop behind some other vehicles. To her horror a large tiger pounced on her car and savaged a rear tyre before running off to attack a minibus. It was half an hour before wardens could tow her away and replace the rear wheel. *Daily Mail* 14 August 1979.

[Credit: Dwight Whalen, Ion Will.]

Hot Cross Fun

A bizarre running theme in recent weeks is attacks on churches and clergymen. On 8 July parishioners in Pattada, Sardinia, gasped as priest Don Guiseppe Mura collapsed after sipping Communion wine from a chalice. Police believe it was a murder attempt because Mura had mediated between the Mafia and relatives of a kidnapped West German. In the event Mura survived and is keeping quiet. *Guardian* 9 July 1979; *Weekend* 22 August 1979. A British born Jesuit, Fr Bernard D'Ark, was stabbed in the back while taking photos during a riot in Georgetown, capital of Guyana. Still smarting from the 'Peoples Temple' massacre, the riot was part of a continuing protest about the regime of Prime Minister Forbes Burnham, who had allowed the Jim Jones colony to flourish there. This demonstration was about the activities of yet another bizarre cult, the controvertial 'House of Israel' founded by 'Rabbi Washington', alias the fugitive US convict David Hill. Witnesses said Father D'Ark's attacker was a high-ranking member of the 'House of Israel'. *Guardian* 16 July 1979. Did Fr D'Ark have notions of being a martyr?

A bishop was beaten and shaved by an angry mob on the Greek island of Cephalonia, and narrowly saved from lynching by police. Islanders say the bishop and 140 priests agreed to cut up the embalmed body of St Gerasimos and peddle the parts to other churches and pilgrims 'to make money'. *Daily Star* 16 June 1979.

Earlier this summer a Protestant missionary went down well with his flock, in the remote Cotabato area south of Manila, Philippines. They ate him! *Observer, & Sunday Telegraph* 15 July 1979. And in New York, 36yr-old Woodrow Webb decapitated deacon Robert Williams outside a church. Webb believed he was the devil. *Guardian* 11 Sept 1979. About the same time Webb came to trial, a bizarre case was being tried at Chipping Norton court. Father Anthony Colella, 48, of St Phillip Priory, Begbroke, near Oxford, had cycled into the country to pray and collect flowers, only to be knocked off a bike by Edward Addison, 45, head game-keeper of Lord Rotherwick's Cornberry Park estate, Oxfordshire. Colella was wearing a large yellow hat, knicker-type shorts, T-shirt and dark glasses when he was assaulted by Addison, who accused him of being 'a bloody weirdo.' It seems that a lady walking along a country road with her two children became frightened by Colella's appearance and demeanour, and complained to Addison. Colella denied peering at the woman and insisted he was saying his prayers. He protested: I was wearing pants down to my knees...Anyone who knows me will confirm that I am no pervert.' *Guardian* 12 Sept 1979.

In this time there were at least two cases of suspected arson in churches — *Guardian* 18 July & 27 Aug 1979 — and several robberies. On May 5th two teenagers attempted to steal the Holy Shroud from Turin Cathedral. They were caught by the elaborate alarm systems before they could locate the casket containing the relic. It was said to be the fifth attempt in seven years. *Daily Telegraph* 8 May 1979. Next, another gem from our bizarre crimes file. When the congregation saw the mantle on a statue of the Madonna moving, on a shelf behind the altar in the Italian parish church of Pietralcina, the stupified crowd thought they were witnessing a miracle. The crowd surged forward shouting: 'Miracolo, miracolo!' Women fainted. But it was only a thief stealing the jewels sewn onto the BVM's mantle. In the chaos he got away with about £12,000 worth. *Daily Telegraph* 9 August 1979.

Finally, after surviving a visit to Ireland, and the reformists in America, Pope John Paul was nearly brained by a huge iron cross during an outdoor service at Pompeii, Italy. As a gust of wind felled the cross in his direction he stepped back just in time. It was re-erected, but fell again, harmlessly. *D. Mirror* 22 Oct 1979.

[Credit: Paul Screeton, Valerie Thomas, Peter Christie, R Watson, Ion Will, Sam].

Stop Press. As we go to press we learn of more attacks on church folk. A Dominican nun was found clubbed to death not far from the Driefontein Mission Hospital, Rhodesia, where she worked. There was no sign of assault, and guerillas were not blamed. London *Evening Standard* 6 Nov 1979. On 7th November Luciano Esposito, 26, forced his way into the Vatican, brandishing a knife and insisting: 'I have to see the Pope. I want to kill him.' The honest assassin was disarmed by a Swiss Guard's deft handling of an antique halberd and a colleague using judo. *Herald Tribune* 8 Nov 1979. Anagram king, John Michell, tells us our would-be Papa-popper's name rearranges as: 'Oi! I can oust Poles.' The farce is with us! Nor has the armed seige of the Great Mosque in Mecca, an unparalleled sacriledge of Islam's holiest spot, gone unnoticed in FT's offices. It began perhaps on 18th Nov, just a handful of days after the Miss World contest in London, the annual signal to the UK press to lay in its own special seige-by-spotlight of the contest organisers...Mecca Ltd.

RJMR.

CAUSE AND EFFECT?

We have noted that after we bring out an issue, events occur in the outside world related to that issue's contents. If an issue is long in preparation, as this one was, these real-time events pop up with monotonous inevitability shortly after we've finished off a section of notes...hence the occasional stop press.

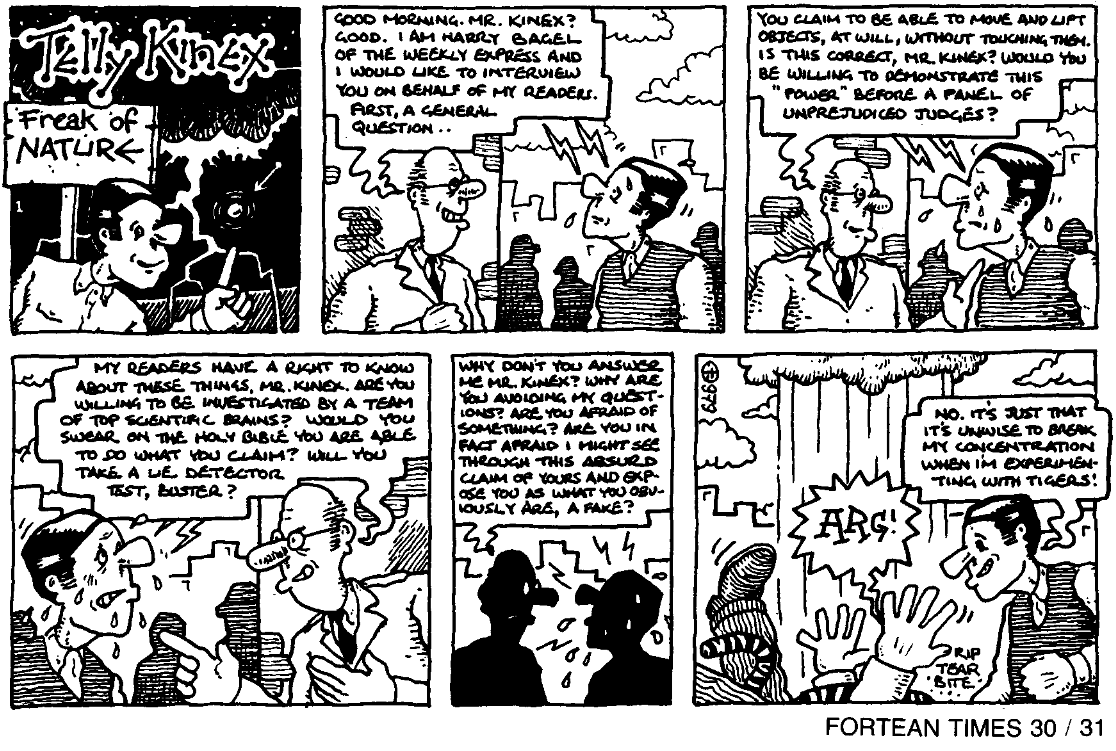
Loren Coleman told us of a rash of 'mystery illnesses' in New England shortly after receiving our plague issue, FT24; and again that after Doc Shiels' 'Owlman' article in FT27 many owls turned up in New England rarely or never before seen there. In FT28 we described compulsions to snatch and jab, and eccentric crimes performed in fancy dress. Well, we soon noted more spankers and a gent who swiped false legs, a flasher with a false nose, an entire fire station contingent debagged while they slept, attempted rape by a man dressed as a bottle, and bank robbers in Sicily dressed as Zorros.

It's been suggested we run a 'We told you so' department as a catch-all for this eerie echo effect. We'll see what happens after we mail this one out.

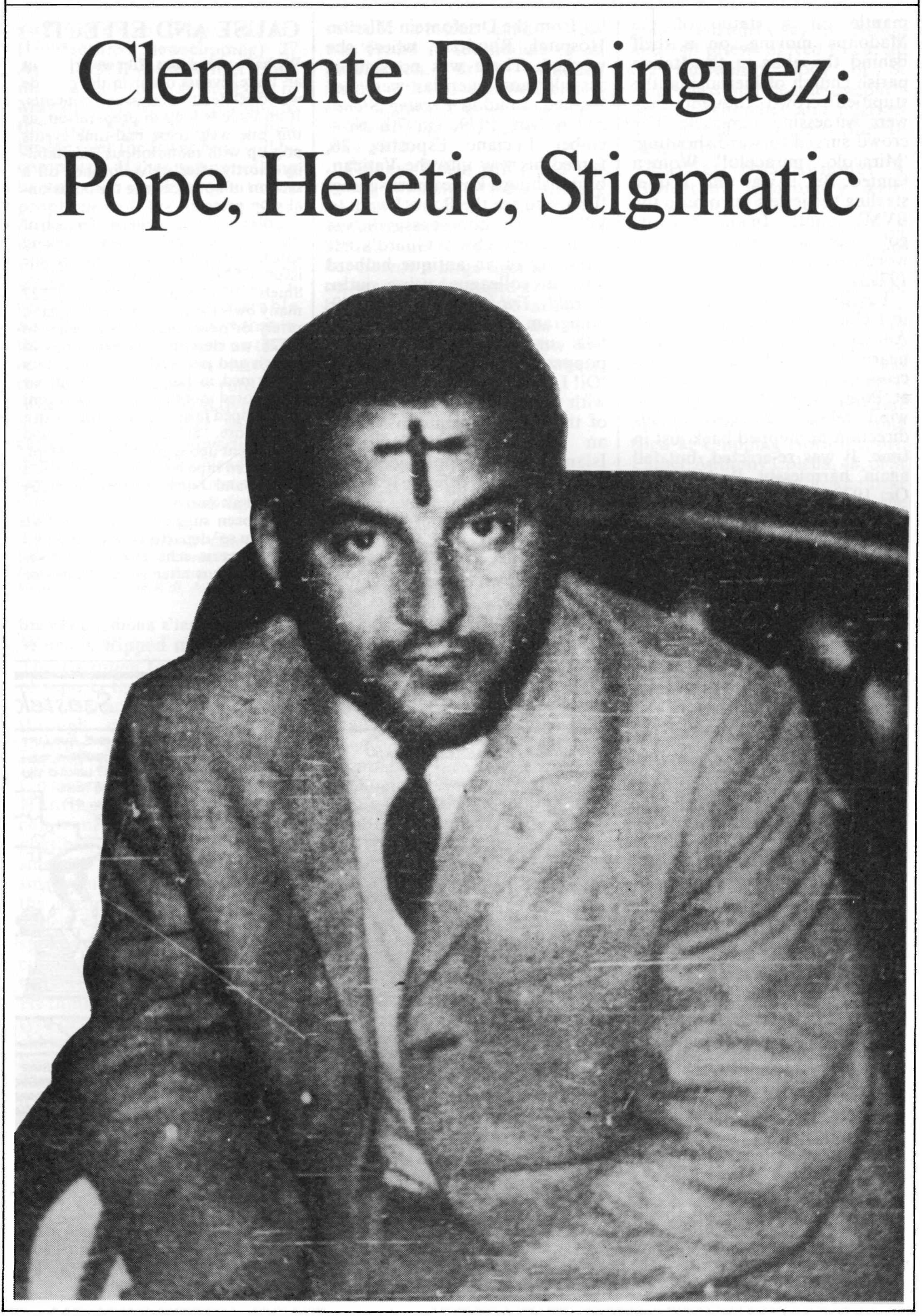
There — that's another awkward space filled.

TELLY KINEX

by JH Szostek.


Telly Kinex
Freak of NATURE
1
GOOD MORNING. MR. KINEX? GOOD. I AM HARRY BAGEL OF THE WEEKLY EXPRESS AND I WOULD LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU ON BEHALF OF MY READERS. FIRST, A GENERAL QUESTION..
YOU CLAIM TO BE ABLE TO MOVE AND LIFT OBJECTS, AT WILL, WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM. IS THIS CORRECT, MR. KINEX? WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO DEMONSTRATE THIS "POWER" BEFORE A PANEL OF UNPREJUDICED JUDGES?
MY READERS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS, MR. KINEX. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE INVESTIGATED BY A TEAM OF TOP SCIENTIFIC BRAINS? WOULD YOU SWEAR ON THE HOLY BIBLE YOU ARE ABLE TO DO WHAT YOU CLAIM? WILL YOU TAKE A LIE DETECTOR TEST, BUSTER?
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME MR. KINEX? WHY ARE YOU AVOIDING MY QUESTIONS? ARE YOU AFRAID OF SOMETHING? ARE YOU IN FACT AFRAID I MIGHT SEE THROUGH THIS ABSURD CLAIM OF YOURS AND EXPOSE YOU AS WHAT YOU OBVIOUSLY ARE, A FAKE?
©1979
ARG!
NO. IT'S JUST THAT IT'S UNWISE TO BREAK MY CONCENTRATION WHEN I'M EXPERIMENTING WITH TIGERS!
RIP TEAR BITE

Clemente Dominguez: Pope, Heretic, Stigmatic



Traditionally the stigmata are bodily representations of the wounds of Christ's Passion - in hands and feet, in the breast and circling the head. The Catholic Church distinguishes between divine stigmata, borne in humility, piety and often secretly, and diabolical stigmata, which prick their bearers on to sins of pride, ostentation and impiety. **Bob Rickard**, who has an interest in the Fortean aspects of religious and mystical phenomena, recently learned of the following case: an intriguing mixture of stigmata, heresy and visions in dubious circumstances.

The purple-robed archbishop is led toward the high altar. It is 9 in the evening and the service usually lasts 9 or even 12 hours. Most of the rituals are made up from those forgotten or abandoned in the modernisation of the Catholic Church, and in the various liturgical reforms. But this isn't just another of those local rebellions against the Vatican decrees, clinging to the old Latin (Tridentine) Mass in opposition to the instructions from the Holy Father that such Masses should be said in the local lingo. Archbishop Fernando of Palmar de Troya, Spain and both Americas — alias Pope Gregory XVIII — alias Clemente Dominguez Gomez — has it from the Virgin Mary (BVM) herself that he is on the ultimate and holiest of crusades.

The setting for this drama is appropriately bizarre. Clemente has built his own 'Vatican' — an exhibition-hall-like building made of scaffolding and sheets of green corrugated plastic that resembles more a Fellini film set than a cathedral in daily use. It sits in a deserted Martian landscape at the foot of Christ-the-King hill at the back of the small town of Palmar de Troya, near Seville, in Spain's Andalusia province. The green cathedral is surrounded by a 6 metre high wall, built on the instructions of the BVM — a tangible symbol of the strange battles fought around this very hill for the sole privilege of establishing a shrine to Mary and thereby founding a new and inevitably lucrative pilgrimage center.

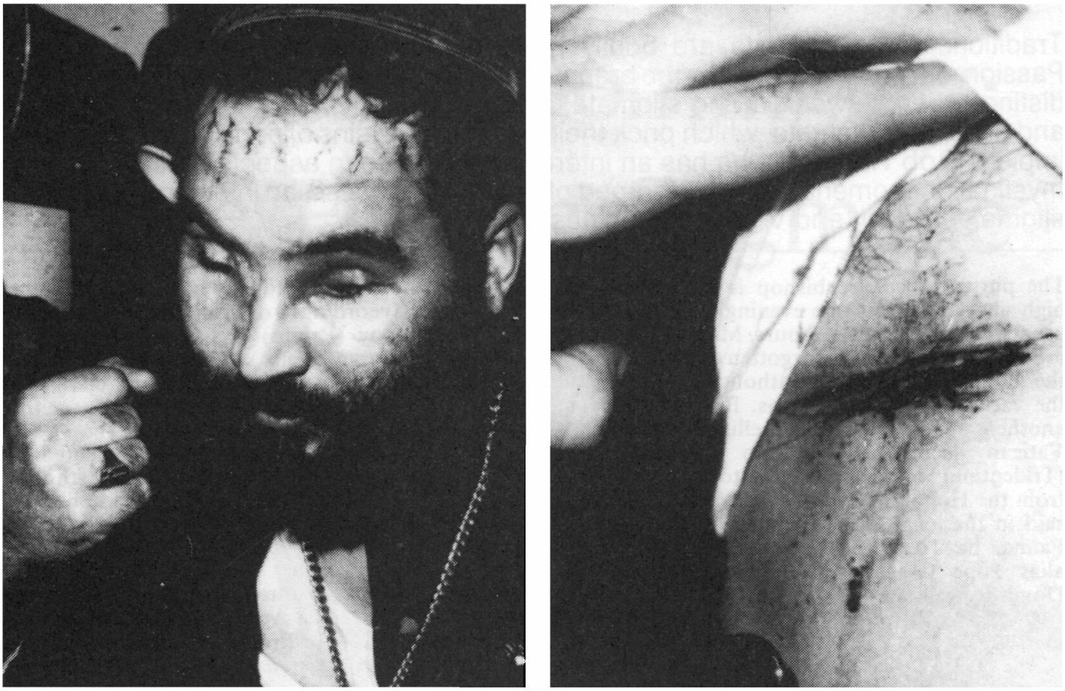
It all began back in 1968. Two 15yr-old girls — Maria-Luisa Vila, and Maria Marin — became the focus of a series of visions in which messages were received from the BVM. It is said that in Andalusia there are a dozen BVM apparitions a year to young girls, and indeed they would have been forgotten among all the others were it not that they took place on Christ-the-King-hill, which looms over the vineyards of the aged Baroness of Castillo Chirel. The 93yr-old Baroness took a great interest in these local visions — not only was she an extensive landowner and red-wine producer, but was area treasurer of an extreme right-wing politico-religious group, advocating a return to 'Traditional Communion'. To the horror of her family she made out a will leaving 17 million pesetas (about £100,000 at the time) for the development of a shrine on the hill. She died before she could see the weird circus she set in motion.

When the news spread at least six of the 'top' visionaries in Andalusia turned up, to contest their claim. No one seems to have thought it odd in the light of the strong traditional female visionaries that all the contenders for the Baroness's millions were male. According to one source, these included a 12yr-old boy (Pepito) and 4 priests (Fathers Luna, Porfirio and Felix, and Brother Nectario). The sixth was Clemente, then 22 and a clerk in a Seville insurance firm — wait for it — the Archangel Raphael Insurance Co!

We learn that since he was a lad Clemente had pious aspirations. He attempted the priesthood, but was refused ordination, it is said, by the archbishop of Seville, Cardinal Bueno y Monreal, because of Clemente's indiscreet relationship with the flamenco dancer Carmelo, and Manuel Alonso, a fellow accountant at Archangel Raphael Insurance — the three were notorious throughout Seville as 'The Three Brotherly Lovers'.

The battle of the visionaries lasted about 2 years. The 40,000 pilgrims from round-about saw six pious seers swept away on the tide of extraordinary divine grace on the local Holy Mountain. Other eyes saw only the spectacle of six pious frauds, each trying to outdo the others with more and more bizarre and amazing close encounters with Christ, saints and angels, but always the BVM, to the awe of a fascinated and credulous crowd. There were grumblings in Rome.

By late 1970, Clemente was king of the hill. Literally. Having been rejected by the orthodox Church, he now had the resources to set up on his own — under the aegis of the BVM, of course. He began issuing bulletins of the orders and admonitions of the BVM, given to him personally during his regular trances. One such, given on 24 Feb 1971, warns of a group of Satanists in the Vatican, operating the coming destruction of the orthodox Church, and unless things improve, the coming destruction of this world. The basic content is little different from those conversations with apparitions of religious entities at Fatima, Garabandal, Bayside, San Damiano, Landeira and many others. Each of them have become centers of vigorous resistance against the reforms attempted by the Vatican, advocating a return to more dogmatic, traditional forms of worship, penitance and ritual. Clemente was soon joined by his old friends, Carmelo the flamenco dancer, and Manuel Alonso. Alonso became their business manager and guardian of their new wealth. About this time Clemente displayed publicly a divine stamp of approval — see photo(4). During a vision on 2nd April 1971, at 6am, he says, Christ himself branded his forehead by touching it with a crucifix that was dripping blood! From this time on Clemente was predisposed to the occasional stigmatic wound.



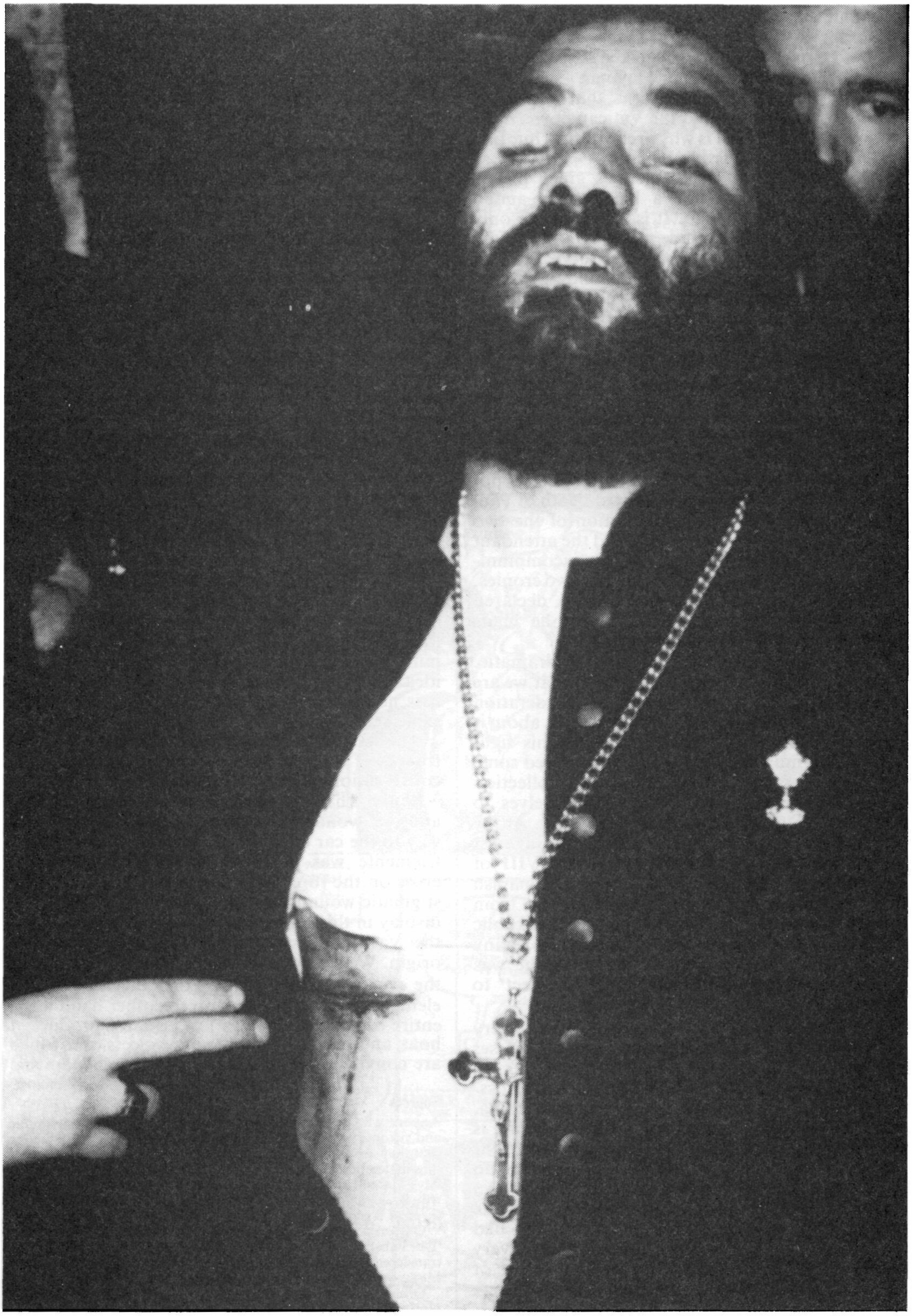
During regular expiation Masses, Clemente passes into ecstasy and manifests variously the 'Crown of Thorns' (above left) and the 'ferita' or chest wound (above right & far right).

So it went for several years, until the winter of 1974/75, and an event which lifts our narrative out of the ordinary. The 'Three Brotherly Lovers' flew to Rome for an audience with the elderly Vietnamese archbishop Petrus Ngo-dinh-Thuc brother of the assassinated dictator Ngo-dinh-Diem. Whether or not the 'Three' knew the archbishop was a big fan of BVM visions, and played on it, is not known. The fact is that the Spaniards told the Vietnamese that Mary had appeared and had requested to speak to the archbishop at Palmar de Troya. Archbishop Thuc did not stop to ponder why the Queen of Heaven and of countless miraculous apparitions could not have appeared to him in Rome, but when he heard this (as he said in a later letter) 'I backed my bags at once.'

Once in Spain the venerable archbishop seems to have been on the receiving end of the sort of treatment he'd find very hard to resist — the personal attention of the BVM. Once, during one of Clemente's nocturnal vigils. Thuc was ordered to hold out his arms to receive the Infant Jesus. In others he was told it was Mary's vehement wish that he should ordain Clemente and his key followers as priests, and then immediately after as bishops. This was done on 11 Jan 1975, according to the ancient and proscribed rite. So it was that Clemente became bishop Fernando, Manuel became bishop Isidoro, and Carmelo the flamenco dancer became bishop Elias. What a moment of triumph this must have been to the 'Brothers' — now they had the full and legal authority of a bishop.

One of Clemente's first acts seems to be one of foolish bravado. The triumph had gone to his head. In full bishop's uniform, with some embellishments of his own, he swaggered into the office of the archbishop of Seville, Bueno y Monreal, for a show-down. Within minutes Cardinal Bueno informed a shocked Vatican of what had happened — and three days later the Papal Nuncio to Madrid, Monsignor Luigi Dadaglio, had read a full *excommunatio specialissima* on Christ-the-King hill. But it was too late. There was no doubt about the legality of the ordination, and the laying on of hands, in a direct transmission of power and authority, from bishop to bishop, back to the very founders of the Church. Thuc was unceremoniously bundled off to virtual house arrest in Rome, where he is said to be abjectly 'sorry'.

The threat to the Catholic Church of this event is enormous. Its whole authority rests on the exclusive and unquestionable authority of its bishops; ordination being a magical rite of the highest order. Only a properly ordained priest, with authorization to ordain others, can do so. Throughout the history of the Catholic Church there have been heretical sects founded by breakaway priests who have (legally) ordained their own successors. There are a number of traditional Catholic movements who have done this within the orthodox body of the Church. Then there are the 'Wandering Bishops' who are not attached to any particular see, diocese, monastery



or whatever, but who travel where they will, ordaining who they want. But as far as I know, this is the first time a layman has tricked an ordination. And Clemente is no ordinary layman - he has the truth as given to him in his visions, that his alone is now the true Church, and the Vatican now a mere 'cave of robbers'. That is why archbishop Thuc had come to Palmar de Troya.

What is going on at Clemente's green plastic cathedral must seem like a black farce and a nightmare to the Vatican. It is said that the only qualification for being made a priest or bishop are that you attend the programme of services at the cathedral showing some kind of willing. Without a glimmer of humour, one commentator baldly states that your chances of ordination are better if you are a handsome young boy. Since 1975 it is estimated about 300 bishops have been ordained - no-one keeps count - 70 of whom stay on at the cathedral. Since he doesn't recognize the authority of Rome, it's clear that Clemente doesn't care whether this clerical inflation embarasses the Vatican. Besides, the BVM told him he would be the next Pope after the death of Paul VI. (It is not known how Clemente reacted to the death of Paul on 6 August 1978, or to the election of the two John-Pauls, but I'm sure he relished the attendant confusion - see FT27 p 51). After his excommunication in 1975 he made himself and his two cronies, archbishops. Recently we heard he'd declared himself Pope Gregory XVIII. P'raps he made Carmelo and Manuel Alonso popes too?

These trances are becoming more dramatic. Recently he issued a document stating that we are in the 'Last Times'. It also deplores the moderation of post-Franco Spain. In fact while he was about it he made Franco a martyred saint for his fight against communists. He has also canonized some 60 anti-communist activists, plus a weird collection of medieval nuns who mutilated themselves to death for the glory of something or other. At the same time he uttered dire anathemas against 'Muhammedans, Masons, King Henry VIII of England and the diabolical Second Spanish Republic.' Although he has a lot of support from various reactionary elements in the Catholic Church, our Clemente hasn't made too many friends. On a recent visit to Colombia, he was booted out by the Cardinals for 'disrespect' to church officials.

The ritual performance goes on all night every night, crammed full of different kinds of Masses and services, Laurentian litanies, Pope hymns, Hearts of Jesus, Rosaries and Sacraments, Cross-carryings and ecstasies. The entire drama, garnished with the occasional miracle healing, is said to be an expiation ceremony, to avert the coming cataclysm. The bishops also made no secret that they were praying for the Pope (then Paul VI); since the BVM had revealed to Clemente that a secret group of Satanist Cardinals had imprisoned the Pope, drugging his Mass wine every day — thus Paul VI could be forgiven the 'error' of excommunicating Clemente and his followers because he was not himself. The rigor of the regular expiation marathon is matched by high morale among the young bishops. By Mary's order they are to do nothing but eat and sleep all day — work is out, steak and wine is in ('I need strong bishops!). Cigarettes are kosher — Clemente is a chain-smoker — but regarding the housekeeping, Mary reserves the woman's privilege of changing her mind. One day beards are ordered, the next day prohibited, then demanded again. Chocolates, puddings, cheeses etc are forbidden one day and prescribed the next. Room changes every 3 days in the church's houses, says the Mother of God, to prevent 'attachments'. Despite this, millions of pilgrims come by coach, and donate. One Swiss lady has sent them a total of £5000. Many of the pilgrims themselves have visions and stay. Although Clemente himself controls not one penny, financial control is in the able hands of his crony, archbishop Isidoro, who has four bank accounts in his name, as well as the deeds to the Plastic Cathedral, 6 houses in Seville and half of Palmar de Troya. Ironically, Isidoro, alias Manuel Alonso, is the only one of the founding Brothers who has not been vouchsafed visions by the BVM!

But apart from these antics we are interested in Clemente because of his stigmata. The accompanying pictures — obviously taken at a time when beards were in celestial favour — show both the heart wound (or *ferita*) and the 'Crown of Thorns', of Christ's Passion. But while we can piece together the above story from our sources we know very little about the stigmata themselves. The 'Crown' must have appeared or disappeared (we have no idea of the order of the photos) very quickly, since it is not visible in other photos, obviously of the same set.

The stigmatic phenomena occur during the trances of the expiation programme, in which the conversations with the BVM alone may take up to 3 hours. They appear to be recent phenomena, and one wonders whether they are related in any way to the car crash (on 29 March 1976) in which Clemente was blinded? However doubtful the cross on the forehead may appear, these classical stigmatic wounds look quite genuine. Their public display in this manner alone would be enough for the Vatican to denounce them as of diabolical origin. We cannot avoid a Fortean observation: if the events are quite genuine then there is a strong element of farce in them, on the other hand if the entire Shamanistic circus has been the product of hoax and fraud, then there are aspects of it which are convincing imitations of genuine phenomena.

Bob Rickard.

Sources

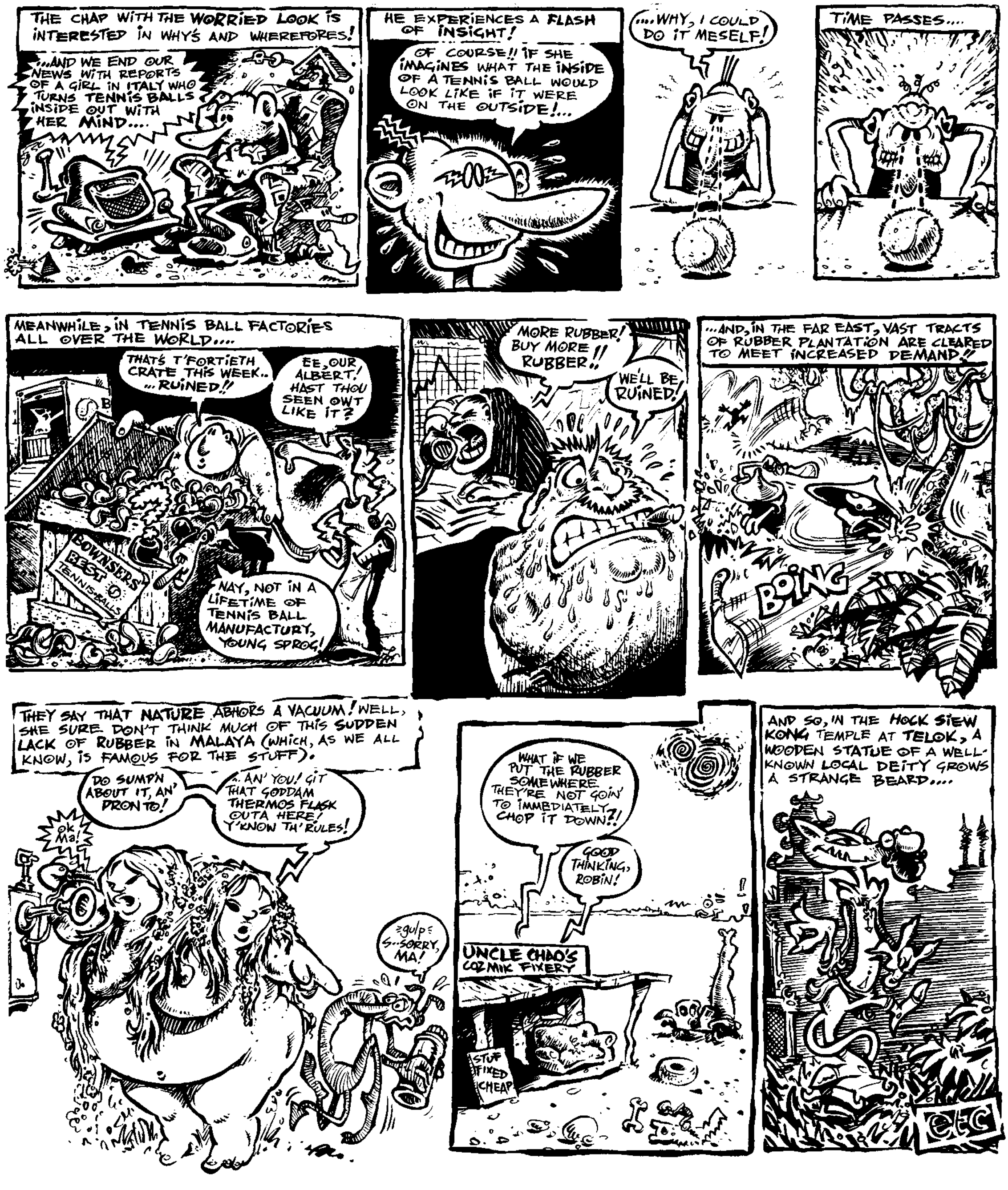
Anyone who has tried to research facts relating to the charismatic and visionary phenomena of religious movements will appreciate that they are in short supply and usually hidden within masses of dogmatic and subjective material. For instance, I would love to have learned more about the 'secret box' kept by Clemente in which he is said to keep 'an embodiment of the Holy Ghost' in the form of a pinned butterfly; but that's all we're told. So it goes.

Our primary source was an article in *Stern* No 24 (June 1978), 'Der Pabst von Sevilla' ('The Pope of Seville') by Conrad Zander, translated for us by Ion Will. Our photographs, mainly by Klaus Meyer-Anderson, are from this article.

Other sources were: *High Times* April 1979 (Cr: Michael Hoffman); and *Je Vous Salue Marie* tome 1 (July 1971).

PHENOMENOMIX

TALES OF MISUNDERSTANDING .... by HUNT EMERSON


THE CHAP WITH THE WORRIED LOOK IS INTERESTED IN WHY'S AND WHEREFORES!
...AND WE END OUR NEWS WITH REPORTS OF A GIRL IN ITALY WHO TURNS TENNIS BALLS INSIDE OUT WITH HER MIND....
HE EXPERIENCES A FLASH OF INSIGHT!
OF COURSE!! IF SHE IMAGINES WHAT THE INSIDE OF A TENNIS BALL WOULD LOOK LIKE IF IT WERE ON THE OUTSIDE!...
....WHY, I COULD DO IT MESELF!
TIME PASSES....
MEANWHILE, IN TENNIS BALL FACTORIES ALL OVER THE WORLD....
THAT'S T'FORTIETH CRATE THIS WEEK.. ...RUINED!!
EE, OUR ALBERT! HAST THOU SEEN OWT LIKE IT?
BOWNSERS' BEST TENNIS BALLS
NAY, NOT IN A LIFETIME OF TENNIS BALL MANUFACTURY, YOUNG SPROG!
MORE RUBBER! BUY MORE RUBBER!!
WE'LL BE RUINED!
...AND, IN THE FAR EAST, VAST TRACTS OF RUBBER PLANTATION ARE CLEARED TO MEET INCREASED DEMAND!!
BOING
THEY SAY THAT NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM! WELL, SHE SURE DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS SUDDEN LACK OF RUBBER IN MALAYA (WHICH, AS WE ALL KNOW, IS FAMOUS FOR THE STUFF).
DO SUMP'N ABOUT IT, AN' PRONTO!
...AN' YOU! GIT THAT GODDAM THERMOS FLASK OUTA HERE! Y'KNOW TH' RULES!
ok Ma!
gulp S..SORRY, MA!
WHAT IF WE PUT THE RUBBER SOMEWHERE THEY'RE NOT GOIN' TO IMMEDIATELY CHOP IT DOWN?!
GOOD THINKING, ROBIN!
UNCLE CHAO'S COZMIK FIXERY
STUF FIXED CHEAP
AND SO, IN THE HOCK SIEW KONG TEMPLE AT TELOK, A WOODEN STATUE OF A WELL-KNOWN LOCAL DEITY GROWS A STRANGE BEARD....
etc

John Ellis

The Great Fish Fall of 1859

Of all the phenomena Charles Fort pursued and described, showers of frogs and fishes, perhaps, most typify the Fortean event. They are tangible enough to be subjected to the scrutiny of a scientific viewpoint, and yet the details defy explanation according to the current theories leaving an anomaly that raises more questions than can be fairly answered. **Robert Schadewald**, an American science writer with a more than passing interest in Fortean enigmas, investigated one of Fort's classic fish falls, one of the very few in Britain, to determine the extent of the evidence.

Mention fish rains, and most Forteans automatically think of John Lewis and the 1859 incident at Mountain Ash, Glamorgan Wales. That's because the Mountain Ash fall is included in almost every article written about the falls (including three by me). Usually, the writers have merely borrowed from Fort, or even borrowed from other writers who borrowed from Fort.

Most modern accounts of the incident are thus based on the testimony of John Lewis, 'a sawyer in Messrs. Nixon and Co's yard,' who reportedly told the following story:

'On Wednesday, February 9, I was getting out a piece of timber for the purpose of setting it for the saw, when I was startled by something falling all over me — down my neck, on my head, and on my back. On putting my hand down my neck I was surprised to find they were little fish. By this time I saw the whole ground covered with them. I took off my hat, the brim of which was full of them. They were jumping all about. They covered the ground in a long strip of about 80 yards by 12, as we measured afterwards. That shed, (pointing to a very large workshop) was covered with them, and the shoots were quite full of them. My mates and I might have gathered bucketsful of them, scraping with our hands. We did gather a great many, about a bucketful, and threw them into the rain-pool, where some of them now are. There were two showers, with an interval of ten minutes, and each shower lasted about two minutes, or thereabouts. The time was 11am. The morning up-train to Aberdare was just then passing. It was not blowing very hard, but uncommon wet; just about the same wind as there is today (blowing rather stiff), and it came from this quarter (pointing to the S. of W.). They came down in the rain in 'a body like'. [1]

Before examining the story in detail, it's useful to know something about Mountain Ash.

Mountain Ash is a village on the Cynon River, in the valley of Aberdare. It is in the parish of Aberdare, about 4 miles southeast of Aberdare proper, 30 miles northwest of Cardiff, and 37 miles northeast of Swansea. The region is mountainous, and averages several inches of rain per month.

In 1859, Aberdare parish was painfully dragging itself into the 19th century; its population more than doubled between 1841 and 1851, and again between 1851 and 1861. The Industrial Revolution was going strong, and there was a tremendous demand for coal. The local mines yielded a very high grade, and it was used in the local iron works, and also shipped out in quantity, mostly by rail, partly via the Aberdare Canal. John Nixon, John Lewis's employer, was a major pioneer in the Welsh steam coal trade, and the 'Nixon's Navigation Steam Coal' from his yard was world famous.

I have been unable to find the population for Mountain Ash for that era, but it must have been small, a few thousand at most, since the 1861 population of the entire parish of Aberdare was 32,299. Mountain Ash had a railway station, Post Office, St. Margaret's Church (seating 500) and a newspaper, *Y Gwladgarwr,* published every Friday. Sadly, there seems to be no file of the latter extant.

The earliest surviving reports of the Mountain Ash fish rain appear in the Monmouthshire *Merlin* and the Merthyr *Telegraph* for Saturday, February 19th, 1859. The reports are slightly contradictory, and appear unrelated.

According to the former, 'Much excitement has been occasioned in the valley of Aberdare, by the fact of a complete shower of fish falling at Mount Ash, on Friday last. The roofs of some houses were covered with them, and several were living, and are still preserved in like and apparent health in glass bottles. They were from an inch to three inches in length, and fell during a heavy shower of rain and storm of wind.'

'Friday last' apparently means the 11th, or the writer would have said 'yesterday.'

The Merthyr *Telegraph*, apparently published at Merthyr Tydfil, 5 miles north of Mountain Ash, reported as follows: EXTRA-ORDINARY SHOWER OF FISHES—We are informed on credible authority, that a most singular shower of fishes occurred a few days ago in the neighbourhood of Nixon's Yard, Aberaman, and in the immediate district. The shower appears to have fallen in an easterly direction, and to have extended over a large tract of country, as some of the fishes have been found at Troedyrhiw. The shower was so large that besoms were called into requisition in order to clear them away from doorways, &c. We have seen one of the fishes, which appears, from this one, to be of the whiting kind, and about the size of a small minnow. Many gentlemen in Aberdare have also possessed themselves of some, and a few have been sent to Merthyr Tydfil, so that all doubters may examine.'

Aberaman is halfway between Mountain Ash and Aberdare, but I can't find Troedyrhiw on a map.

Chronologically, the next account was written by Aaron Peters, Curate of St. Peter's, Carmarthen (about 40 miles to the West). His letter, dated February 25th, was published in the London *Times*, March 2nd, 1859, and said in part:'On Friday, the 11th of February, there fell at Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, about 9 o'clock a.m., in and about the premises of Mr Nixon, a heavy shower of rain and small fish. The largest size measured about four inches in length. It is supposed that two different species of fish descended; on this point however the public generally disagree. At the time it was blowing a very stiff gale from the south. Several of the fish are preserved in fresh water, five of which I have this day seen. They seem to thrive well. The tail and fins are of a bright white colour. Some persons attempting to preserve a few in salt and water, the effect is stated to have been almost instantaneous death. It was not observed at the time that any fish fell in any other part of the neighbourhood, save in the particular spot mentioned.' [2,*]

Reverend Peters then quotes the note from the Monmouthshire *Merlin* verbatim.

On Saturday, February 26th, accounts appeared in two papers, the Merthyr *Telegraph* again, and the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian.*

The former mentions the incident in passing, again placing it at Aberaman. It notes that 'those who could possess themselves of one of the wonderful fishes, have done so; while the less fortunate have contented themselves with repairing the shop windows, where some of the mysterious creatures have been swimming about, in blissful ignorance of their late ethereal tour.'

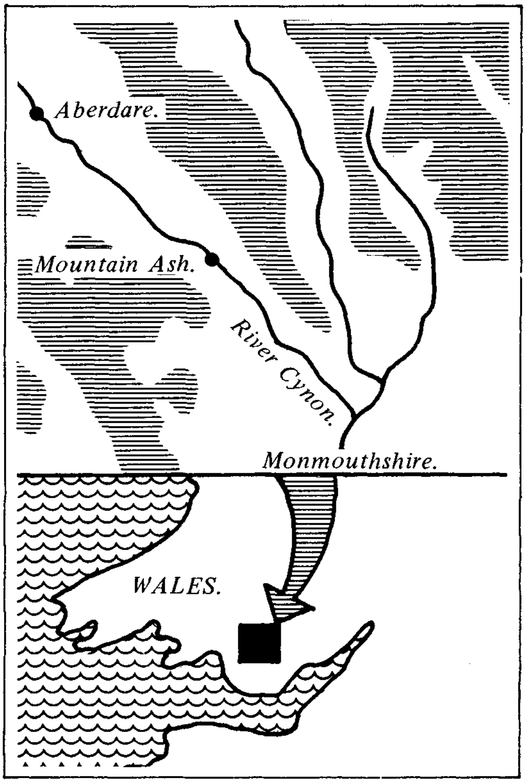
The account in the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian* (published at Cardiff?) is long and mostly independent of the others given above. It begins, 'The curiosity of the inhabitants of Merthyr and Aberdare has been greatly excited during the past week by the fall of a shower of fish into Mr. Nixon's yard, at Mountain Ash, Aberdare. Some few are also said to have been picked up at Troedyrhiw...'

The *Guardian* writer notes that in places the fish had to be swept out of the footpaths, and says that it is firmly established that 'this took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst...that the fish, thousands in number, were many of them alive, and remain so; that they are about an inch in length, of the minnow kind, or, strictly speaking, having more of the characteristics of roach or dace; and that they live in fresh water. They are dusky green on the back, and a silvery white on the belly; the dorsal fin commences rather behind the middle of the back; the head is larger, and the eyes more prominent than those of the minnow; and the tail is more deeply forked.'

The account notes further that 'they fell upon the tops of a shed, and some adjoining houses; a man who was passing by at the time had his hat covered with them...' The writer then goes into a pretentious (and not very well informed) discussion of the mechanism of whirlwinds, and concludes that the fish were picked up and dropped by a waterspout, which was unseen because it was on the other side of a mountain. He winds up with, 'But whatever may be thought of the suggested explanation, the fact is certain; we may have seen the fish, and accept the testimony that they fell in a shower.'

The account from which the testimony of John Lewis was quoted earlier was not written until March 8th. The author was John Griffith, vicar of Aberdare. The vicar called John Lewis 'the principal witness,' and notes that he took down Lewis's testimony on the spot where the incident happened. He recorded the testimony, so he says, 'for the purpose of being laid before Professor Owen, to whom, alas, I shall send tomorrow, at the request of a friend of his, eighteen or twenty of the little fish. Three of them are large and very stout, measuring about four inches. The rest are small. There were some — but they are since dead — fully five inches long. They are very lively.' [1,*]

Griffith's letter was reprinted in *Zoologist* 1859-6493*. Apparently the fish reached Owen, for in *Zoologist* 1859-6541*, the editor notes that the fish are to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park. He says that one is a minnow, and the rest are



smooth-tailed stickleback *(Gasterosteus leiurus).*

On the same page is a letter dated April 2nd, from JE Gray of the British Museum. Dr Gray has seen some of the fish, and says that they are 'very young minnows,' and are 'very unlike those taken up by whirlwinds in tropical countries.' He thinks John Lewis was hoaxed by someone who thew a pailful of water and fish on him.

In *Zoologist* 1859-6564*, there is a letter dated May 18th from Robert Drane, Cardiff, disputing the hoax conclusion. Drane says, in part, 'from information obtained from many sources and very careful and minute inquiry, I am quite convinced that a great number of fish did actually descend with rain over a considerable tract of the country. The specimens I obtained from three individuals, resident some distance from each other, were of two species, the common minnow and the three-spined stickleback; the former most abundant and mostly small, though some had attained their full size.'

The incident is mentioned in the Welsh journal *Seren Gomer* 1859-142 as follows: 'A SHOWER OF FISH—Friday, 11th February, a heavy shower containing many hundreds of small fish fell in and around Mr. Nixon's yard, Mountain Ash, near Aberdar. It seems that most if not all of the fish were sprats.' [3]

The Rev W. S. Symonds read a paper about the Mountain Ash fish fall before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A summary of the paper was printed in *Reports BAAS* 1859-158* as follows: 'The evidence of the fall of fish on this occasion was very conclusive. A specimen of the fish was exhibited, and was found to be the *Gasterosteus leiurus*, Cuv.' William Samuel Symonds is best known for his writings on the geology of Wales, and his original paper would be an invaluable source. Unfortunately, it, along with most of the other early papers of the BAAS, has perished. [4]

From the above confusing and sometimes contradictory mass of data about the Aberdare Valley fish fall, three conclusions emerge immediately. First, there can be no doubt that it actually happened. Second, everybody and his brother grabbed some of the fish and put them in water, as living souvenirs of the bizarre incident. Third, the incident passed immediately into folklore.

The folklore aspect is important, because it helps to explain some of the confusion over details. Consider how a modern newspaper, with a staff of professional reporters, can botch a story it actually investigates. In 1859, the small Welsh newspapers were weeklies, put together by tiny staffs from rumours, letters, unpaid contributions, and material lifted from other newspapers. There were no reporters usually, and the editor wrote his stories from whatever sources he could get. Small wonder then that the details, partly gathered from pedlars in pubs, got a bit garbled.

Now, more than a hundred years after the fact, it is impossible to be certain when the Aberdare Valley fish rain occurred, unless additional and better sources can be uncovered. The earliest dated sources point to Friday, the 11th. The longest, seemingly best researched account, says Wednesday, the 16th. The man who was clobbered with the fish was reported (a month later) to have said Wednesday, the 9th. A clear majority of sources point to the 11th, but historical truth cannot be determined by vote. [5] In my opinion, it happened on Wednesday, February 9th, as reported by John Griffith.

John Griffith was vicar of Aberdare, only 4 miles from Mountain Ash. Though his letter to the London *Times* was dated March 8th, there's reason to believe he interviewed John Lewis long before then. For one thing, he was obviously very interested in the incident, and one would assume that he talked to Lewis as soon as possible. Indeed, he took the trouble to interview Lewis on the spot where it happened, and some of the fish were still swimming in a rain-pool at the time. Griffith may have written an earlier, similar account that was published in Wales. Note the account in the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian* of February 26th seems (impossibly) to draw on Griffith's letter of March 8th. Though Griffith alone gives the date as Wednesday, February 9th, I believe he's correct.

Suppose I'm right, and the fish fall actually happened on the morning of the 9th. Suppose some excited citizen of Mountain Ash gathered what information he could and wrote a breathless letter (probably in Welsh) to *Y Gwladgarwr*, beginning, 'A remarkable thing happened this morning...' If the letter was printed verbatim in the next issue of *Y Gwladgarwr,* Published Friday, the 11th, other papers lifting the story might mistakenly assume that the incident happened on the 11th. Then the writer for the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian* discovered that it actually happened on a Wednesday, but guessed the 16th, a week too late. All this is, of course, speculation, and I wouldn't bet much on it.

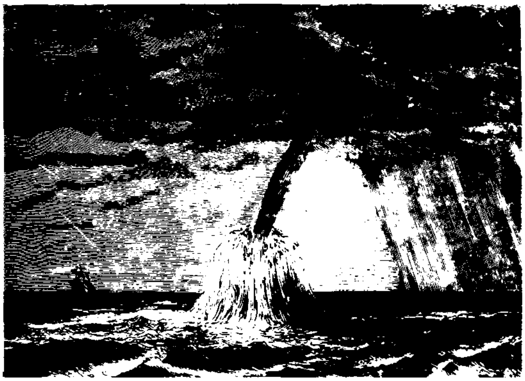
The time of the incident is given by two sources, Aaron Peters (9.00am) and Griffith (11.00am). Again I trust Griffith.

It was raining (water) and windy when the fish fell. The Monmouthshire *Merlin* account says 'a very heavy shower of rain and storm of wind.' Aaron Peters mentioned the rain and 'It was not blowing very hard, but uncommon wet; just about the same wind as there is today.' Griffith says the wind the day of the interview was 'blowing rather stiff' and that Lewis pointed to the south of west to indicate the direction of the wind. Interestingly, the writer for the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian*, who tries to make a case for a whirlwind, makes no mention of the wind conditions at the time! None of the accounts mention storm damage, or the kind of violent winds that typically accompany tornadoes (and I presume, waterspouts).

Regarding the location and extent of the fall, the title of W.S. Symmonds' BAAS paper was 'Account of the Fish-rain at Aberdare in Glamorganshire.' This and the accounts in the Monmouthshire *Merlin*, the Merthyr *Telegraph*, the Cardiff and Merthyr *Guardian*, and the

Zoologist letter by Robert Drane all suggest that the fall covered a wide area in Aberdare Valley. Apparently, there was a tremendous concentration of fish at Nixon's yard, and some people weren't aware that the fall was much more extensive. There is some confusion over whether Nixon's yard was at Mountain Ash or Aberaman. John Nixon ran a huge coal business, and perhaps he had several yards in the area. Whatever the cause of the confusion, I trust Griffith, who says he interviewed John Lewis 'on the spot' at Mountain Ash.

As to the fish, they were successfully kept alive everywhere in fresh water. There were more than one kind, and the various accounts mention sprats, whiting, minnows, three-spined stickleback, and smooth tailed stickleback. The first two are questionable, but the presence of the last three species seems well established.



Both the Cynon River and the Aberdare Canal run through the Aberdare Valley. I will leave it to the reader to judge whether or not a whirlwind lifted fish from one or both of these sources (or from any other source), dumped a few thousand of them on Nixon's yard and John Lewis, and scattered the remainder over the surrounding countryside.

Robert Schadewald

Notes:

* Denotes a source used by Fort

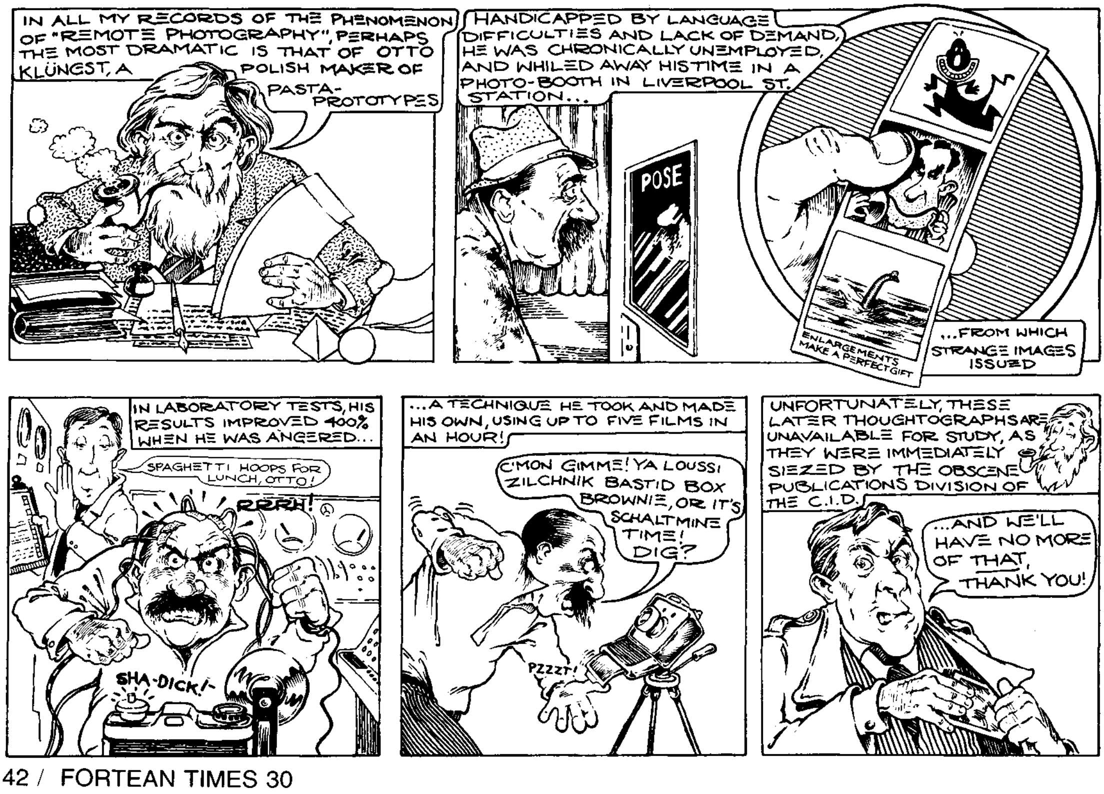
1) Griffith, John. Letter dated March 8, 1859, in London *Times* of March 10, 1859. Reprinted in *Zoologist* 1859-6493 and (I believe) *Annual Register* 1859-14.
2) Also reprinted in Cardiff *Times*, March 5, 1859.
3) Translation courtesy of Cleo Vaighe of the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth.
4) Letter of 25 January 1977 from Miss Joan H. Dring, Senior Administrative Assistant for BAAS.
5) That makes about as much sense as taking the average, and declaring that the incident happened on Frisat, the 11.6th.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I would like to extend my thanks to G.A.C. Dart of the Central Library, Cardiff; G. Davies of the Central Library, Aberdare; Miss J.H. Dring of the B.A.A.S.; Mrs Patricia Moore of the Glamorgan Archive Service; and Cleo Vaighe, of the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, whose research efforts in my behalf made this article possible. It takes a special kind of person to take time out from what must be more important business and rummage through musty archives seeking information for a stranger a quarter the way round the world.

FACTS YOU MIGHT FORGET!

by Pokkettz.


IN ALL MY RECORDS OF THE PHENOMENON OF "REMOTE PHOTOGRAPHY", PERHAPS THE MOST DRAMATIC IS THAT OF OTTO KLÜNGST, A POLISH MAKER OF PASTA-PROTOTYPES
HANDICAPPED BY LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES AND LACK OF DEMAND, HE WAS CHRONICALLY UNEMPLOYED, AND WHILED AWAY HISTIME IN A PHOTO-BOOTH IN LIVERPOOL ST. STATION...
POSE
ENLARGEMENTS MAKE A PERFECT GIFT
...FROM WHICH STRANGE IMAGES ISSUED
IN LABORATORY TESTS, HIS RESULTS IMPROVED 400% WHEN HE WAS ANGERED...
SPAGHETTI HOOPS FOR LUNCH, OTTO!
RRRH!
SHA-DICK!-
...A TECHNIQUE HE TOOK AND MADE HIS OWN, USING UP TO FIVE FILMS IN AN HOUR!
C'MON GIMME! YA LOUSSI ZILCHNIK BASTID BOX BROWNIE, OR IT'S SCHALTMINE TIME! DIG?
PZZZT!
UNFORTUNATELY, THESE LATER THOUGHTOGRAPHS ARE UNAVAILABLE FOR STUDY, AS THEY WERE IMMEDIATELY SIEZED BY THE OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS DIVISION OF THE C.I.D.
...AND WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THAT, THANK YOU!

enigma variations

U·F·O Commentary by Nigel Watson

Jaws Encounter

A young messenger for a Panamanian doctor made an amazing discovery when he stumbled across the skeleton of an extraterrestrial child on a stretch of beach at San Carlos, Panama.

The skeleton consisted of a bony shell instead of a rib cage, and the vertebral channel appeared so large that the being must have had a large heavy, intelligent brain encased in a huge skull.

Naturally the president of the Center for Panamanian Extraterrestrial Investigations (CIPE) — Dr Francisco Ramon de Aguilar — was very excited about this discovery and paid 1,000 dollars for the precious skeleton.

Dr Aguilar said that his skeleton was proof that: 'they exist, are here among us and carry out a task of selective education among humans, the results of which we will soon see.'

A similar skeleton was found on Erendira beach in 1972, and another one — though in a poor state of preservation —was found in February 1978 in Manta, Equador. [1]

Are there star wars over South America? Is some incredible battle going on which we know little of, except for the discovery of odd bones and rotting skeletons? Mr Spock would have delighted himself in trying to answer this galactic riddle. Spock never materialised to solve this problem, but a doctor and a Jesuit Priest, Ignacio Astorqui, felt that he had the answer.

On a beach in Nicaragua a similar skeleton was found, and Astorqui, an expert in zoology and ichthyology, examined the specimen.

His verdict was that it was the head of a dead shark. He said: 'The disagreeable smell like rotten fish was suspicious in an extraterrestrial, unless he should come from a planet of fish-men. Neither is it very convincing that an 'evolved being should have a rigid skeleton and thus not be too functional.' [2]

A Star Is Born

Frances Steiger — wife of Brad Steiger the well known author on the subject of UFOs and related topics — started it all by dreaming about two men who said to her: 'Now is the time. Now is the time.' The profoundly philosophical nature of this statement is quite astounding, evidently 'now is the time' verifies the validity of the telephone speaking clock system, and what better way than in a dream?

Frances, however, decided that her dream meant that she could reveal that herself and thousands of other people are Star People.

Star People have more sensitivity to sound, light, electricity and electro-magnetic fields. They are subject to: chronic sinus trouble, subnormal blood pressure, lack of any long periods of sleep, lower body temperature and an unusual blood group usually flows through their veins. The Star Person is complete when they discover that they have an extra vertebra and psychic ability.

Bonnie Davis, a Star Person, claims that: 'The Golden Age is coming. When it arrives there will be no sickness, poverty or illness.

'People will live long, happy lives free of trouble and worry.'

Another Star Person, Faye Thompsen, states: 'I feel that the reason Star People are on Earth is to prepare earthlings.

'We are making it easier for you to accept us. The Golden Age will be here before the year 2000.'

When asked for an opinion the Earl of Clancarty made the astute remark that: 'People may not know that they are descendants of aliens until they get some message.' [3]

I keep getting visions (no comments, please) of a bug-eyed monster scratching out millions of letters, saying: 'Dear sir/madam, You are an alien. The side-effects are nearly harmless and in return you will live to see the arrival of The Golden Age. Just send 2000 dollars to the above address and await further instructions. Yours etc....'

Mind Games

'My place is not of this solar system called a star galaxy,' says Lydia Stalnaker who after several hypnotic sessions believes that she has been implanted with the personality of an alien being called Antron.

In defence of her weird story Lydia says that: 'This may seem like science fiction to many people, but to me it is now becoming a way of life. I have come to know some of these (alien) people and feel that they are friends. Sometimes I begin to miss them, just as I miss earth friends whom I have not seen for some time. I want to call them and talk to them just to be sure everything is all right with them.' [4]

Lydia's awareness of Antron began in 1974. One evening during that year she was driving near Jacksonville when she thought she saw a plane crashing, until the aerial object stopped behind some huge pine trees. Lydia blacked out as soon as she got out of her car to investigate, and when she regained consciousness she found herself driving her car again.

The day after her sighting she had a short violent attack of illness which terminated abruptly. Then: 'I suddenly became psychic. I started knowing who was on the phone. And I was seemingly able to tell people what to do — mentally,' she said.

Another side-effect of the encounter were terrible nightmares about an operating theatre which led her to seek the aid of Dr James Harder. He carried out a series of hypnotic regressions on Lydia and during these he discovered that she had a UFO encounter when she was 9 years old.

During one of these sessions Lydia related to Dr Evelyn Brunson that during her 1974 encounter 'she and another woman were on separate tables head to head with a mechanical device that covered part of their heads. They were spun around and around. This supposedly merged them together and made it possible for Antron to be with Lydia,' said Dr Brunson who carried out 26 hypnotic regression sessions with 36-year-old Lydia.

Antron is a female alien who resides in a glass tube onboard a spacecraft in the vicinity of Earth. There are other aliens on the spacecraft who communicate telepathically between themselves. Antron is thousands of years old and she comes from a green planet which has 2 suns and is situated in another galaxy.

Antron has a powerful personality and it took Lydia several years to accept and feel comfortable with the thought that another living being was within herself. She said: 'I go off to a far corner of my mind when Antron wants to do something. She just takes control.' [5]

Unfortunately the aliens don't have a very welcome message for humanity, since: 'They tell of the time ('Now is the time' — N.W.) soon to come, when earth changes will occur,' says Lydia.

Antron (via Lydia) explains that: 'Man was here originally, in the beginning, as we are. He was built to live forever, but he failed and now we have come to take the people that have chosen of their own free will to live correctly. They will be recolonized to live as in the original beginning. We are sent to do this job.' [4]

Presumably if we are not to have a Golden Age on Earth the chosen people — with the aid of the aliens — will fly off to some extraterrestrial utopia.

Indeed an alien named Jay (via a Scotsman called Andrew) claims that a total of 100 million people have been secretly blasted into space. They leave on a flying saucer which is launched on the 8th of each month at 3.35am from the Florida Everglades.

Apparently these people are sent as zombie workers to the Moon or Mars. Although Rex Dutta, a director of the Viewpoint Aquarius magazine, believes that there are colonies on the Moon and Mars (being a convert to the ideas expounded in the 'Alternative Three' science fiction story), he was able to rumble Jay's story.

Jay's downfall was due to the fact that he claimed that the flying saucer which shuttled between Florida and an anonymous lunar colony used the same VHF frequency as the Northampton and County police headquarters — and even Rex Dutta was unable to swallow that! (Even though his appetite for believing such stories is *almost inexhaustible.*) [6]

Body Games

59-year-old Eugenio Siracusa, a retired Customs officer, was a Star Person who went on trips to Venus and Mars for his holidays and had regular communication sessions with the aliens.

He set up a Cosmic Brotherhood which was financed by two Americans — Kelly Meadowcroft and his wife Leslie.

Siracusa 'called us to Sicily,' said Kelly, and 'we bought him a villa where he could install the brotherhood and erect the glass pyramid which he used to 'communicate' with the UFO pilots.'

Whilst the Meadowcrofts stayed under the spell of Siracusa's stories at the Brotherhood's HQ on Mount Etna, Kelly was sent on long trips to meet space visitors or leave boxes for them to pick up.

All these expeditions were futile but Kelly said: 'I believe him about my missions. Everytime I'd get back and tell him I hadn't met anyone he would say it was only a test.'

Siracusa's intentions were not entirely honourable and whilst Kelly was on his stupid travels, he intended having a close encounter with Kelly's wife.

Leslie said that when Siracusa tried to make love to her 'he said a son would be born from our union. The son would be known as the prophet Elias and he told me he was acting on orders from a cosmic being named Adoneides.'

When Kelly found out about this state of affairs, Siracusa was arrested with charges of adultery, embezzlement and tax evasion to his credit. [7] Will he be another

Zombie worker for the Moon colony work-camp?

Not Yet

Mark Block and his three female helpers declared to the people of San Diego County that the enigmatic space people were planning to drop in for a visit.

On the appointed date — 21st June, 1979 — at the appointed location — an unfinished stretch of the interstate 15 freeway 20 miles north of San Diego — 1,000 people gathered to see the event of the century.

The UFO party began at 6pm in anticipation of the landing at 11.49pm. With the prospect of seeing city-sized space ships and bendy-toy aliens, a tense excitement must have descended on the expectant crowd as the minutes slowly approached the most momentous time in the history of mankind.

For reasons unknown to humanity the landing was abandoned, and when it was clear that nothing was going to occur, Block disappeared from sight as quickly as a Venusian scout craft. [8]

Not Yet, Again

Prediction is a tricky business as Jo Ann Dunaway will no doubt agree when we consider that she prophesied that 'spacemen from a highly evolved planet will land in the United States in 1977. The landings will occur near West Palm Beach and in the Connecticut-Rhode Island area. The spacemen will be short with reddish curly hair. They will speak every language and dialect —and they come to help.' [9]

When 1977 emerged without any significant UFO landings, another psychic, Mrs Shawn Robbins, boldly claimed: 'The world will have its first contact with a UFO in 1978.'

She said that the contact would occur during a screening of the film, 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' and that the audience would receive a message which 'will contain three important parts. First, it will be the first positive confirmation that they're here from outer space. Second, that their presence on earth is in the interest of peace. Third, that there will be mass landings in the U.S., Middle East and Russia.'

Miss Kebrina Kinkade, a Los Angeles psychic, pronounced: 'I predict that we will have actual communication in 1978 from planets like Pluto and Saturn.' [10]

Is there anybody who would like to predict that 1980 will be the 'Year of the UFO?'?

The Pinocchio Complex

There seems to be a widespread need for mankind to believe that we are being visited by aliens. This need drives people to buy shark skulls; it makes them gather on unfinished freeways; it sends them on wild goose chases while their partner is being seduced; it makes them believe in colonies on the Moon and Mars; it makes them believe that there will be mass landings; most fundamental of all they believe that they can communicate with the aliens and in extreme cases many believe they are one of the Space People.

By combining the most compelling aspects of religion and science the UFO myth becomes a powerful symbol of the technological saviour who will deliver us to utopia and beyond.

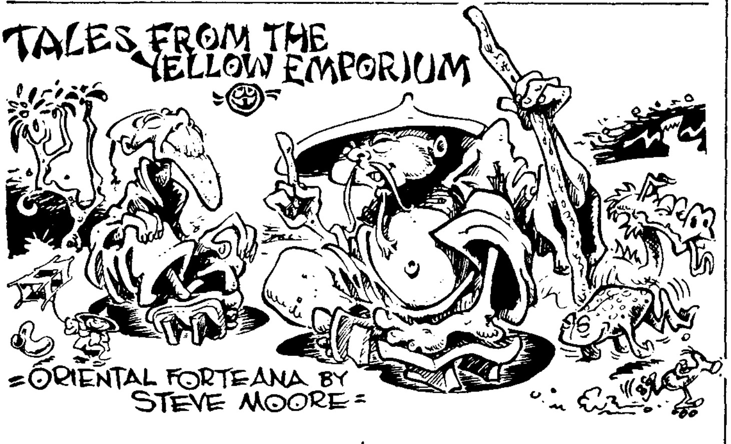
More importantly we must ask whether we are responding to valid external stimuli or whether there is some need within ourselves which makes us want to believe that there are external stimuli. Or to put it more simply: are we the manipulated or the manipulators?

Notes

1) *Cronica* (Buenos Airies) 3 April 1979. Trans: Jane Thomas*.
2) *Cronica* (Buenos Aires) 20 April 1979. Trans: Jane Thomas*.
3) *Reveille* 3 Aug 1979, 'Was your Dad really a UFO man? by Midrim Jones.
4) *Florida Times-Union* 4 Feb 1977, 'Hypnotic Sessions reveal 'Experiences' by Ralph Goff.
5) *National Enquirer* 12 June 1979, 'Alien from Space shares Woman's Body and Mind' by Bob Pratt.
6) *Guardian* 7 March 1979, 'Outer Space Believers stand firm' by Michael Parkin.
7) *Reveille* 5 Jan 1979.
8) *The Hour* (Norwalk, Connecticut) 25 June 1979.
9) *Florida Times-Union* 4 Feb 1977, 'Psychics and UFOs' by Ralph Goff.
10) *National Enquirer* 31 Jan 1978, 'Psychics predict Space Beings will communicate with World this year' by Bud Gordon.

*[Credit: *Lucius Farish's* UFO News-clipping Service *No 119, Gary Abbott, Joseph Patchen.]*

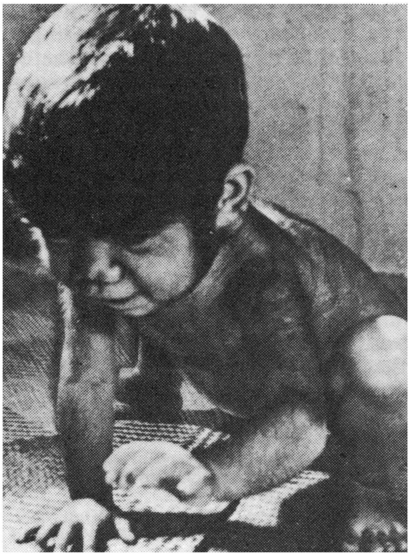
Nigel Watson is a regular contributor to Fortean Times

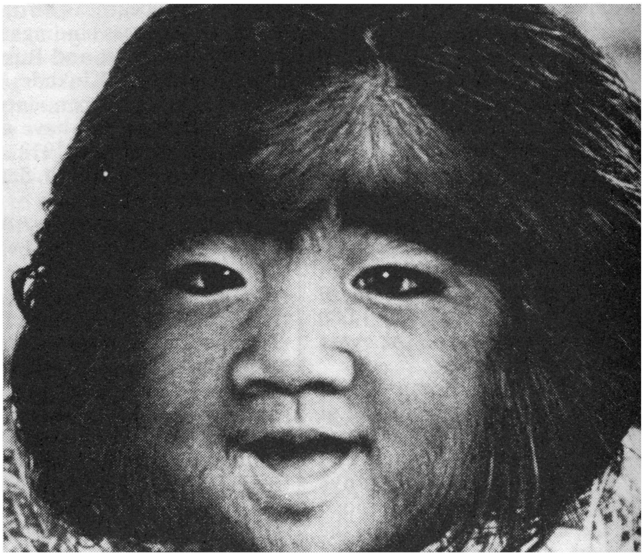

TALES FROM THE YELLOW EMPORIUM
=ORIENTAL FORTEANA BY STEVE MOORE=

The Hairy Boy of China

They called him Zhenhuan, meaning 'shock the universe', and the kid has indeed created something of a stir. Western journalists have handled his story in the usual degrading fashion, calling him 'monkey-boy', 'wolf-boy', freak, mutant...but to the Chinese he is simply *mao hai*, a hairy child.

Yu Zhenhuan was born 30 Sept 1977 in Shaotzugo People's Commune, Zhouyan Country, Liaoning Province, NE China. His parents, Yu Wenguang, 27,





and Song Baoqin, 25, were horrified to find Zhenhuan covered in jet-black hair at birth: his eyebrows merged with the hair on his forehead, and his entire body except for his lips, palms, soles and the tip of his nose was hirsute...the kid even had hairy ears!

There was, it seems, some dispute about whether Zhenhuan should be allowed to live, but he survived long enough to come to the attention of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, and after that his future was assured. His family now has a new house and a state subsidy to look after him, and at 8 months, Zhenhuan starred in his first movie...a documentary film shot at Shenyang, the provincial capital.

Zhenhuan's hair has now turned from black to brown, and varies in length: 7cms around the shoulder, 4.5cms on his back, 2.5cms on his abdomen. Apart from that, he's very much a normal child; all his senses are in good working order, X-rays and intelligence tests show nothing abnormal. He has a slightly enlarged heart, and at 4-5 months was taller than an average child. His head and ears are large, and he cut his teeth late, at about one year. He laughs much, cries little and, apart from a little trouble with a boil and eczema, is perfectly healthy. The hair parts at the side of his body and thickens toward the mid-lines of the back and abdomen, forming whorls at various places.

Zhenhuan has a sister two years older than himself who is perfectly normal. Apart from his maternal grandfather and uncle, who have slightly hairy calves and thick beards, none of his immediate relatives show similar traits.

The average Chinese is perhaps the least hairy individual on the planet, which makes the *mao hai* phenomenon all the more unusual. All human foetuses are covered with fine down after 5 to 6 months development, but this hair is usually shed before birth. The cause of the 'mao hai' atavism apparently remains mysterious, but it has been determined that the trait is inheritable. And the hirsute individual keeps his pelt throughout his lifetime...

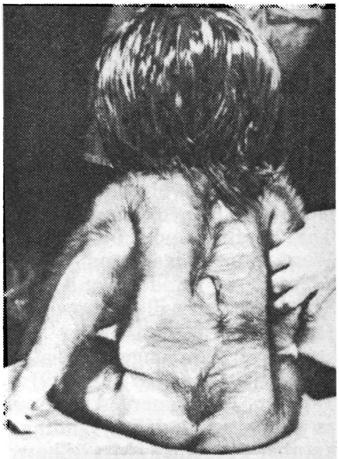
More of the Same

Despite the pedagogic pronouncements of the *National Enquirer*, Yu Zhenhuan is not unique: 19 other cases have been found in China, and more elsewhere. We shall catalogue briefly those we have details of:

1. Yu Zhenhuan; Liaoning. Described above. [1-4].

2. An old womanof the same village as Yu Zhenhuan heard, when she was young, old folk

(Top Left) The hairy girl Zhu Xiulian, 11 days older than the more famous hairy boy, Yu Zhenhuan (Top Right and Below). Photos from: Ta Kung Pao *10 May 1979, and* China Pictorial *1979:5.*



saying that a woman not far from there had given birth to a similar black haired infant. The mother's father-in-law killed it with a blow of a pick-handle. [1]

3. Shandong Province, 40 years ago. [2]

4. Li Pao-Shu: born in the late 1940s near Peking, with a handsome black-and-white mane. Treated as a freak and exhibited in a travelling show [2].

5. Qi Rong, born 1969, Shachou Country, Jiangsu Province. At ten years of age, he measured 1.25 meters tall. [2,3].

6. Name unknown: boy, born 1968, Hsincheng County, Hebei [2].

7. Zhang Xing: born 1950, Hebei province. He has a sound physique and is 1.76 meters tall. Fond of singing and playing the flute, and a model worker. [3].

8. Jiangsu province: a hair-covered child born to a woman with the same condition. However, the mother shed much of her hair after her marriage, and though still not smooth-skinned, her condition has improved 'dramatically'. [2,3].

9. A family in Liaoning Province having hairy persons covering three generations. [3].

10. Zhu Xiulian. Born 10 September 1977 in Guangdong Province. Active and intelligent. Covered in black hair. Her nose is wider, the ditch between nose and lip deeper, her lips are thicker and her ears are bigger than normal. Body and IQ normal. Parents Zhu Shaowen and Li Muqong are members of a people's commune. [5].

11. Other *mao hai* cases reported from the following Chinese provinces: Shanxi, Qinghai, Henan, Sichuan, Anhui and Zhejiang, but no details. [3].

12. Russia, 19th Century. A father and son in a peasant family. [1,2].

13. Burma. An entire family of hirsute individuals. Date unknown [1].

14. India. A case where the condition occurred in three successive generations. No further details. [2].

Further examples may be found in Charles Darwin's *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (1871).

Sources

Major sources on Yu Zhenhuan

1. *China Reconstructs* Vol 28, No 3. March 1979, p60-61.
2. Ceylon *Weekend* 31 Dec. 1979: reprinting on article from *Asiaweek*.
3. *China Pictorial* 1979, No 5 (May 1979) p42-3.

Minor references:

4. *Rising Nepal & Guardian* 23 Oct 78; *News of the World* 29 Oct 78; *Daily Star* 17 Feb 79; *Daily Telegraph* 24 Feb 79; *National Enquirer* 24 April 79; Belgium *Het Volk* 25 Oct 1978.

And for Zhu Xiulian:

5. Hong Kong *Ta Kung Pao* Weekly (English) edition No 672. (10-16 May 79) p12

[Credit: Jane Brecha, Blomme Ronny, Anthony Smith, Ion Will.]

I Ching Studies, Anyone?

Would any of our readers with a serious interest in the I Ching and related subjects be interested in participating in an informal postal exchange of information (in circular letter form)? Material would tend towards the esoteric and technical, e.g., structural and mathematical aspects, numerology, horoscopy, military usage, bibliographical work, etc. The idea would be to set up a loose working group, so participants would be expected to contribute as well as receive material. Dependent on sufficient response, the project would get underway in early 1980. Write for details to Steve Moore, c/o *Fortean Times* (SAE would be appreciated).

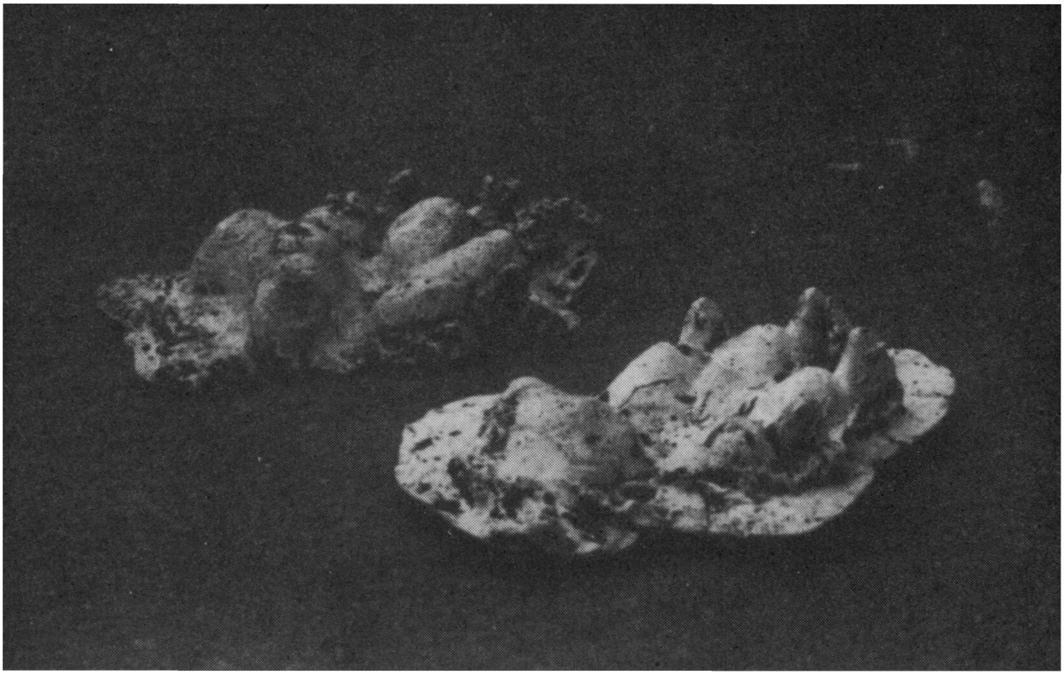
Steve Moore.

ON THE TRAIL
by
Loren
Coleman

For almost a half decade I have lived in the Boston area, and thus I sometimes forget how driving from the urbanized East Coast of the United States into the Midwest is a culturally shocking event. The megapolis of the Washington - New York - Boston complex often stymies life and the natural world, as well as the imagination of man. Despite some articles of recent years about the encroachment of wildlife into North American cities, these fingers of urban nature are generally nothing more or less than the occasional raccoon, opossum or deer. Only when you get away from the overcrowded, concrete jungle do you find the kind of space, the corridors of vegetation which allow the creatures of the netherland to roam freely. New England is beautiful and wild, but the temperate climate and open territory of the Heartland has reserved a special place in its soul for the kind of unknown animals I love to pursue. Be they ape-like, feline-formed, or thunderbird-shaped, the beasts of the Midwest make a Fortean's drive through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois an exciting trek. Having recently returned from just such a journey, here are some stops along the way.

Phantom Panthers

Westerville, Ohio, is a town a mere mile from Interstate 270, the vast ring of highway which keeps the sprawl of Columbus so neatly contained. 270, like the others of its kind in America that separate wildlife from man, suburbs from the city, does serve as a barrier. But Westerville is not a surburban community of square little houses and clipped lawns; rather Westerville is a gathering of cornfields, of country roads where speed limits are difficult to enforce, of homes and farmhouses here and there,



Plastercasts of the mystery 'panther' tracks found at Lake Estates Home Park, Westerville, Michigan, on 10 June 1979, near the Marks' home. (Copyright: Loren Coleman.)

and of course, trailer courts.

Most cities in the States move their corporate limits into an area, and among the new sidewalks, stop signs, and sewage systems they bring with them, they also introduce zoning laws which quickly eliminate trailer courts. Mobile home parks are forced, therefore, to move beyond the new city limits. Residents of trailers are becoming the new pioneers of our civilization. They relocate on the edges of the country, with often only a thin sheet of metal between them and the unknown. Very often, as quite a few researchers have discovered, many occupants of trailer courts find their confrontations with the unexplained more frequent than they desire. My travels led me, once again, to quite a number of trailers and their owners.

Following up on a lead supplied by David Fideler of Michigan, I stopped by the Lake Estates Home Park in Westerville, Ohio, to check on the recent accounts of a panther seen thereabouts in June 1979.

Elusive, phantom panthers are nothing new to central Ohio. Back in 1947, Stanley Belt saw one near Kirkwood. The reports have come in periodical waves since then. Black panthers have been seen in virtual flaps in 1955, 1962, and 1973, in the Urbana-Springfield region of the state, and the Bluffton area was the site of the 1977 activity. Ron Schaffner's investigations of 1978 revealed sightings near Minerva. Not too surprisingly, the phenomena continue to date.

Starting late in May, 1979, Delaware County Sheriff Bill Lavery began getting calls from residents who claimed to have spotted a large cat-like animal, a 'cougar'. In the village of Delaware, a big feline had killed some sheep, and in nearby Sunbury, some people had actually spied the cat. As with the Bluffton, Ohio, panther reports I investigated in 1977, [See *Creatures of the Outer Edge* (Warner 1978) pp209-217; or 'Phantom Panther on the Prowl', *Fate* November 1977 pp62-67.], the pattern of livestock kills, sightings, and foot-print finds was repeated in Delaware County, Ohio, in 1979.

In the midst of all of this 'cougar' activity, the animal made a visit to the Lake Estates trailer court. Charles and Helen Marks, co-managers of the court for three years after having moved from Toledo,did not think they were going to get involved in 'cougar tracking', when suddenly on June 10, 1979, they found huge footprints at their doorstep.

This is the way Charles Marks described the course of events to me: 'Someone had called the police, and said that the night before, they were fishin' out here (at the little lake next to the trailer court). 'See we got a lot of good fish in this lake here. It's stocked. He was out fishin' and he'd seen these prints. Then he called the Delaware Sheriff, and they came down Sunday morning. The guy showed them the prints; he'd staked them all out. Then we hightailed it out here to see what was going on.' Helen Marks added: 'We didn't know if it was a dead body or something. But it was these prints, some with claws, some without.

Charles Marks had some plaster of paris from the time he had repaired a broken leg of a pet, and Marks tried his hand at making some casts. His wife, in the role of 'operations director', told Charles to make a cast of the more exciting clawed tracks, and thus these were the ones shown to the police. The authorities quickly labelled them as 'dog prints' — an event familiar to anyone interested in mysterious feline accounts.

The Marks found over 200 prints in the small muddy and grassy field across from their trailer, and next to the little lake. They are convinced they had discovered 'cougar' prints, for they also came upon a patch of vegetation with clear signs of where the animal had lain. Helen Marks recalled: 'And you could even see the tufts of grass sticking up between the place the head had rested, and the five foot long depression where the body was.'

Later on that eventful Sunday, the discovery of the prints unbeknownst to them, three boys were out playing in their 'fort' behind the trailer court. Quite suddenly, they encountered a large, tan panther in a tree. Donnie Grady, 12, said the cat jumped from the tree, landed on all fours, and fled. Ricky Smith, 10, obviously taking the meeting very personally, told of how the thing 'looked at me and jumped from the tree'. Travis, Ricky's eight year old brother, said 'when it growled, I saw those BIG front teeth'. The boys, residents of the trailer court, later saw the 'cougar' on a nearby roadway, and then learned of the Marks' discovery of the prints.

More reported encounters with the panther took place during that next week in June. A woman on nearby Fancher Road was taking out some trash when she met the big cat, and promptly fainted. Other sightings filled the newspapers for a few days, but like many elusive creatures of the borderland Midwest, this one too faded from the view and the minds of the residents of central Ohio.

The percipients of such incidents, however, do not so quickly forget the events which touched their lives. This came clearly into focus in Illinois.

Big Birds

In 1977, Lawndale, Illinois, was visited by two big birds, one of which carried a ten year old boy a few feet before his frightened mother's screams seemed to make the bird drop the boy. [see *Creatures of the Outer Edge* pp225-227; and FT 24 pp10-12.] My brother, Jerry Coleman of Decatur, Illinois, had been able to interview Marlon, Ruth, and Jake Lowe on two occasions in 1977, within hours of the incident. During my 1979 trip I planned to reinterview the Lowes and inquire into the occurrences since the time of their encounter two years previous.

Their trailer (!) had not changed any since the photographs Jerry had taken in 1977, and the prophetic black birds on the shutters were still there to greet us.

Ruth Lowe was cautious, to say the least. This was a woman who had obviously been hurt, but I was soon to hear the surprising depths of this sorrow. And harassment.

After Marlon Lowe was lifted into the air, and the media carried the story, individuals started leaving dead birds on the Lowe's front porch. Right after the first press mention, Ruth Lowe found a 'big, beautiful eagle' spread out at the foot of their door. The next day, a circle of six birds was placed there. The authorities seemed unable or unwilling to help the Lowes.

The dimension of the human tragedy was great for this family. Turning to my brother, Ruth Lowe asked: 'You know how red Marlon's hair was? He had the reddiest hair you'd ever want to see on a kid.'

Lowering her tone, she continued, 'Well, he wears a hat all the time now. For a year the kid won't go out after dark. I started coming home early before he got off the bus to clean off the front porch. I had hawks, owls, you name it, I had 'em on the front porch here. And I started coming early from work *just* to clean off that front porch. Now that's when I started getting hysterical when I found all the birds, the little notes, and got all the telephone calls. But about a month after it happened, I was washing his head, and I mean to tell you, the only red hair he had on his head was just the top layer. It was just as gray as could be.'

After the initial shock, and her mistake of telling Marlon sent him into hysterics, Ruth Lowe cut his hair short and debated whether to put a color rinse on it. Slowly the locks of gray seemed to disappear. She reflected: 'It grew out. It's not a red. It's not a blonde. It's a gray.'

And the reason for the change was not shadowy to Marlon's mother: 'It was the shock of it. And we are still putting up with a lot. The poor kid gets in one or two scraps a week.'

Subdued, Ruth Lowe observed: 'They call him 'Bird Boy'. He's quite a fighter now.'

In juxtaposition to the human consequences of the 1977 encounter, there are the numerous confirmations of those scary days. 'I'll always remember how that huge thing was bending its white ringed neck, and seemed to be trying to peck at Marlon, as it was flying away,' Ruth Lowe commented, in a new detail which did not come out two years ago. Although she said the massive size of the bird reminded her of an ostrich, the bird itself looked like a condor. She had spent some long hours in the local library, poring through bird books, trying to come up with a clue to what she had seen. She was certain it was not a turkey vulture, as an area constable would have her believe.

'I was standing at the door, and all I saw was Marlon's feet dangling in the air. There just aren't any birds around here that could lift him up like that,' Ruth Lowe told us.

And there were the other sightings which have continued quietly up to the present in the Lawndale area. In nearby Lincoln, one of the big birds was flying down the middle of the main street, when the cab company's dispatcher yelled over the radio: 'There goes that son-of-a-bitch now.' But his report was silenced.

A December 1977 account of the killing of one of the birds was likewise kept under wraps for fear of ridicule. Apparently a woman was on her way to work in Beason when she saw something like a 'man standing in the road with something over its arms'. (A description which conjures up the images of Mothman.) The woman collapsed, was hospitalised, and recovered some time later. A group of men, hearing of this report from the local grapevine, went out to the spot, killed a large bird, and burnt it. Whether it was one of the big birds will never be known, but this kind of story demonstrates the level of emotion these creatures can activate in such generally calm Midwestern towns as Lawndale.

Ruth Lowe's sister-in-law was even involved in a frightening big bird run-in at Belleville, Illinois. A large bird landed on top of one of the mobile homes (!) in the trailer park where she lives. The thing flapped its wings once, took off over the trailers, and left many residents gasping in disbelief at its 18 foot wingspan. Needless to say, this creature was the talk of the trailer court for some weeks.

The local reports and the memories have given the Lowe Family many haunted moments, for as Ruth Lowe knows and quietly told me...'They're still around here!'

Loren Coleman is a psychiatric counsellor and co-author of two books (The Unidentified *1975, and* Creatures of the Outer Edge *1978) and numerous Fortean articles.*

Under the Eye
Steve Burgess

If I were to just casually drop the name Klaatu into the very first sentence of this column, chances are the more erudite amongst you might find yourself host to a vision of Michael Rennie bringing fast relief for tummy upsets from the planet of the same name. Was it in *The Day The Earth Stood Still?* Or was it just something you ate?

No matter, to us blouson-clad and sneaker-shod inmates of the Music Biz asylum, Klaatu is a group of faceless (as opposed to merely chinless) wonders from Canada, land of caribou-steaks and quick-frozen mounties — who always get their man and I wonder where that leaves the women, but I digress (I *always* digress). And Klaatu, who burst upon the market-place with all the force of an imploding kipper and an eponymous album, have subsequently come in for the sort of scorn usually reserved for Cliff Richard's latest fab waxing or every other Dylan elpee (*Slow Brain Coming* at the time of writing). Which is a bit of a shame, 'cause they're ALIENS, y'see.

Well, so says John Squire Esquire in his breathless communique to the *Paranormal & Psychic Australian* — sure hate to meet one of *those* — of September 1978, a claim which at first sight perhaps strikes one as a load of old cobbers but warrants some cerebral activity since the Klaatu saga is wondrous strange and may prove an interesting diversion from the usual, everyday rains of frogs and spontaneously-combusting aardvarks and all the other exploding, floating, falling, and flitting bric-a-brac with which this journal is usually concerned.

Anyway, Klaatu released this album in the sort of cover that hadn't generally been seen since people started using their kaftans to wash the car, all sunflowers, field-mice, 'cozmik' vision and mushrooms (for those who spend late summer wandering around football fields with downcast eyes) and were immediately taken for a new outbreak of 'Beatles', a strange disease that ranged throughout the western world in the sixties. Apparently some American deejay — shorthand for 'banal, mealy-mouthed, patronising creep' got hold of both a copy and the whisper and trumpeted it all over the polluted airwaves of the USA with such mad, vigorous glee that 'Klaatu' sold millions of units and the NME — that's *New Musical Excess* or 'The Enemy' to you — was forced to spend a disproportionate amount of space pricking the bubble (sorry I can't refer to the issue in question for you, the cats have long since used it to transact their private business). In fact, the record did indeed resemble a reformed Beetle wingding: most thought it inferior to the real thing, but this critic for one — not given to viewing the Moptops' career through a rose-tinted glass onion — thought it distinctly better than the real thing although it was transparently obvious to even those recently fitted with tin ears that Klaatu were not the real McCoy, let alone the real McCartney. After all the Beatles might just have been able to bash out the Yellow-Sub-Period upheavals of the 'Sub Rosa Speedway' but they sure as hell never did anything like 'Anus of Uranus' which resembles, say, 'Hey Jude' the way Donna Summer resembles Bruckner.

And up there in the tundra three crazy-like-foxes musicians threw another husky on the fire and laughed all night (and since the nights, I'm given to understand, can be several months long, this is not a feat to be attempted without expert supervision).

Ultimately Klaatu remain in the semi-consciousness of most rock lovers (I'm quite fond of boulders too – I'm sorry) for having penned an elegaic and rather lovely piece called 'Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft' – subtitle 'The Recognised Anthem of World Contact Day' — last seen on a clear night in the northern quadrant of the charts after a disgraceful mangling by the nauseous Carpenters. But they did go on to make more records (bad luck) – the first one of these, *Hope*, beaming down into the stores sometime in '77. The cover was a thing of astonishing beauty to behold; the record it contained – supposedly the second part of a related trilogy – was drivel. Coming on like Queen at their most chintzy and lacy-knickered, words fail me to convey the depths of musical degradation that this record plumbed. As we critics portentously are wont to proclaim, it sucked dogs on ice. Whatever that means.

Enter John Squire with a likely excess of THC in his bloodstream. It seems our antipodean charlie scrutinized the merry, festive hieroglyphics with which *Hope* is festooned and decided that they were 'symbolic messages that only the most intelligent human being would be able to decipher' and spent over three months playing with them, eventually coming up with over 36 pages of 'almost unbelievable data' that prove beyond doubt's shadow that Klaatu are not of this Earth but are instead genuine, card-carrying BEMs (Bug Eyed Musicians of course). One could interject at this point that if a mere earthling can successfully unravel these Geiger-esque ciphers it may be entirely possible that another human being might have constructed them in the first place, but will let it pass; Mr Squire has no use for such sophistry.

'My next step', he continues, 'was to deeply study the 36 pages, from this I was able to get visions of what the front and back cover of Klaatu's third album may look like. I also began to receive psychic visions in the form of dreams, detailed graphic pictures...somehow I knew this was the cover of Klaatu's third album'. In point of fact our addled Aussie enclosed photos of his own designs but the *P & PA* didn't see fit to publish them, so we're unable to have a cheap chuckle at Mr Squire's expense. And if you're wondering how I can be so condescending about these things, sight unseen, it's simply because, when the third album – *Sir Army Suit* – appeared, the cover contained NOTHING CRYPTIC WHATSOEVER. Har Har.

In all fairness we should let Mr Squire have the last word before they cart him away: 'So far there exists no other person apart from the Klaatu members who have been able to discover the amount of data I have uncovered on this amazing mystery group'. Is that crystal clear or is that piece of mangled syntax actually as meaningless as it first appears?

Actually, the real reason why I can be so disgracefully patronising about the whole soggy business is that I know who Klaatu are. I said I KNOW WHO KLAATU ARE (wake up). At least I have grounds for suspicions that Sherlock Holmes would not have sneezed at (unless he'd been at the nose-candy again, of course).

You see, once upon a time there was another Canadian band called – with singular inspiration – The Stampeders, and they made so many records that (to borrow Mike Nesmith's joke) they should have been awarded a gold record for releasing a million different ones. Now, these albums vary from the reasonably acceptable to the downright execrable and, since any number of them have been inadvertently released over the years by some luckless division of the semi-comatose EMI group, it was on the cards that I would eventually end up with one or two of the buggers at my disposal. It has come to my attention that, for example, on the '73 effort (and I'm sure it was) *From the Fire* there is a track called, er, 'Chariots of the Gods'. By the time '74 had rolled round, however, there was something called *New Day* mouldering in the racks and *that* contained a dippy ditty called 'Brothers of the Universe' which is (synchronistically?) the exact converse of 'Calling Occupants' by Klaatu and, stripped of the cod-Beatles schtick of the latter, remarkably similar in style and content: 'Hello earthman, listen to me, I'm a captain of a UFO, blah blah.'

Now this is where the fancy mental footwork comes in, because, in 1976, The Stampeders, having strewn copies of their dozen-or-so totally unwanted albums all over the Western Hemisphere and giving in the process every indication of continuing to do so for eons to come, abruptly disappeared without apparent trace, probably because EMI would have gone bust years earlier had they continued with this arcane practice. A rethink perhaps? A smart gimmick to break the years of futile slog-and-riff, maybe? I think so. By the way, Klaatu record for Capitol. Capitol is an EMI label. Nuff said, Klaatu are Rich Dodson, Kim Berly and Ronnie King. I hope.

Next issue: is Elvis Costello really a malignant alien parasite? Are the Easter Island statues really discarded promotional freebies for some ancient record company? Is Bob Harris really an android with an exhausted power-pack? And of course, are Grateful Dead?

Now where did I leave that police box? Happy Phenomena everybody.

Steve Burgess is an editor of Dark Star magazine.

The Sun of Sam

The psychopath who signed himself 'Son of Sam' presided over a reign of terror in New York between the summers of 1976 and 1977. Even Mafia boss Carmine Galente was moved to order his 5,000 'soldiers' to 'get Sam'. By the time he was arrested - ironically by officers investigating a parking offence by David Berkowitz - he had killed six young people and wounded others. Mysteriographer, **Michael Hoffman** (author of **Masonic Assassination** - see our Booklet Reviews), speculate on the occult aspects of the case.

David Berkowitz was not the Son of Sam. He was a scapegoat-loser jammed full of Central Intelligence Agency LSD in Korea where he served as a son of Uncle Sam and listened between the lines to *Purple Haze* by Jimi Hendrix.

At King's County Hospital he told psychiatrists he was part of a 'network' of zombies ruled by spirits who could have 'sex with the dead' and by monsters 'too real to be called delusions'. At Marcy Psychiatric Center he told Maury Terry, a reporter for the Gannett-Westchester newspapers, that others would go to jail if he revealed all he knew. Two eyewitnesses to separate murders attributed to Berkowitz described the assailant as tall and thin with long straight hair. The accused is of average height, obese and has short, kinky hair.

Berkowitz was supposed to be friendless and yet employees of a dog kennel in the area insist that he looked over German Shepherds, with a companion, two days prior to his arrest. The companion was described as tall and thin with straight long hair.[1]

Official NYC police spokespersons continue to maintain that Berkowitz was a 'lone nut' without ties to any other individuals.

On June 5, 1977, Jimmy Breslin, a columnist for the *NY Daily News*, received an expertly handlettered missive mocking the first victim of the Son of Sam — Donna Lauria — and predicting more killings on the anniversary of her demise (Sirius Rising, June 29, 1977). In June the official casualty toll was three women and one man dead and 4 others wounded.

New Yorkers were in a panic. With the publication of the letter which was so brazen in its hostility toward human life and so controlled in its rage, the Dreaming Mind of 9 million people entered a psychological pressure-cooker courtesy of the *Mystere du Zombeisme*.

Handwriting analysts say Berkowitz did not pen it. Others cognizant of his mediocre intellect and limited education believe he could not have composed its hauntingly sinister prose:

Dear Mr. Jimmy Breslin,

Hello from the gutters of NYC which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine and blood. Hello from the sewers of NYC which swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away by the sweeper trucks. Hello from the cracks in the side walks of NYC and from the ants that dwell in these cracks and feed on the dried blood of the dead that has seeped into these cracks.

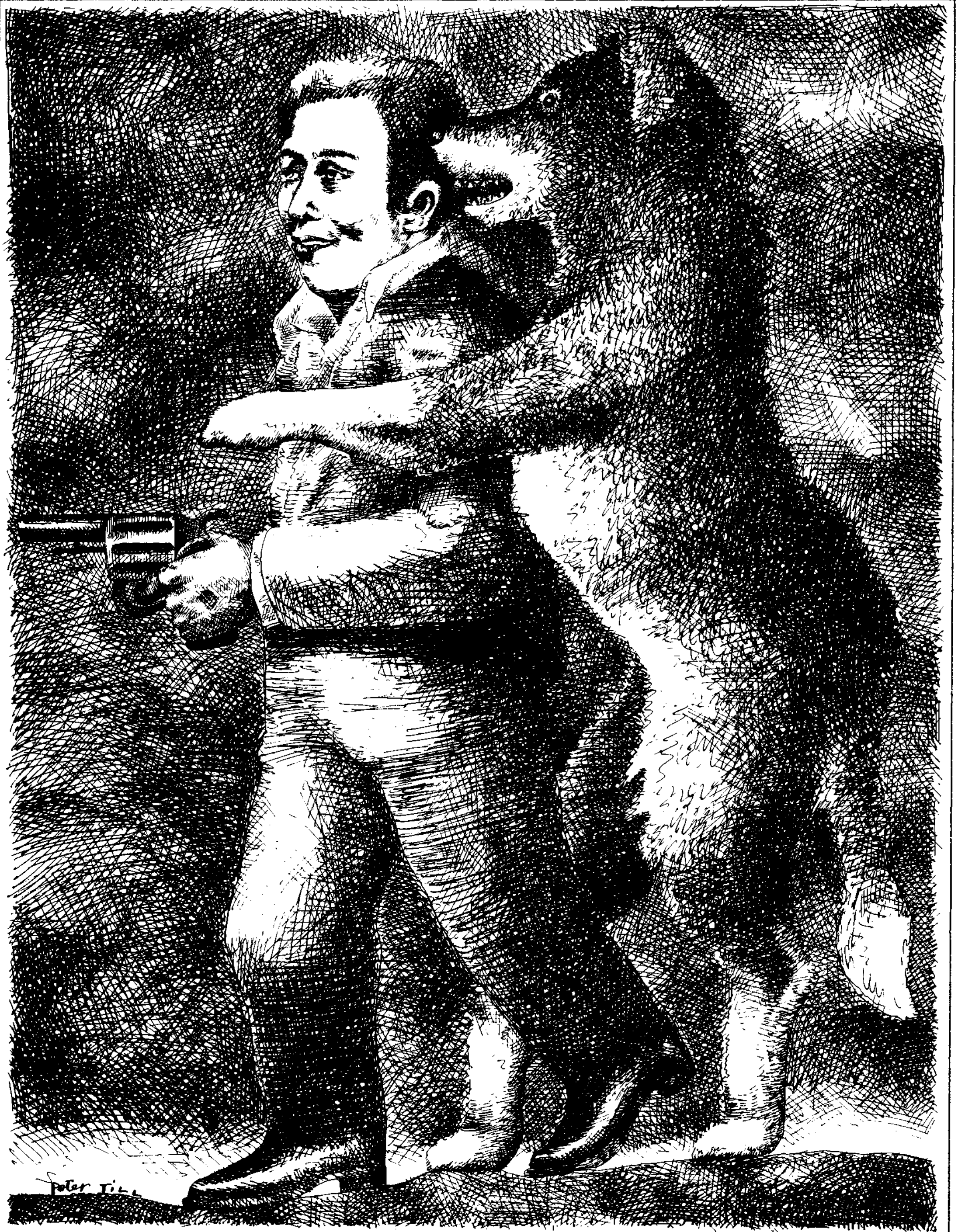
J.B., I'm just dropping you a line to let you know that I appreciate your interest in those recent and horrendous .44 killings. I also want to tell you that I read your column daily and I find it quite informative.

Tell me Jim, what will you have for July 29th? You can forget about me if you like because I don't care for publicity. However you must not forget Donna Lauria and you cannot let the people forget her either. She was a very, very sweet girl but Sam's a thirsty lad and he won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of blood.

On July 13, 1977, at the height of the deathwatch, NYC went totally dark due to a power failure. At zero-day plus 2 (July 31st) on the burned-over dog-daze asphalt, the same .44 handgun trademarked 'Bulldog', which had already claimed 10 victims, blew away Stacy Moscowitz and blinded her friend, Robert Violante.

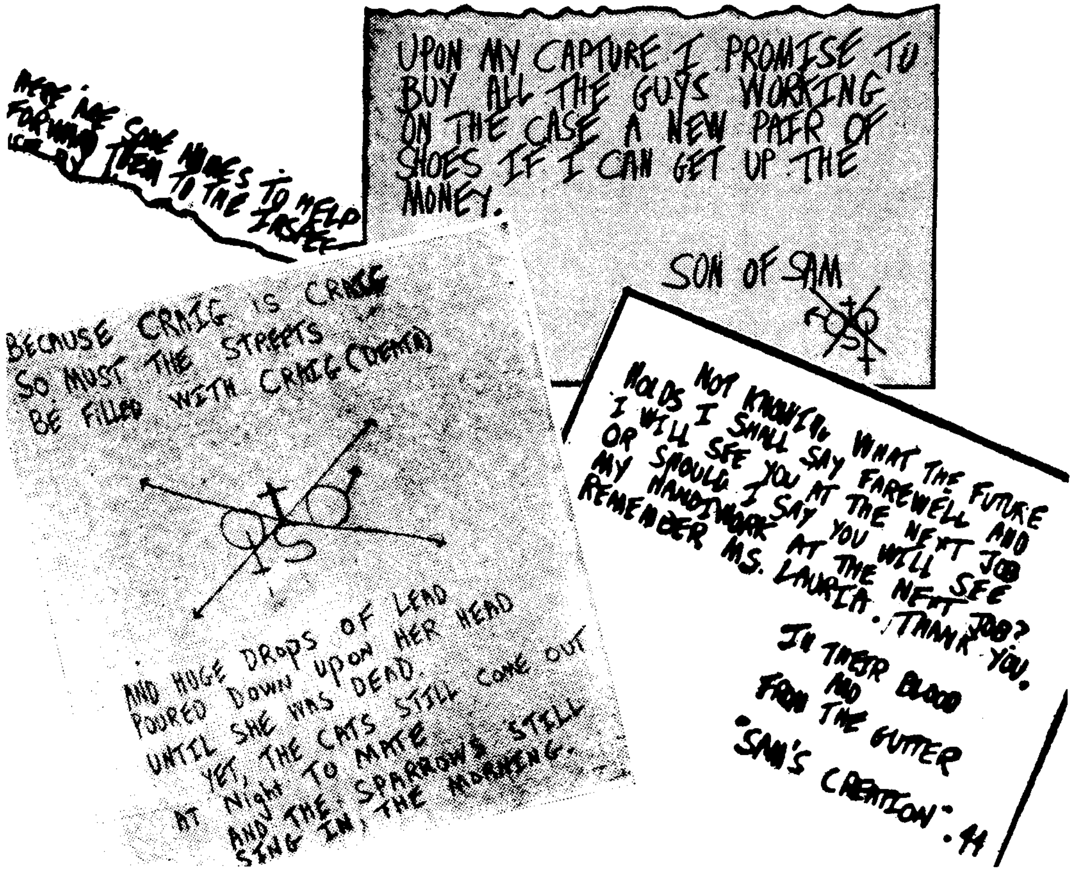
The fatally prophetic letter had been signed: 'Son of Sam, The Wicked King of Wicker and John Wheaties, Rapist and Suffocator of Young Girls.' On Christmas Eve 1976, Berkowitz admitted shooting a dog named Rocket whose owner resided at 18 Wicker Street. Two days later, some neighbourhood children discovered 3 German Shepherds slain on an aqueduct adjacent to Wicker Street. In May 1977 Berkowitz firebombed the home of Rocket's master (no one was injured). Judy Placido was shot and wounded from canon-like blasts of a Bulldog 44 one borough away from her residence at 2208 Wickham Avenue.

The word 'wicker' has many denotations and connotations one of which is 'to bend' as in the 'bending' of reality. It is also connected to sorcery through its derivative, 'wicca', and to human sacrifice through the ancient British tradition of death by fire in a wicker effigy. In April, 1977 an obscure 1972 Scottish film entitled *The Wicker Man* was 'privately' screened not far from the Son of Sam murder scenes. [2] One of those murders took place at about the same time. A note was left at the crime location. Investigations into the exact



date of *The Wicker Man's* exclusive premier and the contents of the murderer's communication are continuing.

The movie is about the ritual murder and depicts the sacrifice of a policeman by fire. It is dedicated to an aristocrat who does not exist and the writer and director can't recall the author or title of the book upon which it is based. A few weeks after its limited NYC showing, David Berkowitz admits he firebombed Joachim Neto's home at 18 Wicker Street. While Berkowitz was incarcerated 3 more German Shepherds were slain. One had its ear



HERE ARE SOME NAMES TO HELP
FORWARD THEM TO THE INSPEC

UPON MY CAPTURE I PROMISE TO
BUY ALL THE GUYS WORKING
ON THE CASE A NEW PAIR OF
SHOES IF I CAN GET UP THE
MONEY.

SON OF SAM

BECAUSE CRAIG IS CRAIG
SO MUST THE STREETS
BE FILLED WITH CRAIG (DEATH)

AND HUGE DROPS OF LEAD
POURED DOWN UPON HER HEAD
UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD.
YET, THE CATS STILL COME OUT
AT NIGHT TO MATE
AND THE SPARROWS STILL
SING IN THE MORNING.

NOT KNOWING WHAT THE FUTURE
HOLDS I SHALL SAY FAREWELL AND
I WILL SEE YOU AT THE NEXT JOB
OR SHOULD I SAY YOU WILL SEE
MY HANDIWORK AT THE NEXT JOB?
REMEMBER MS. LAURIA. THANK YOU.
IN THEIR BLOOD
AND
FROM THE GUTTER
"SAM'S CREATION" .44

mutilated by a precision cut. Two had chains tied around their necks. They were found on the aqueduct near Wicker Street.

Another enigma is the 'John Wheaties' monniker. None of the .44 killer's victims were actually physically raped or strangled.

A neighbour of Berkowitz, Sam Carr, had a son (a son of Sam) who was a son of Uncle Sam as well, at the US Air Force base in Minot, North Dakota. It was there that he died of an 'apparently' self inflicted gunshot wound (through the mouth) six months after the apprehension of his father's neighbour. His name was John Wheat Carr. Several weeks after his demise a new TV program hit the national airwaves. It was called *SAM* about a dog whose name was Sam and who took commands from the police. John Wheat Carr's sister worked for the Yonkers Police Department and had a black dog Berkowitz claimed gave him orders to kill. He said it was Sam. Actually its name was Harvey. There was a stage play and Hollywood film by that name (Harvey), about a man who obeyed an invisible rabbit. At one point in our 'story' Berkowitz phoned the Yonkers Police and John Wheat Carr's sister answered.

While Canis Major rose to its highest point in the sky David Berkowitz was arrested, according to official reports, because his black and white Ford 'Galaxy' automobile had received a parking violation in the vicinity of the Stacy Moskowitz murder. One of the first statements Berkowitz made repeated his belief that he was a 'dog'.

During his trial he assaulted 5 cops, sending 3 to hospital and skipped into the courtroom packed to the rafters with maimed and disfigured survivors and their families and in American schoolyard sing-song told the mother of Stacy Moskowitz: 'Stacy was a hoo-wer! Stacy was a hoo-wer!' (Stacy was a whore). NY's 'seen everything' press corps described him that day as 'an awesome terror'.

Berkowitz has a steady engagement (315 years) at Attica State Prison where he now denies he ever practiced the Attic Arts. He's studying yoga and astral projection and offers standard psychiatric explanations for his acts. He has condemned his lawyers and court-appointed conservator as 'greedy sensationalists' for their attempts to put together a Son of Sam book deal with McGraw-Hill. A Greenwich village artists commune, the Middle of Silence Gallery, has been designated as 'my voice' by the convicted murderer. This group is attempting to arrange an exorcism and claims to have located a willing Catholic priest. Ex-Jesuit Malachi Martin *(Hostage to the Devil)* attempted the same thing but was foiled by NY Archdiocesan authorities.

I wonder if ritual murders like this one are a kind of inverted greening rite on behalf of a sentience which breathes plutonium and resides at 3 Mile Island? The stale blood and 'spiritual' fecal matter mentioned in the infamous letter remind this writer of a degraded version of the *kalas* present during magical operations. Of course the entire case is littered with the trappings of ceremonial murder. Is this in anyway sponsored by the US gov't? Terry Paterson, an Army buddy of Berkowitz,states that when he said he was the Son of Sam he was trying to say he was the son of Uncle Sam. Are the NYC police sticking to the 'lone nut' notion because their vision is limited, or because their lives will be if they offer contrary conclusions? There does seem to be a pattern of circumstances linking officials to ritual murders in Rochester, NY, the hillsides of LA and the state of Washington as well as Jonestown and John Wayne Gacy. Further research into FOP onamatology [3] and its connection to Scottish Rite bridge symbolism as well as Kenneth Grant's intriguing remarks about Saturnian 'sacred police' in *Cults of the Shadow* are in order.

Meanwhile some researchers believe that David Berkowitz was a hypno-patsy and that the authentic awesome terror, the one who doesn't like publicity and didn't get any, is, as he wrote in his missive to Jimmy Breslin, '...still here. Like a Spirit roaming the night. Thirsty, hungry, seldom stopping to rest...'

Michael Anthony Hoffman

NOTES

1) [Statement made by employees at the Westchester Animal Shelter, at Mamaroneck, who said Berkowitz's companion resembled one of the earlier sketches issued by the police. He did all the talking while Berkowitz patted dogs. *D.Express* 15 Aug; *D.Telegraph* 16 Aug 1977. Part of the NYPD 300-strong task-force were reassigned to look for this accomplice, but as far as we can tell there were no developments — Ed.]

2) [As I was about to start work on Michael Hoffman's manuscript my eyes fell upon a scrap of paper lying on a desk at the *Dark They Were* bookshop. It was notice of the formation of an appreciation society for *The Wicker Man*, to campaign for the general release of the 102 minute version in place of the grossly mutilated 87 minute version released in the US, by British Lion in 1973. Those interested, contact David J Lally: 75A Richbourne Terrace, London SW8. — Ed]

3) FOP is a 'lost chord' transposition in the esoteric onomatology employed by the western technological imperium whose hierarchy at one time consisted chiefly of masons. It is a sinister perversion of the Tantric concept of *sandhabhasa*.

If language is a kind of music we can state that FOP is intended to be performed in a key other than the one in which it was apparently written.

FOP has at least two meanings in this twilight language. It is the initials of the FRATERNAL ORDER OF POLICE (whose symbol is a pentagram) as well as a variation on the *Lakak Deror Pessah* theme of the 15th and 16th degrees of the Scottish Rite having to do with Bridge symbolism. The usual letters inscribed on the mystery bridge are LOP (for Liberty of Passage) and, infrequently, FOP (for Freedom of Passage). According to Dr. Syntax, the latter has greater currency in the rituals of Palladian masonry and among certain Scottish Rite circles with strong ties to the Ku Klux Klan.

4) [Sources: *NY Daily News* June 1977, 7-9 May 1978; *Cinefantastique* 6:3 (Cr: Rich Crowe); *Yonkers Herald Statesman* 26-28 Feb, 1 March 1979 (Cr: Eric Offerman); *Spotlight* 7 Nov 1977; *Salt Lake Tribune* 18 Aug 1977; *New York Post* 22 Feb 1978 (Cr: Mae Brussell); *Chicago Tribune* 11 April 1978 (Cr: Thoth); James Shelby Downard's notes on onomatology.]

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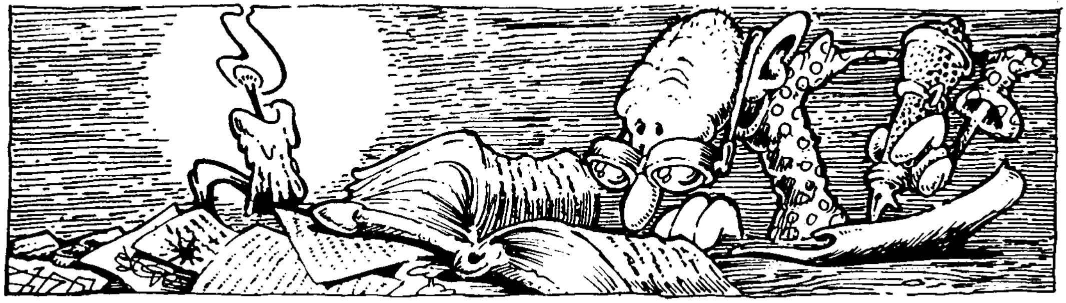

Hardbacks

THE LEY HUNTER'S COMPANION: Aligned Ancient Sites: a new study with field guide and maps *by Paul Devereux and Ian Thomson (Thames & Hudson 1979; £6.50 hb, pp216, index, bib notes, maps, photos.)*

Ley hunters have been awaiting this book eagerly: their first impression on glancing through it will be that the authors have devoted an impressive amount of time and energy to researching and compiling it. Its 216 pages are divided into two main sections, the first of 80 pages being a general introduction to the subject of leys: Watkins and the discovery of leys; ley definitions; similar features elsewhere than Britain; statistical confirmation; archaeological ignorance; related subjects such as UFOs, cosmology, folklore, dowsing; and, not least important, a detailed description of how to undertake accurate ley-hunting mapwork and fieldwork.

Part 2 comprises 41 English leys studied in detail, with maps, diagrams, and many photographs of ley points. Ley fieldwork is not always easy, which is why so many 'leys' are actually nothing more than map alignments. But Devereux and Thomson have got out of their armchairs and walked these leys, often finding exciting confirmations of their presence. They have even surveyed some of the leys from the air, and aerial photographs add an extra dimension to their thorough documentation.

My only criticism, and that not a harsh one, concerns their effort to link UFOs with ley points. I am not against the idea that the two may be linked, indeed I think it likely, but I do not consider that the evidence so far put forward does other than present a vague suggestion that UFOs are not coincidentally sighted above or close to ley points. There have been thousands of UFO sightings in England, and there are many ley points. It is impossible that UFOs do not sometimes pass over ley points, but that does not necessarily mean there is a link between the two. So for Devereux and Thomson to state, for example, 'The Malvern Hills have been the scene of some dramatic UFO sightings' and then briefly to describe two instances of UFOs seen in the area, with no specific linking to their Malvern ley, is misleading because similar instances repeated throughout the book will leave the reader with the impression that a definite link between UFOs and leys has been established. Whereas in fact there are few cases here of a UFO actually being sighted over a ley point. Also it is unfortunate that Devereux and Thomson make the claim 'Thus it was Stonehenge, symbolically, which provided the best visual evidence for the reality of UFOs.' The case to which they refer, a movie film taken in October 1977 and purporting to show UFOs, turned out to be highly controversial, and the opinion of investigators Peter Warrington and Jenny Randles (NUFON, June 1979, issue 61, p.3) is that 'the case is a result of possible observation of flares coupled with inconsistent witness testimony.' (A full report by Randles and Warrington appears in FSR vol. 24 no. 4.)

But the weakness of the UFO evidence in *THE LEY HUNTER'S COMPANION* does not detract from the book's other strengths, or the argument and proof put forward for leys. This book is the best champion leys have ever had. But even this is unlikely to stop archaeologists denigrating leys and ley-hunters. Listen to Aubrey Burl in his just-published book *Prehistoric Avebury:* 'Ley-liners draw impossibly accurate alignments from Avebury through Silbury Hill to a random barrow or church or mile-wide hill that God happened to place in the correct position.' (p.v) And: 'Ley-lines were first envisaged by Alfred Watkins, a brewery representative whose occupation may have contributed to the development of his ideas.' (p.201) A quite unnecessary slur on Watkins' character which seems rather weak ammunition against leys. Burl cannot resist other equally snide comments. Let us hope that some archaeologists will be open minded enough to read *The Ley Hunter's Companion,* to note especially the material on statistical evidence, and the activities of the ongoing Dragon Project. Active and intending ley-hunters *must*, of course, read the book. *Janet Bord*

THE WEREWOLF DELUSION *by Ian Woodward (Paddington Press 1979; $15.50 hb pp256 index, bib, illos).*

A comprehensive look at the werewolf enigma, assembling a considerable amount of material, much of it drawn from earlier works by Baring-Gould, Summers and O'Donnell. One is a little surprised at this last conclusion as O'Donnell's *Werwolves* is, to put it politely, dubiously unreferenced. This criticism apart, *The Werewolf Delusion* is a beautifully produced and profusely illustrated examination of virtually all aspects of werewolfery, including both lycanthropic delusion and allegedly 'real' werewolves. And drawing from sources as diverse as science and theosophy, Woodward also looks at a variety of explanations for the phenomenon, including rabies, astral projection and sorcery, without ultimately committing himself to any of them. Also included are chapters on the grip that the werewolf myth has on literature, the cinema, etc. While not greatly advancing the field of werewolf studies, it is certainly an excellent introduction to a fascinating subject. *SM*

POLTERGEISTS An Annotated Bibliography of Works in English, circa 1880-1975 by *Michael Goss (Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, NJ USA 1979; $15.00 hb, pp351, indexes; distributed in Britain by Bailey Bros & Swinfen, Folkestone, Kent, £11.25).*

To most people an annotated bibliography might seem the driest and most uninteresting of books, but to anyone with an interest in that subject such a book can be a myriad of blessings, and even, as in this case, evoke a scholar's delight.

Michael Goss has taken 1111 citations of cases, descriptions, reports, reviews and books dealing specifically or mainly with poltergeist phenomena and their alleged human agents, and arranged them by title and author alphabetically, and cross-referenced them with two indexes, one of proper names and the other of geographical details. This allows greater flexibility in usage; for example you could follow the debate on a particular issue, case or theory through the original reports and later discussion to reviews of books in which the case is later cited. Or perhaps you want the titles of all the works on poltergeists by Nandor Fodor, or to see whether Harry Price ever commented on the famous slowly falling stones of the Grottendieck case of Indonesia — it's all here. Already in my own work this reference book has saved me considerable time on bibliographic questions. Goss annotates most of the entries with a summary of the item, and, in the case of the books or analytical articles, even lists the chapter titles and the cases cited. Valuable summaries of arguments expressed in critical letters and reviews are also given. Scarecrow are to be commended for publishing this work, sure to become an indispensible and mandatory reference book among poltergeist researchers, and all others interested in occult manifestations or psychic research.

RJMR.

MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE: A Handbook of Astronomical Anomalies compiled by *William R. Corliss (The Sourcebook Project, Glen Arm, MD 21057, USA 1979; $15.95 hb, pp710, index, illos).*

The third volume of selections from the sourcebooks themselves, this one boasts over 500 articles and 120 illustrations on the subject of astronomical anomalies generally. For newcomers, or those living in the middle of the Gobi desert for the last four years, Corliss' Sourcebook has set itself the task of scavenging the extant publications for articles and data on topics, discoveries and phenomena on the fringes of known scientific knowledge. Corliss is a Fortean and has a particular eye for the sort of material that delights us. But his purpose is also serious, salvaging valuable, rare, pioneering and seminal work and descriptions that is normally difficult to locate or worse, becoming unavailable on microfilm 'because no one has ever asked for that volume, sir!', or actually disintegrating from old age. While the looseleaf format of the Sourcebooks themselves (write to Corliss at the above address for details) are suitable for most researchers and allow for the ongoing publication of additional material, there is a need on the general publications market, and for libraries, schools etc, for hardback editions — hence this volume joins the previous two thematic selections *Ancient Man*, and the *Handbook of Unusual Natural Phenomena.*

The chapters group the material under the following topics: the Sun; Vulcan, 'the lost intraMercurial planet'; Mercury; Venus; the environs of Earth; the Moon; meteors and meteorites; zodiacal light; Mars; Jupiter; Saturn; the planets beyond Saturn; enigmatic objects; comets; Bode's Law and other irregularities; stars, galaxies and cosmology. Most of the astronomical anomalies one can think of are represented here, and many others, including new discoveries by NASA and others. Recommended. RJMR

SUNGODS IN EXILE *by Karyl Robin-Evans (Neville Spearman 1979; £ 3.75 hb, pp150, photos).*

THE PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT *by Charles Berlitz & William Moore (Souvenir Press 1979; £4.95 hb, pp186, photos).*

Two fantastical books which, despite assurances by their authors of gospel truth, leave one with the disagreeable suspicion of a clever hoax. These books claim to be authentic but are told in the slick style of modern detective or thriller fiction, complete with all the now familiar literary devices — in fact so familiar that *déjà vu* overwhelms the narratives.

The 'Philadelphia Experiment' is the allegation, cited in sensational occult and UFO books, that in 1943 the US Navy experimented with a device based on Einstein's work, which rendered a ship in the naval dockyard at Philadelphia totally invisible, and, some say, teleported it to Norfolk, Virginia, and back,with disastrous effects on the crew. The story originally came to light when a mysterious Carlos Allende sent an angrily annotated copy of an early UFO book back to its author Dr Morris Jessup. Jessup investigated the allegations with the Office of Naval Research, and later apparently committed suicide. Since then the story has been a staple of UFO and Fortean books, although I note the absence of its use by Lobsang Rampa in the 'Chronological Bibliography'. Berlitz and Moore chronicle the devious twists and turns in the unfolding myth until the point where its complexity would collapse without material evidence and witnesses. As a result of years of research the authors claim to have interviewed several scientists, named by Allende, and uncovered a considerable amount of seemingly authentic corroborative evidence. As an exposition of the mystery I found the book a good read, but as usual with other modern books claiming to unveil vast governmental or military conspiracies, one is left with no tangible or unequivocal proof, only a series of impressions based on the authors' word. Interestingly, the authors themselves concur that if the 'Philadelphia Experiment' did not happen according to the legend, then *something* took place in the high security area of the Philadelphia Navy Yard in October 1943 that frightened a lot of scientists and military men into inventing this bizarre cover story. The issues are thus clarified but not resolved.

Another staple of UFO books and the 'Ancient Astronaut' enthusiasts is the story of the stone discs of Tibet which record, it's claimed, the forced landing of aliens who interbred with local tribesmen. This was effectively demolished by Gordon Creighton in *Flying Saucer Review* a few years back. *Sungods* claims to be a posthumous editing, by David Agamon, of the record of a secret expedition to Tibet in 1947 by the independently wealthy eccentric Oxford scholar Karyl Robin-Evans (already I'm suspicious). In an elegant and interesting if convoluted narrative, Agamon retells Robin-Evans' attempt to find the home of a mysterious metal plate, shown him by a Russian ethnologist who 'found' it while among the Dzopa tribe of Tibet. The disc tantalises us with a convenient conjunction of designs: a star (like the solar escutcheon of Churchward's *Mu*); a vessica shaped UFO; a dinosaur (?); a big-domed dwarf and two octopoid animals (or are they bugs?). Needless to say, our hero tracks down a whole set of plates in a secret temple, and comes away with the knowledge that the evolution of man on Earth was initiated by the original Dzopa, 'space-born rapists' from another world. Reads like Moorcock crossed with Von Daniken. *Caveat emptor.* RJMR.

UFOS AND RELATED SUBJECTS An Annotated Bibliography *by Lynn E Catoe (Gale Research Co., Detroit, Michigan 1978; pp410).*

First published in 1969 as a large-format paperback, this rich store of UFO sources has now been reissued in hard covers, with the addition of a short bibliography covering the later years up to 1976. As Leslie Shepard rightly says in his introduction to the new edition: 'This is the most comprehensive bibliography of Unidentified Flying Objects ever compiled.' The 1600+ items are arranged by subject, over 70 of them, ranging from Abductions to Selected Fiction, and including headings as diverse as Men in Black, Propulsion, Seductions, Solar System, and Hollow Earth Theory. The items are presented simply: author, title, place of publication, publisher, year, and number of pages; or in the case of articles: author, title, magazine, issue details, page numbers. Then follows a brief, but very useful, summary of the contents of the item.

Lynn Catoe is to be congratulated on her efforts in bringing together all the diverse material contained in this bibliography, which no serious UFO researcher should be without. It will lead him/her to much material he/she never knew existed.

Colin Bord

NIGHTMARE *by Sandra Shulman (David & Charles 1979; £6.50 hb, pp224, index, bib, lithographs).*

An entertaining and eclectic study of nightmares, vivid phantasies and the visions of delirium from the sleep of terrified children, convicted murderers, drug-addicted poets, nuns and monks, philosophers, drunks, archaic tribesfolk and modern man. Ms Shulman seems to have a Jungian bias while exploring, in a general way, the Freudian theory of dreaming related to stages of psychophysical growth, and interpreting the range of subjects (from sexual paranoia, murder and cannibalism to the more familiar but unspecified feelings of simple terror, anxiety and helplessness). Recommended, in spite of its generality, for the interesting sidelights it throws on the nature and content of hallucinatory experiences and their origins and effects. *RJMR*

ALIEN INTELLIGENCE *by Stuart Holroyd (David & Charles 1979; £5.95 hb, pp231, index, bib, photos).*

Perhaps the most disappointing of Holroyd's recent books. In the guise of a study of 'non-human intelligence' some very familiar material is warmed up and served with some elementary (or is it elemental?) mistakes. Hoping to shed light on the nature of human intelligence, which Holroyd expands to include spirituality, he gives us chapters on the intelligence of chimps, dolphins and other animals, computers and so-called 'artificial intelligence', the fairy beings (which Holroyd classes among the 'physical' non-human intelligences), and then on to the meat of the book, the contacts with bizarre and paradoxical entities through spiritualism, mediumship and other 'inspirational' methods including 'beings' claiming to be spirits of the dead, visitors from other planets, other dimensions of being and even gods themselves. A purely 'phenomenal' book in that little attempt is made to distinguish cause from effect, and in this case some careless thought on Holroyd's part leaves one unconvinced that some of the 'contacts' are anything more than psychological aberrations or effects, and the consequences of this are ignored in his enthusiasm to reach the concluding chapters on philosophy and theology. *RJMR.*

SURGEON FROM ANOTHER WORLD *by George Chapman (WH Allen 1978; £5.50 hb, pp185, photos).*

Ghost written (sorry) by Roy Stemman, this is an informative, well written and researched biography of George Chapman, whose success and fame as a psychic healer is attributed to the guiding spirit of the Victorian surgeon William Lang. This is a spiritualist orientated book in which the spirit hypothesis is not critically examined, and evidence of the survival of the identity of Lang is presented *de facto.* *RJMR.*

FOLKLORE OF THE SEA *by Margaret Baker (David & Charles 1979; £4.95 hb, pp192, index, notes photos).*

A very worthwhile and interesting assembly of sea-faring myths and folklore by a well-read folklorist. Chapters on building and naming ships, ships at sea, phantom ships and sailors, talismans and taboos, naval and seafaring customs, weather gods and lore, and curiosities of sailors' language. There is also the expected, but competant, summary of the sea-serpent controversy. Much Forteana is omitted, or neglected, but the book is better value than many other similar collections. *RJMR.*

FOLKLORE, OLD CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS IN SHAKESPERE LAND *by James H Bloom (Gale Research, Detroit, Michigan 1979; $11.00hb, pp167, index, notes).*

A reissue of Gale's 1973 edition, being a facsimile of Bloom's original of 1930. 20 chapters crammed with notes on the dress, customs, rhymes, antiquities and beliefs of Warwickshire regarding birth, marriage, baptism, building, death, the occult, fairs, work and the poor. *RJMR*

Paperbacks

INVENTORUM NATURA: (The Expedition Journal of Pliny the Elder) *by Una Woodruff (Paper Tiger 1979; £5.25, pp126, illustrated in full colour; introduction by John Michell).*

'All's fish they get
That cometh to net.'

Thomas Tusser: *Hundred points of good husbandry.*

Pliny was born in AD 23, and was susceptible to somewhat more than the inevitable vagaries attendant upon such an auspicious birthdate.

He was a dragon-buff, a UFO spotter, an explorer, a naturalist, an unnaturalist, and a world historian — a kind of Latin H.G. Wells, and the discovery of an unknown manuscript from his hand is a choice event, if not blitz heaven.

Rooting through the muniment room of a Somerset manor house in a quest for the 'locked library' of Glastonbury Abbey (hidden from the world at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and rumoured to have contained the works of several ancient authors lost since classical times, as well as many Celtic texts and Druidical records) John Michell uncovered a mouldy volume replete with faded anatomical drawings: *Inventorum Natura,* the journal of a scientific expedition conducted by Pliny the Elder in search of material for his *Natural History.*

A carbon-dating test unfortunately destroyed a couple of pages of the mss., but established its authenticity. The owner subsequently declaring that he will from now on refuse to allow the mss. into any hands other than his own, and 'never to have modern flim-flam' near him again — an opinion which Mr. Michell has clearly respected by concealing as far as possible the exact whereabouts of the library. Indeed if news of the damage leaked too widely there would be little hope for those American scientists who wish to turn sections of the Shroud of Turin into charcoal.

However, the bulk of this extraordinary piece survives: *The Expedition Journal of Pliny the Elder,* translated from the Latin, and with the original illustrations redrawn by Una Woodruff with visionary zeal.

If you know nothing else of Pliny, you will probably have heard the expression *In vino veritas,* an abbreviated version of his proverb: Vulgogue veritas iam attributa vino est, 'now truth is commonly said to be in wine,' and reading this book you get the impression that either every member of the expedition was stoned out of his head , or else they were witnessing and recording a totally different state of play.

It is a study of fringe biology, an account of creatures, which, as John Michell puts it in his preface, 'seems to be hovering on the borderline between a real and a phenomenal existence,' and it makes Darwin's beagling seem as mundane as a visit to Tescos.

There are hybrids of fish and butterflies, and hybrids of lions and ants which Bartholomew Glanville later noted in the fifteenth century: 'while to other animals it is only an ant, to ants themselves it is as if it were a lion.' There are bees that make molten gold instead of honey; Mantichorae — gigantic red lions with stinging scorpion tales, and which the poet Skelton believed fed exclusively on human brains. There are Griffins that guard the Mountains of the moon, and birds much like flamingoes that are generated by reeds: mixtures between plant and animal, near the source of the Nile, not dissimilar perhaps to the barnacle goose tree of the Orkneys, and the tree-goose of Lancashire.

There are terrifying Basilisks, which Pliny observes 'turn the countryside into desert wherever they live,' (possibly from his account, and his maps, the Gobi desert) 'The venom of their stare is so powerful that they can split rocks and scorch grass with a glance...and who continue their generation by laying eggs which are hatched by toads at the time of the Dog Star.' Later author insisted that its cradle and swaddling bands consisted of warm dung, others however attempted to discredit the creature's existence altogether:

'If the basilisk kills merely by being seen, then who has ever seen it?'
Jean Bodin, *Theatrum Naturae* (1596)

Fairly unanswerable unless Pliny had on board some Minerva's shield, some optical equipment which refracted the deadly glance. Doubtless he did, or else was immune. The basilisk, (also known as a cockatrice 'whose unavoided eye is murderous,') is perhaps an early incarnation of television. It's after all quite common to ask someone what they've just seen a moment ago on television, and for them to be quite incapable of recalling it. Pliny however was somehow able to remember without coming to any harm.

The expedition's first landfall was in Africa, from which, as Pliny remarked: *'Ex Africa semper aliquid nova'*, there is always something new. There are of course Pygmies, and Giants, but also the Machlyes who are of dual sex — not entirely strange to behold in view of the recent discovery of a Caribbean island that produces plethora of hermaphrodites who spontaneously become one sex or another at puberty.

The travellers also uncover a species of Anthropophagi, the Blemmyae, who have no heads, but faces in their chests, stemming from perhaps some dire gravitational quirk, and who feed on human flesh. Presumably the expedition felt uncomfortable in their presence since they shortly set sail for the coast of Arabia, sighting several sea monsters 'which we took at first to be small islands in the sea,' and dragons, as well as sea unicorns and sea spiders.

India yields an unusual snake plant: 'These,' Pliny reveals, 'bear white flowers which continually generate many thousands of small venomous snakes. The same plants caused the death of many men and horses during the expeditions of Alexander the Great.' There are Pegasi, of which little is known since they inhabit high mountainous regions; Unicorns, whose horns are sadly susceptible to the same superstitious vandalism as the rhinocerous nowadays; and double-headed serpents, the Amphisbaenae, of whom Pliny later drily commented in writing up these expedition notes in his *Natural History*, that it was 'as though one mouth were too little to discharge all its venom' and the name that he gave them has been retained by modern zoologists to describe a kind of legless tropical lizard, which can progress with either end foremost.

Pliny also inspired Aldrovandi in the Renaissance to make an extensive study of them which is included in his *History of Serpents and Dragons*, though he perhaps did them a disservice by anthropomorphising them. Aldrovandi compared the Amphisbaena to men of two minds, 'for,' he says, 'just as this abnormal snake having a head at each end used either end of its body for a tail, so the aforesaid men will follow the course most convenient for that.' The explanation of the Amphisbaena is simply perhaps that it persuaded its own DNA that two heads were better than one.

They then cross the Indian ocean to Malaya, and in the jungles there, 'filled with the fearful sound of hissing,' find that some of the creepers coiled around the trees are sinuously and sinisterly alive. There are also flesh eating plants that make John Wyndham's triffids seem as innocuous as daisies, and to whom the natives 'make human sacrifices so as to placate the spirits and gods of the forest.'

China is more prepossessing, and filled with dragons, which Pliny believed 'were bred in Aethyopia where the Asachei inhabit...' It was (according to the *Hortus Sanitatis*, Book 2, Chapter 48) thought that dragon's flesh cooled those who ate it 'therefore the Ethiopians who dwell on that burning coast gladly eat of the flesh of dragons.' But clearly being used as ice-packs was a somewhat churlish waste of their resources and they were wont to abandon their breeding grounds for the more appreciative climes, such as China.

Pliny later described their method of travel in his *Natural History*: 'they are inwrapped foure or five of them one within another, like to a hurdle or lattise-worke, and thus passe the seas to find out better pasturage, cutting the waves and bearing their heads aloft, which serve them instead of sailes,' (Holland's translation, 1601) and then, somehow or other, on reaching China become a mite more transcendental, being ruled, Pliny notes in the *Expedition Journal*, 'by kings who are immortal, and who communicate with each other over great distances without the use of words...' and able to 'become invisible and visible at will. Some which do not possess wings, are yet able to fly. Others have no ears, but are able to hear with their horns.'

In the land called Hyperborea (the land beyond the North Wind which, from Pliny's map given here, approximates possibly to Japan or even Greenland) the expedition is diverted by a utopia where 'all sorrow is unknown.' None of the inhabitants die naturally, but choose their time of death, which they celebrate with banqueting and rejoicing, terminating their lives by leaping from a certain rock into the sea, (presumably when nepenthe is in short supply). Pliny observes these strange rocks, riddled with simulacra of the dead.

There are again dazzling mutants which Pliny describes in his pedegogical and sometimes quite off-hand manner: insects generated by plants, butterfly plants, moth plants, and dragonfly plants, and edible frogs (the two-headed variety apparently being more palatable and promoting luck and fertility).

In order to prepare their ship for the journey into the 'freezing ocean of the North,' they return briefly to the mainland of Asia, to be entertained by views of Perytons in Northern China: 'These creatures have the heads and legs of deer and the wings and bodies of birds. Most curious is the fact that they cast the shadows of men instead of their own bodies. It is thought that if one of them succeeds in killing a man its genuine shadow is returned by the gods.'

Doubtless feeling that to have his shade recycled by a Peryton was a rather uncongenial form of immortality, Gaius Plinius Secundus moved further north, spending time with the Hyppogriffs, and succumbing to the charms of wolf-women with double pupils — the shamans of these barren regions (Mongolia perhaps, or even Siberia).

Reaching Northern Scythia they encounter a race of Flying Men, who regard the travellers' earth-bound bodies as most unusual, and then, in the Baltic Sea,they come across one of their rarest finds, the Kraken, something of a mixture between a commissar and an oil-tanker. 'They have a terrifying appearance,' Pliny notes, 'with multiple heads and strong tentacles capable of encompassing the largest ships. They are in the habit of discharging a dark liquid which blackens and poisons the sea,' (and Una Woodruff's accompanying illustration is exquisitely grotesque).

In later literature, notably the studies of the oddly named German scholar Olaus Wormius, who referred to them as *hafgufe*, it was believed that it was impossible to find a carcase of the Kraken, for the good reason that these creatures were reputed to live until the end of the world and that no instrument was able to terminate the life of so monstrous a creature. But it was perhaps not entirely malign:

Bartholinus tells an amusing story of how the Bishop of Midaros, travelling home to his own country from foreign parts, found what he took to be an island, and upon it erected an altar and performed Mass. But the island was, in reality, a Kraken which respectfully waited until the ceremony was over, and the prelate had departed before slowly sinking beneath the waves.

Should the reader be irritated by such fables, it is interesting to note that Linnaeus, a naturalist of considerable repute, catalogued the Kraken in the first edition of his *Systema Naturae* as *Sepia microcosmos*, a cuttlefish that was an epitome of the world (though he curiously omitted it from later editions).

Pontoppidan, in his *Natural History of Norway*, reiterated accounts of the Kraken's monumental proportions, but tried to cut it down to size by explaining it as merely a cross between a cuttle-fish and a polyp, though this fits Pliny's description to some extent.

Pliny must have been overwhelmed by the sighting (although his style of writing is emotionally frugal to say the least) since he had been regaled with accounts of the Kraken's existence by his friend Trebius Niger. Niger had told him of a great monster with enormous arms which emerged from the sea each night to gorge itself on the salted tuny in the curing ponds at Rocadillo in Spain. Understandably this annoyed the keepers of the fish ponds, and, as Pliny remarks in his chapter on the Kraken (in Holland's 1601 translation of his *Natural History*): 'in the end he gat himselfe the anger and displeasure of the masters of the said ponds and cisterns, with his continuall and immeasurable filching.' This predatory monster was finally set upon by savage dogs after a tremendous fight, it was killed, and its head taken to the local proconsul, Lucullus. The head was reported by Trebius Niger to be as big as a 90 gallon cask. The weight of the creature 700 pounds, and it had arms some 30 feet long. A shrimp however in comparison with Pliny's own sighting.

After relishing it, Pliny's ship, the *Aelgaibus*, moves on to the small islands off the coast of Northern Germany. *Aelgaibus* is a word for which I can find no translation, and no assistance is offered in the text.[...] is the closest to the prefix. The suffix *'gaibus,'* (if dividing them thus is indeed the right clue) eludes me in both Latin and Greek. However, ailinos in Greek means a durge, and perhaps it is appropriate, the expedition being, let us hope, a requiem for man's cataracted resistance to true discovery.

'Sometimes he angers me
with telling of the moldwarp
and the ant.'
Henry IV part I.

But this tale is not ill-told and would loosen the imaginative bowels of the most hardened rationalist.

Getting back on board Pliny's ship, *'duodecim servi fideles erant, qui propter fidum officium manumissi sunt.'* (crewed by twelve trusted slaves who have become free men in respect of their loyal service), they find that the Germanic islands are inhabited by a tribe of fishermen called Auriti, or All Ears 'whose ears are of such abnormally large dimensions that they cover their whole bodies. As a consequence they have extremely sharp hearing, being able to hear even the fishes beneath the sea,' and Enid Blyton would turn in her grave at the sight of the accompanying plate, XLIII, which portrays them.

Witches abound, using mandrakes ('so deadly is their magic that trained dogs are employed to dig up the plants',) Dragonium, the sap of which is 'used as a substitute to genuine dragons' blood,' and Devil's Orchids. After doubtless ingesting some of these recondite fruits much in the manner of Vikings high on Amanita they then set sail for Britannia, and what they find there is too tasty to squander in a shallow review. Suffice it to say that the Recording Angel would be insanely jealous of this prodigious saga as she stomps back to the typing pool. Una Woodruff's perspicuous paintings make Audubon look like Jackson Pollock, and she has reproduced the originals with auric glee. (Oddly, Synchronicity Studios have provided her with a similar name to Pliny's companion: Una Silyana, a possibly germinative detail, and certainly as Byron had it: 'A 'strange coincidence' to use a phrase / By which things are settled nowadays.'

'Eftsoones they saw
a hideous hoast array'd
Of huge sea monsters, such as living
sence dismay'd.'
Spenser, *The Faerie Queene.*

But these creatures expand the senses rather than dismay them. Is it true or is it false? I care not which trampoline delight chooses, but when pressed would fall back on St. Augustine: 'The important thing for us is to consider the significance of a fact, not to discuss its authenticity.'

Early zoos were exclusively priestly establishments. The strange animals kept in temples were vibrant gurus hinting at other modes of behaviour and development, and Pliny echoes this respectful awe. Later zoos became more secularised: 'It belongs to the position of the great,' wrote Matarazzo in the fifteenth century about regal Italian menageries, 'to keep horses, dogs, mules, falcons, and other birds, court jesters, singers, and foreign animals.' And such callous idiocy was becoming rife in Pliny's time; commenting on some forty elephants he'd sent for from Rome, Caesar commented: 'They will, of course, be no use except to make a show.'

It is to his credit that Pliny, unlike later explorers who were simply big-game hunters who could flirt with a foot-note, resisted this attitude. This is not to argue that such creatures are mystically beyond understanding, but that lack of understanding of them has caused them considerable harm — witness an early guide-book published in 1774, entitled *An Historical Description of the Tower of London and Its Curiosities* (its Curiosities being the animals kept in the Tower which was the progenitor of the London Zoo — the royal menagerie being moved to Regent's Park from there in 1834).

'We cannot quit this subject,' writes the anonymous author, 'without lamenting the loss of a fine large ostrich which lately died here...The vulgar error that the ostrich can digest iron has been long since exploded; for in the year 1569 the Morocco Ambassador to the States General, among other rarities, having brought over to Holland an ostrich, as a present, it died in Amsterdam in a few days by swallowing iron nails which the poplace threw to it, upon a presumption that it could digest them like other food; but the ostrich being opened, about eighty nails were found entire in its stomach.'

Posterity should be grateful that Pliny refrained from feeding nails to any of the creatures who posed for his bestiary. Neither did he capture any of them, shoot them or eat them (though several of them might not have been averse to kebabing him), and thus perhaps they might have felt free to continue living, much as the Loch Ness monster, the coelacanth, the hairy man-like creatures of the mountains of the Himalayas and North America, and the giant birds, resembling the thunder birds of traditional Indian folk lore, that have been sighted in recent years over many of the United States, as Mr. Michell pertinently suggests in his preface.

Pliny was not entirely above a certain human chauvinism, believing for example that if you burnt the feathers of a vulture, the smell had an inhibiting effect upon venomous serpents (as well presumably upon the vulture's aeronautical skills) and he appropriately received his just deserts for this lapse by being singed and suffocated by poisonous fumes while making excessively close investigation of an eruption of the volcano Vesuvius, in AD 79.

But on the whole he conducts himself very tolerably — the David Attenborough of the Dark Ages — and occasionally takes a mischievous pleasure in the dominance of 'animal' over 'man'. In describing the *remora*, a versatile sucking fish which the Greeks called (echeneis) or 'stay-ship', of which he reported that 'if it settle and stick to the keele of a ship under water, it goweth the slower by that means; whereupon it was so called. (And for that cause also it hath but a bad name in matters of love, for inchanting as it were both men and women, and bereaving them of their heat and affection in that way...)', a creature which seemed to the Schoolmen to work in much the same fashion as a lodestone drawing iron. Pliny takes an inordinate joy in chronicling the indignation of the wretched Caligula whose royal barque was totally banjaxed by these magical, and perceptive limpets. According to Pliny, Caligula minced up and down the deck spluttering like a camp Ahab, furious that 'so small a thing as this should hold her back perforce,' (his camp ship),' and check the strength of all his warriors notwithstanding there were no fewer than 400 lustie men in his galley that laboured at the ore, all that ever they could do to the contrary.'

Drawn towards more sympathetic hands however, the *remore*, whose virtue was accented by salt, could be persuaded, Niger informs Pliny, to 'draw up gold that is fallen into a pit or well, being never so deep, if it be let downe and come to touch it,' and happenchance the 'stay-ship' rewarded Pliny and Niger, its groupies, through its fiscal skills when in a beneficient mood.

Other contemporaries would not have been so privileged — here is Alexander Ross in his *Arcana Microcosmi*, in which he refutes Sir Thomas Browne's deflation of the phoenix, wherein the 'ancient sage', as he calls him, claims that the fabled bird is a conceit. Ross, in a chapter entitled *Dr. Browne's 'Vulgar Errors'* has a fine line, worthy of the Beast Liberation movement, after insisting that it is no wonder that the phoenix is so rarely seen, its instinct teaching it to keep away from man, the great enemy of all creatures.

> *'Had Heliogabalus, that Roman glutton, met with him, he had devoured him, though there were no more in the world!'*
> (London, 1651)

And the observation was based on the fact that the Roman Emperor was reputed to have given orders for the elusive bird to be captured and served up to him as a meal, since it was thought that a man would take on the attributes of what he ate; therefore, if he could only eat an immortal creature such as the phoenix he would as a result become immortal himself.

The phoenix has eluded butchers' shops, whose clients have had to make do with digesting, and reducing to their lowest common denominator, the qualities of pigs, chickens, sheep and cows, which fortunately do not guarantee longevity.

John Michell concludes: "Several of the human races, animals and plants, described here in Pliny's *Journal* and figured in Una Woodruff's reconstructions, have never since been recorded and must be considered, temporarily at least, to be extinct. Others have been sighted at various times up to the present day and may be due for future revival. This question is most properly left for the consideration of experts in fringe biology. It is hoped that their studies will be considerably advanced by the publication of this newly revealed manuscript, and that scholars, naturalists and all lovers of antique curiosities, will find pleasure and instruction in the unique glimpse of natural history in the ancient world here provided.

Pleasure indeed abounds, together with hyperspatial hints as to how to track down these paragons from supernature.

> *"It is a sottish presumption to disdain and condemn that for false which unto us seemeth to bear no show of likelihood or truth."*
> Montaigne, *Essays*

but the penultimate word should be Pliny's — at the end of this stunning manuscript he declares: "Hail, Nature, mother of all creation, and mindful that I alone of the men of Rome have praised thee in thy manifestations, be gracious unto me." Mum's the word.

The leopard has changed his spots.

"Why," said the Dodo, in Alice, "the best way to explain it is to do it." And the only way to discover what Pliny and Una Silvana did and observed and explained is to walk into your nearest bookseller dressed as a Hydra and poultice 666 copies out of them, with 666 hot and scaly hands, before conducting such an expedition yourself.

Heathcote Williams

MESSENGERS OF DECEPTION: UFO Contacts and Cults

by Jacques Vallee (And/Or Press, Berkeley, California 1979; $6.95 pb, pp243, index, notes, photos — available in Dark They Were *bookshop, London and others, £3.95).*

Jacques Vallee's latest book, *Messengers of Deception*, is not so much about flying saucers as the effect that such phenomena have on society at large. His first two books, *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* and *Challenge to Science* objectively analyzed UFO reports and the history of the phenomenon. *Passport to Magonia*, widely acclaimed as a classic of UFOlogy, was published in 1969 and marked a radical departure for the researcher; a departure which led him to consider the similarities, and in some instances exact parallels, between flying saucer stories and the medieval tradition of fairies and little people. This venture into comparative mythology and folklore, combined with Carl Jung's book *Flying Saucers* and the writings of John Keel, helped pave the way to the current parapsychological approach taken by some modern-day researchers. The investigation into the psychological reality of the UFO experience was continued in *The Invisible College*, where Dr Vallee developed the thesis that paranormal phenomena, such as UFOs, sightings of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and encounters with unusual entities, represented part of a gigantic control system, through which human beliefs, ideals, and thought patterns were slowly being altered. If this is true, he argued with insight, we should be earnestly studying the subliminal and powerful effects that the UFO experience has on the percipient, society, and our general world-view.

Messengers of Deception, a continuation of this approach, is concerned with the negative and sinister aspects of the phenomenon, and how the UFO — religious symbol par excellence of popular culture — exerts its social influence through various media. *Messengers* is aimed at a large audience, and an audience it will surely find. It is well written, fast-paced, and carries considerable impact. And while all this is true, the book has its rough spots. . .

Carl Jung, the psychoanalyst, thought it highly significant that flying saucers should appear after two terrible world wars, when the traditional religions had lost much of their social-shaping influence. After the word 'flying saucer' entered the world vocabulary in 1947, the next interesting development to take place in the UFO arena was the appearance of the contactees: individuals who had claimed contact with the spaceships-upon-high, assorted and sundry Ascended Masters, the ever benevolent Space Brothers, and other types of astral excrement. There can be no doubt that the murky esotericism of the contactees represented a genuine, if sorely misguided, brand of religious impulse, and a large portion of Vallee's book is devoted to exploring the revolutionary motifs of this schizoid fringe.

Messengers is not on a par with Vallee's earlier writings, for, on the most basic level, the book is a warning against contactees and UFO cultism. Such a warning is more valid today than it has ever been, with the failure of orthodox science and religion to meet human needs, and the related proliferation of fringe groups and 'cults of unreason.' However, I found myself frequently wishing that Vallee would devote less space to the bleary-eyed devotees of the Saucer Religion, by fully developing the fascinating theoretical snippets that are dropped bombshell fashion throughout the course of the book.

Even more frustrating is Vallee's relationship with the mysterious 'Major Murphy,' a certain (anonymous), ex- US Intelligence official, which gives the book, in places, the flavour of a political espionage novel. In following up some of the Major's ideas, Vallee develops the hypothesis that belief in UFOs is being manipulated for political ends by certain human groups ....one of the few conspiracy theories *not* included in Wilson & Shea's *Illuminatus*! It is an interesting hypothesis, and the potential is certainly there, but I couldn't avoid feeling that the 'Major' had deceptive intentions of his own.

Despite these difficulties, *Messengers* is an important book; it is; without a doubt, the foremost work to appear on the sociology of UFO cultism and all the dangers implicit in giving one's mind over to 'higher intelligences.' Having demonstrated the demonic aspects of flying saucer cultism, Vallee refreshingly discusses, at the end of the book, the worthwhile result of man's confrontation with the UFO phenomenon. It is a personal theory, involving a variant of current physics, which transcends the Cartesian split between mind and matter, and points to fascinating relationships which may exist between consciousness and the physical world. It is here that Dr Vallee's brilliance shines through, and one can only hope that his next book is set against the background of this emerging paradigm, rather than the tragic delusions of the Space Brother religionists. *David Fideler*

EGYPTIAN RELIGION *by E.A. Wallis Budge (RKP, 1979; £2.50, pp214, illus)* EGYPTIAN MAGIC *by E.A. Wallis Budge (RKP, 1979; £2.50, pp254, illus)*

Two classic works, first published in 1899, now available in paperback. *Religion* deals largely in theory and belief, *Magic* in practice, both ceremonial and mundane; and though neither is indispensable to the other, they read better as a pair, taking *Religion* first, though *Magic* will probably be of more interest to Forteans. Both contain much interesting source material drawn from original Egyptian papyri, especially from the 'Book of the Dead', though the author translates and writes in a somewhat archaic style. His dating of the various dynasties should be treated with care, however; he places the First Dynasty at about 4,300 B.C.; more modern opinion at 3,100 B.C., and consequently compresses the following dynasties in turn. That apart, fascinating reading. *SM*

WORLDS BEYOND The Everlasting Frontier *edited by the New Dimensions Foundation (And/Or Press, Berkeley, California 1978; $6.95 pb, pp301, resource directory, illus).*

An introduction to the uninitiated into a variety of subjects including UFOs, space colonies, cryonics and life extension, as well as extraterrestrial life. The anthology is made up of 27 mini-chapters (or 'sequences') written by a myriad of space age popular culture heroes, some of the more well-known being Stewart Brand, Gerald O'Neil, Robert Anton Wilson, Buckminster Fuller, and even Timothy Leary. Writing within the realm of UFOlogy are Hynek, Stanton Friedman, Vallee and more. Unfortunately, the short length of the various 'sequences' make it impossible for the writers to develop any new, interesting arguments and the book is characterized by repetition of time-worn information. Also included is a resource directory, although we find no reference to *Flying Saucer Review* within the listing of UFO publications...even though Charles Bowen and Gordon Creighton are interviewed within the text! While being attractively produced, the book consists of light reading material aimed at the general public...Still, it might make a nice gift. *DRF*

PSYCHIC ARCHAEOLOGY *by Jeffrey Goodman (Panther 1979; £1.50, pp256, bib.)*

In 1971 Jeffrey Goodman, an archaeology student, had a vivid dream about excavating an important new site. In his book he recounts the story of finding this site at Flagstaff, Arizona, with the aid of Aron Abrahamson, a talented psychic. It is a fascinating story which shows an archaeologist finding confirmation of some astounding predictions about New World prehistory. This story alone makes *Psychic Archaeology* well worth reading. The author also includes chapters on pioneers in psychic archaeology (Bond, Cayce, and Ossowiecki), but he doesn't add very much to our understanding of them. Mr Goodman is on surer ground when he discusses his own particular interest, which is methods of training psychics to assist archaeologists, and ways of testing the accuracy of their predictions. It is to his credit that at all times he sympathises with the psychic and understands the strain imposed by his experiments.

This book is recommended to all archaeologists particularly in Britain where official resistance to psychic archaeology is strong. However, Forteans must wait a little longer for archaeologists to ask more interesting questions about the *nature* of psychic archaeology. What kind of information are psychics retrieving? Is Mr. Goodman's notion of the archaeologist training the psychic the wrong way round? It is tempting to picture excavations of the future with psychics as directors and archaeologists as shovels!

Valerie Thomas

STORIES ABOUT NOT BEING AFRAID OF GHOSTS *Compiled by the Institute of Literature of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences (Foreign Languages Press, Beijing, 1979; 45p, pp92, illus)*

'There are no ghosts. Belief in ghosts is a backward idea, a superstition and a sign of cowardice.' Thus, peremptorily, begins the preface, and continues in the same hilariously doctrinal fashion for 16 pages! That out of the way, we have 35 short tales, arranged in chronological order, from Chinese literature of the 3rd to 19th centuries, all chosen on the theme of disbelief in, or defiance of, ghosts. A fascinating insight into the Chinese *conceptions* of ghosts, although the later stories are quite obviously fictional. The earlier ones are fair game for differing opinions. With numerous illustrations in the Chinese style.

SM.

THE DRAGON *by Francis Huxley (Thames & Hudson 1979; £2.95, pp96, bib, photos, illus).*

Yet another beautifully illustrated and worthwhile book in T&H's marvellous 'Art & Imagination' series. In this volume Huxley examines the dragon in all its forms as a symbol of 'the nature of spirit' and 'the spirit of nature', drawing on dragons in myths of all cultures, alchemical and dream symbolism and illustrated by photographs and drawings from manuscripts, frescos and paintings to embroidered robes, porcelain and sculpture. A delight.

RJMR.

UFOs *by Bob Rickard, illustrated by Geoff Taylor (Scimitar/Archon Press 1979; 40p, pp32. Published in USA by Gloucester Press, NY; $1.00.)*

This beautifully illustrated children's book, besides introducing the reader to many aspects of the UFO puzzle, succeeds admirably in capturing the dream-like wonder of flying saucers. Included for the young reader are outlines of mystery airships, alien beings, UFO shapes, powers, and abductions, and even the sinister men-in-black. Many theories are examined, but the reader is encouraged to keep an open mind and think for himself. This would make a nice gift for youngsters who aren't easily frightened, as well as a fine addition to anyone's UFO collection. Recommended. *DRF*

Booklets

MYSTERY STALKS THE PRAIRIE *by Roberta Donovan & Keith Wolverton (THAR Institute, Raynesford, Montana 59469, USA 1976; price unknown, pp110, photos - available in UK from Suzanne Stebbing mail order).* **CATTLE MUTILATION:** The Unthinkable Truth *by F Smith (Freedland Publishers, Cedaredge, RR1 Box 34, Cedar Mesa, Colorado 81413, USA 1976; price unknown, pp78 - available from Page Research mail order).*

Both these books tell the strange story of cattle mutilations (mutes) which have been taking place in over 20 American states during the past few years. There can be no doubt that the cattle *are* mutilated, not the victims of predators, and that the mutilations are expertly performed. This fact is made absolutely clear in *Mystery Stalks The Prairie,* by means of veterinarians' tesimony and a number of colour photographs, including close-ups ofmutilations. In this book it is mainly the situation in Montana which is described, but it is representative of the situation throughout the mutilated states. As well as the actual wounds, other features of the phenomena are described: lack of tracks, even in ploughed fields and snow; the refusal of predators to eat corpses after mutilation; mysterious helicopters seen in the vicinity, also UFOs and big hairy creatures. The main theories are also discussed briefly, that is, religious or satanic cults, and UFOs — but the authors, and the law enforcement officers, are frankly baffled.

Not so F. Smith. He knows the answer, and sets out to tell us in *Cattle Mutilation, The Unthinkable Truth.* Whether we accept what he says depends on our attitude towards his 'evidence', but he is too dogmatic for me. I object to his continued reference to 'extraterrestrials', everyone who has thought about it at all must realise that we cannot be so sure where Ufos come from; his frequent references to Jesus to help make a point; his belief that 'out of respect for the human form, God's image, they'd never dissect human bodies no matter how much might be learned from that', and his implied belief that it's OK to dissect animals, a morality I find it impossible to accept. It's a pity his book had to degenerate into the rantings of a closed mind, because the first half is quite a useful rundown of the mutes situation, in which he makes some interesting points —that the mutilators obviously wish their handiwork to be discovered, so it probably has a message for us; that if UFOs are involved, all the weird aspects of mutes are acceptable if still not understood, for UFOs seem to be capable of anything.

Neither book has the answers, but both have plenty of facts, and both are instructive if somewhat gruesome reading on what appears to be yet another aspect of the multifarious UFO phenomenon. **JB.**

QUATERNION: A Textbook for Tomorrow (with the essay THE EATER OUT OF CHAOS) *by Dave Reissig (published by the author from: Hitheryon House, PO Box 452, Syracuse, NY 13201 USA, 1979; £1.75/$3.00 pb, refs, diags.)*

Quaternion is an integrative synthesis about the search for an inclusive and holistic world-view. It is based on the quaternity of Jung's psychological types, and the four corresponding levels of human expression — physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual. Included is an interesting section on Fortean phenomena, other portions being devoted to the author's thoughtful consideration of current-day social and political problems, which he traces to our particular mode of seeing reality.

The Eater Out Of Chaos is a fascinating, visionary essay about the Western cult of the ego, and the problematic dualism of non-existence and being. This book is full of stimulating ideas, and I recommend it highly. *DF.*

MASONIC ASSASSINATION *compiled by Michael Anthony Hoffman (Rialto Books, Box 343, Geneva, New York 14456, USA 1979; $5.99, airmail $2 extra, pp29, illos).*

A masterly piece of research and concise writing, presenting the known facts of the infamous assassinations in which the Freemason movement in America was directly and indirectly implicated. The victims were William Morgan, Joseph Smith (founder of the Mormon Church) and Edgar Allan Poe. Hoffman's portrait of the impotence of the Catholic Church is grim, its once vigorous resistance to Masonry now thoroughly undermined by the infiltration of high-ranking masons into the college of cardinals itself (the revised Mass goes under the title 'Novus Ordo' derived, it is argued, from the masonic motto 'Novus Ordo Seclorum') — and the only power on the world-stage capable of keeping the masons in check is the Mormon Church. Erudite appendices discuss 'Alchemy in Dallas', 'Masonic Jurisprudence' and the symbolism of beheading. *RJMR.*

Classified Exchanges

FORTEAN

CHAOS — a quarterly review devoted to Fort's cases and sources recommended to serious Forteans. Available for single issues or subscription at $2.00/£1.00 per issue. Published by Mr X's 'Res Bureaux': Box 1598, Kingston, Ontario K7L 5C8, Canada.

FATE — the oldest continuously published journal of articles on UFOs, psychic topics, mysteries and Forteana. Monthly by subscription or on news-stands: singles 40p/$1.00, or $10.00/yr (Overseas $11.00). Fate Magazine: 170 Future Way, Marion, CH 43302, USA.

FORTEANA — a very well produced Fortean newspaper, quarterly in Danish. Write for details. SCANFO: Classensgade 8, DK-2100, Kobenhavn 0, Denmark.

LANTERN — quarterly journal of the Borderline Science Investigation Group of East Anglia, covering the regional Forteana and antiquities. £1.00/yr (overseas rates on application). BSIG: 3 Dunwich Way, Lowestoft NR32 4RZ.

MICHIGAN ANOMALY RESEARCH — irregular (you know what we mean) report on current Michigan investigations. Available in return for services or equipment, or $5.00/4 issues. MAR: Box 1479, Grand Rapids, MI 49501, USA.

NESSLETTER — monthly newsletter on sightings, personalities and expeditions at Loch Ness. £1.75 $7.00 (other countries on application). Ness Information Service: Huntshieldford, St Johns Chapel, Bishop Aukland, Co Durham.

PURSUIT — another essential journal for any serious Fortean who considers himself informed. Published quarterly by the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, with in-depth, analytical, speculative and investigative articles on all modern Forteana. $10.00/yr (Overseas: $12.50 surface, $15.00 airmail). SITU: Membership Services, RFD 5, Gales Ferry, CT 06335, USA.

RES BUREAUX BULLETIN — a regular and frequent newsletter digest of Canadian and other Forteana, from Mr X, available on exchange or for clippings. Res Bureaux: Box 1598, Kingston Ontario K7L 5C8, Canada.

SCIENCE FRONTIERS — a brief digest of relevant articles in scientific literature, accompanying a list of mail-order Fortean books. The Sourcebook Project, Box 107, Glen Arm, MD 21057, USA.

SECOND LOOK — one of three professional mags who have the foresight to exchange with us. Published monthly; articles by 'big names' on UFOs, Sirius-type mysteries, space flight & colonization, and consciousness engineering. Singles $2.00; or $20.00/yr. Second Look: 10E Street SE, Washington DC 20003, USA.

SIS REVIEW — specialist journal devoted to scholarly discussion of cometary chaos, geological upheaval and chronological anomalies in antiquity, and other themes from the work of Velikovsky. Published quarterly by the Society for Interdisciplinary Studies; write for details. SIS: 6 Jersey House, Cotton Lane, Manchester M20 9GL.

SPECULA — quarterly journal of the American Association of Meta-science, covering frontline speculation on the new physics, psychotronic warfare, UFO energies and the physics of psychic healing. Write for details. AAMS: Box 1182, Huntsville, AL 35807, USA.

STIGMATA — report on Project Stigma, the continuing investigation into cattle mutilations and attendant mysteries; published one issue at a time at $1.00. Project Stigma: Box 1094, Paris, Texas 75460, USA.

TYCHONIAN SOCIETY BULLETIN — journal of a group of orthodox Christian scholars who uphold the belief in a geocentric isotropic universe. Write for details. Tychonian Society: 14813 Harris Rd, RR 1, Pitt Meadows, BC VOM 1PO, Canada.

VESTIGIA NEWSLETTER — quarterly journal of an active investigatory Fortean group in New Jersey. Write for details. Vestigia: RD 2 Brookwood Rd, Stanhope, NJ 07874, USA.

UFOS

APRO BULLETIN — monthly journal of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organisation, possibly USAs most respected and longest established UFO research body. Membership: $12.00 (Overseas $15.00 surface, $17.50 airmail). APRO 3910 E Kleindale Rd, Tucson, AZ 85712, USA.

AWARENESS — quarterly journal of Contact (UK), current investigations. Write for details. Contact (UK): 19 Cumnor Road, Boars Hill, nr Oxford, Oxon.

BUFORA JOURNAL — quarterly journal of the British UFO Research Association. Reports & investigations. Write for details. BUFORA: 30 Vermont Rd, Upper Norwood, London SE19 3SR.

CLYPEUS — a bimonthly journal of mysteries, in Italian, with a supplement *UFO & Fortean Phenomena* featuring translations into Italian of major articles in other languages. Write for details. Clypeus/Gianni Settimo: Casella postale 604, 10100 Torino, Italy.

EARTHLINK — quarterly journal of reports and investigation from Essex-based group. £2.50/yr (Overseas £4.00/4 issues). Earthlink: 16 Raydons Road, Dagenham RM9 5JR.

IL SENZATITOLO — a review journal in Italian. Write for details. Il Senzatitolo: Box 240, 42100 Reggio Emilia, Italy.

INFORESPACE — glossy bimonthly journal of reports, photo-analysis and investigations from the premier Belgian UFO group. Write for details. SOBEPS: Ave Paul Janson 74, 1070 Bruxelles, Belgium.

INTERNATIONAL UFO REPORTER — monthly review of cases reported to the Center for UFO Studies, edited by J Allen Hynek. $12.00/yr (Overseas: $15.00 surface, $22.00 airmail). IUFOR: 1609 Sherman Ave, Suite 207, Evanston, IL 60201, USA.

IRISH UFO NEWS — quarterly reports and investigations of Irish cases. £3.00/yr or for exchange. Irish UFO Research Center: 4 Copeland Drive, Comber, Co Down, N Ireland BT23 5JJ.

JOURNAL OF TRANSIENT AERIAL PHENOMENA — a new journal by the Research Dept of BUFORA, devoted to the technicalities of UFO research, data analysis and scientific studies. Inquire at the BUFORA address above.

LES EXTRATERRESTRES — glossy French journal of reports & investigation. Write for details. Les Extraterrestres: Saint Dennis Les Rebais, 77510 Rebais, France.

MUFOB — Britain's worldbeating quarterly of alternative UFOlogy — one more issue to go and then it reincarnates as *Magonia* with an even wider brief for the review and discussion of the paraphysical, psychological and mythological dimensions of UFOlogy. £1.75/yr (Overseas airmail $4.00). MUFOB: 64 Alric Ave, New Malden, Surrey KT3 4JW.

MAPIT SKYWATCH — quarterly review and reports journal of Manchester research group. Write for details. MAPIT: 92 Hillcrest Rd, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5SE.

NORTHERN UFOLOGY — monthly newsletter from affiliated groups in northern Britain with digests of their reports and investigations. Write for details. NUFON: 23 Sunningdale Drive, Irlam, Salford, M30 6NJ.

NOTIZIARIO UFOLOGICO ACOM — review journal in Italian. Write for details. Paolo Toselli: Spalto Borgoglio 45, 15100 Alessandria, Italy.

NYHETSBLAD — review journal of the Swedish archive group Arbetsgruppen For Ufologi, in Swedish. Write for details. AFU: Box 5046, 151 05 Sodertalje 5, Sweden.

TIJDSCHRIFT VOOR UFOLOGIE — review journal of the Dutch group NOVOBO, in Dutch. Write for details. NOVOBO: Lange Akker 28, 9982 HL Uithuizermeeden, Holland.

UFO NEWSCLIPPING SERVICE — 20 page monthly collection of that month's UFO reports from worldwide (mainly USA) papers plus some Forteana. For details and sample write UFONS: Route 1, Box 220, Plumerville, AR 72127, USA.

UFO OHIO journal and newsletter of Ohio and environs reports and investigations plus articles on UFOs and Forteana. $9.00/6 issues. Also publish the *UFO Ohio Yearbook 1979* featuring evidence on alleged UFOs and occupants in US military custody; $3.00. UFOIN: Box 5012, Rome, OH 44085, USA.

VIMANA — glossy Spanish journal on all subjects relating to UFOs, in Spanish. Write for details, or for exchange. CIOVE: Rualasal 22, Santander, Spain.

PSI

ALPHA — steadily improving newsstand bimonthly overview on UFOs, Psi, Earth Mysteries and Forteana, with some spiritualistic bias. £4.75/yr. Pendulum Pub. Co: 20 Regent Street, Fleet, Hants GU13 9NR.

EVP NEWS — monthly newsletter devoted to study of electronic voice phenomena. £1.20/yr (overseas airmail £4.50). Alan Cleaver: 12 Lime Tree Ave, Old Bilton, Rugby, Warks CV22 7QT.

PREMONITION TIMES — new monthly news and discussion journal and premonition bureau. $18.00/yr, single issue $1.75. Premonition Times: Box 82863, Lincoln, NB 68501, USA.

EARTH MYSTERIES

ANCIENT SKILLS AND WISDOM REVIEW — irregular journal of book and magazine reviews. Single issue 50p, or £2.00/yr. Paul Screeton: 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 2AT.

ARCHAEOASTRONOMY — bulletin of the Center for Archaeoastronomy; reports, news, reviews, articles. Write for details. Center for Archaeoastronomy, Space Sciences Building, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742, USA.

CATASTROPHIST GEOLOGY — half-yearly review of work and study of discontinuities in Earth history and geology. $10.00/4 issues (add $3.00 for airmail). Johan B Kloosterman, Caixa Postal 41 003, Santa Teresa, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

IGNEWS — bimonthly newsletter of Manchester area cryptogeologists. 25p/copy, £2.10/6 issues. IGNews: BM Bulletin, London WC1V 6XX.

JOURNAL OF GEOMANCY — quarterly journal of the Institute of Geomantic Research. 60p/copy, £3.00/yr. IGR: 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambridge CB3 8SD.

KADATH — glossy quarterly Belgian journal devoted to aspects of vanished civilizations, in French. Write for details. Kadath: 6 Boulevard Saint-Michel, B-1150 Bruxelles, Belgium.

THE LEY HUNTER — bimonthly journal of earth mysteries (soon to be quarterly), essential for keeping informed on ley and earth energy research. £3.00/yr (Overseas: £3.60 surface, $9.00 airmail). TLH: Box 152, London N10 2EF.

NEARA JOURNAL — quarterly journal of the New England Antiquities Research Association. $5.50/yr. NEARA: 11 Elizabeth Court, North Kensington, RI 02852, USA.

TERRESTRIAL ZODIACS NEWSLETTER — occasional. Free for donations, stamps or written contributions or exchange. Paul Screeton: 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 2AT.

OTHERS

FANTASY MEDIA — news and reviews of fantasy films, tv, books, comix and magazines; apx 5 times a year. £3.00/yr (Overseas: $11.00 airmail). Fantasy Media: 194 Station Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE.

GNOME NEWS — newsletter of the Gnome Club of Great Britain; 3 times a year. Membership £2.50/yr (Overseas £3.50/yr). Gnome Club: West Putford, Devon EX22 7XE.

JOURNAL OF METEOROLOGY — monthly review and record of weather phenomena for UK, Europe and worldwide; much of interest to Forteans. £9.50/yr (Overseas: $22.00 surface, $28.00 airmail). Artetech Pub Co: Cockhill House, Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 9BG.

JUST MEASURE — newsletter of the anti-metrication lobby. Write for details. Anti-Metrication Board: Stroude Manor, Blackstroude Lane, Lightwater, Surrey.

KINGDOM VOICE — monthly newsletter on Biblical prophecy. £2.00/yr (Overseas: $5.00). Reginald Bradbury: Riverside Cottage, Bridgend, Harpford, Sidmouth, Devon EX10 0NG.

LIGHT TIMES — an enigmatic journal of iconoclasm with a side order of humour, spun off *Illuminatus!*. Write for details. Light Times: 615 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, CA 90291, USA.

NEUROLOG — occasional journal of The Network and the Corps of Reality Engineers. Much Fortean fun. Write for details. The Network: Box 317, Berkeley, CA 94701, USA.

SITU...

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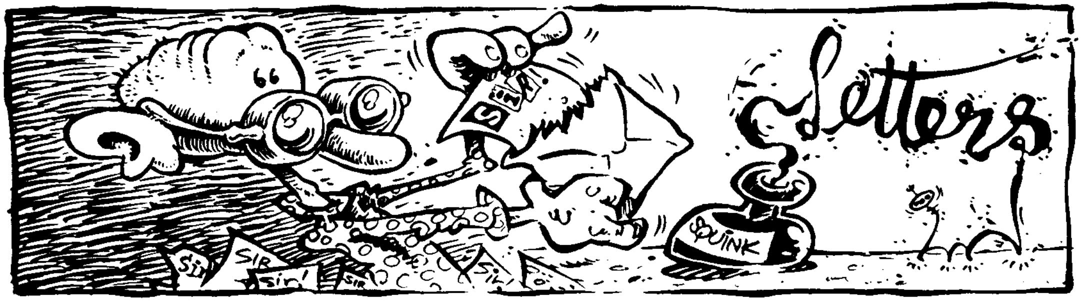


Frogs Provençal

I must tell you a story that, although somewhat disappointing to begin with, has a highly instructive ending that would have delighted Charles Fort.

First the bad news: frogs did *not* fall out of the sky for three days at Chalon-sur-Saone in 1922. [See Fort p546] True, Fort's source — the front page of the *Daily News* of 5 September 1922 — said they did, but I have discovered that this was a journalistic fantasy.

Reasoning that the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* must have picked the story up from a local newspaper, I wrote to the editor in Chalon-sur-Saone asking if he could look out the relevant back number and show it to me when I stayed in the town overnight en route to the south of France. He did better than that, publishing a paragraph about the impending arrival of a crazy English author, and asking if any of his readers could remember this improbable event.

When I met him, he gave me the telephone number of four or five people who had written or called as a result, and after talking to them, it seems clear that what had happened was a migratory plague of frogs crossing the roads. Observers remembered being unable to avoid squashing them as they bicycled. None had seen them dropping from the sky. And the original newspaper report, when I tracked it down in the local municipal library (magnificent — worth at least two stars in Michelin), mentioned only an 'infestation' of frogs observed on a single day.

However, I promise that what I am about to tell you is absolutely true, and provides the moral ending to the non-Fortean event at Chalon. I painstakingly copied out the original report, in French, from the local newspaper, and put it in the car with the other research papers. It vanished during the journey south. A couple of days later, one of my dowsing L-rods vanished from a securely fastened haversack. A day or so after that, the other L-rod vanished overnight from a locked car.

And when I recounted this sad story of the land-bound frogs to locals in the bar of the village where I was staying — Eygalieres in Provence — I was immediately told that frog falls in that area were widely known and accepted; and indeed, I met two impeccable witnesses who had seen it happen, once in the 1930's and once in c1945. Both men, independently, pointed to their thumb-nail to indicate the size of the frogs, which fell accompanied by rain, during thunderstorm conditions, but without debris. (Incidentally, a sceptical friend has suggested that the lack of debris in these cases may be because a whirlwind has lifted the frogs from a land surface, and that the dust would separate from the frogs at a higher altitude.) On both occasions, the frogs survived the impact of landing, and hopped about.

Francis Hitching. Twickenham, London

Cow's Elegy?

Several evenings ago some friends and I were walking on a local hilltop and we came upon the carcass of a dead cow lying in some long grass. I would estimate that the carcass had been there for a couple of days but due to the difficult terrain it had not been removed.

Later that same evening immediately after sunset all the cows and calves on the hilltop started to move urgently but silently along the fresh cowpath which led past the carcass. All the beasts without exception, young and old, gathered in a circle around the dead animal, their heads lowered and tails motionless. After several minutes, during which time the cowpath stragglers had caught up and joined the others, they started to slowly slip away into the dusk.

A strange and somewhat eerie sight and one which had quite an effect on all who witnessed it. Were the beasts responding to some telepathic herd instinct and saying goodnight to one of their kind or were they ruminating on the transient nature of their existence?

Alan Price. Lisvane, Cardiff

Towards a Fortean Classification System

Most of us in the 'strange phenomena' business, whether on a professional or dilettante basis, must maintain card-indexes or suchlike for the snippets of information which come our way: from which it must inevitably follow that we are all bugged by problems of classification.

I dare say most of us have solved this more or less to our own personal satisfactions, though for my own part I confess I am continually changing my mind and switching, say, bodily elongation from 'mystical' to 'physical' and so on. And of course the matter becomes even more awkward when it is a matter of interchange with other 'collectors'; though we share a common interest we do not necessarily share a common terminology.

I would like to suggest, therefore, that *Fortean Times* takes a lead towards establishing some kind of comprehensive classification system as a guide for us all. It would indeed be interesting to know if FT itself possesses a system in which it has sufficient confidence to publish it as a guide, or whether it, too, would welcome discussion leading to the establishment of a common classification system.

I am myself a librarian, and have had occasion to look into this matter of subject classification; and have come fairly definitely to the conclusion that the best solution is not a ready-made off-the-shelf solution, but a pragmatic one designed to fit the material rather than have the material forced to fit it.

Yet even if this is agreed as a basis, there are still many ways of subdividing the material, just as a chocolate bar or sheet of stamps can be divided this way or that. The most obvious method is a simple alphabetical list, but this is a cowardly dodging of the issue. On the other hand, the moment you start grouping phenomena you run the risk of begging questions — in particular, of making assumptions about them which can inhibit objective thinking about them. Is telekinesis a psychic or physical phenomenon? Does a poltergeist have objective reality? Could UFOs be mental projections, albeit with the power to affect radar?

I would be pleased to hear from other readers who may share my perplexity in this matter, or who believe they have solved the problem; similarly, I would be curious to hear what the Editor has to say on the matter.

Hilary Evans. Mary Evans Picture Library, Blackheath, London.

[Hilary Evans cogently pinpoints a fundamental problem for Forteans.

Having disregarded alphabetical and numerical lists based on existing library systems, and even Roget's Thesaurus, *we are currently following a specific line of exploration. Fortean flexibility seems to be a function of the number of cross-references to other cases, events, subjects etc. Our other criterion is the phenomenon itself and not its hypothetical context; this leaves us free to deal with the reported effects, subjective AND objective, involved in 'UFO' or 'poltergeist' reports, for example, without subscribing to notions, implicit in those terms, of extraterrestrial beings, spirits of the dead, elementals, conspiracies, other dimensions or theology. Work is proceeding on experimental index of phenomenal effects with extensive cross-referencing. If it works, we will publish it for general comment and critical development. In the meantime, like Hilary Evans, we too would appreciate hearing from anyone with any ideas — RJMR.]*

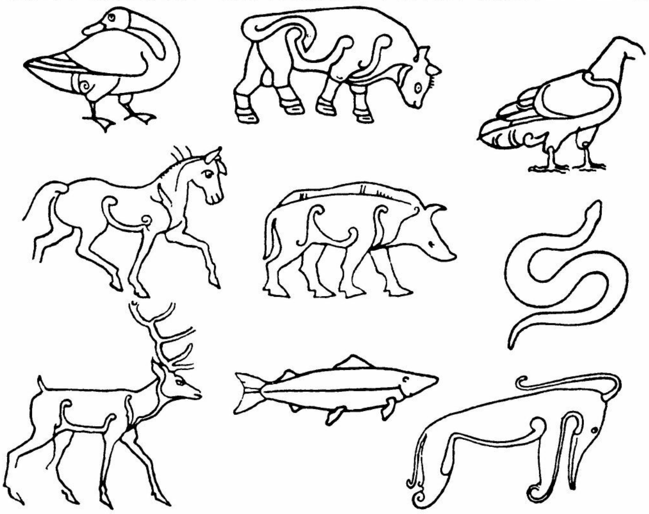
Two-Headed Oracle

We were recently in India with a French TV team making documentaries on Indian village life. On 5th April 1979 we visited a local festival of minstrels, at Sonamukhi in the district of Burdwan, West Bengal. It was attended by at least 200,000 people, and as is common at these events there was a funfair-cum-circus. It featured a twelve-year-old two-headed boy in a sideshow tent, lying on his back. He had one body, two necks and two heads, one physically and mentally more dominant than the other. They could speak independently of each other. The man in charge — who seemed to be a relative — asked various questions which the heads answered in turn. This was seen by seven members of the TV team.

It is still quite common at festivals in India to see exhibitions of prodigies.

Helen Coles and Bhaskar Bhattacharyya. London.

[For more on recent freaks and prodigies turn to page 21 . Ed]



Nessie the Elephant?

May I bring to the readers' attention a recent article in *New Scientist* (2 Aug) in which the authors claim to have solved the mystery of Loch Ness? After comparing photographs of Nessie with similar photographs from Burma they have identified Nessie as a swimming elephant. [See our 'Trends' section, this issue. Ed]

I dare say that the authors were not entirely convinced by their own explanation but they have overlooked an intriguing piece of evidence. The ancient Picts, it seems, were fond of carving pictures of animals on rocks. And pretty naturalistic pictures they were too — instantly recognisable as deer boar, golden eagle, salmon, or whatever — except for one animal which archeologists call 'the Pictish Beast' or 'swimming elephant'. [See illustrations.]

Mike Crowley. London.

Imperial Forteanism

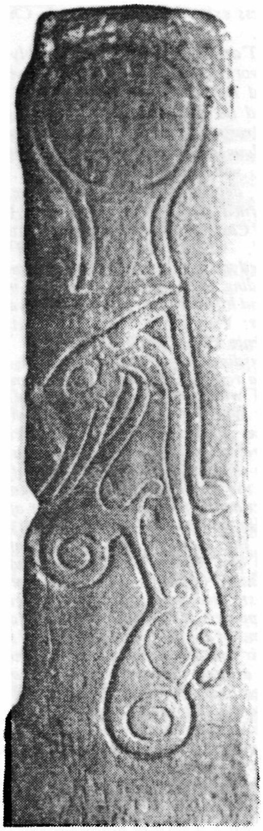
Here are two possible references to an antique Chinese official known in T'ang times as the 'Inspector of Oddities'. Perhaps one of your readers who can read Chinese or has access to old star catalogues can take the matter further.

The first is a reference in Schlegel's *Uranographie Chinoise* (1879), to the Inspector's celestial counterpart, given as 'e602' Arietis. The problem here is which star is e602?

The second is a tentative identification with an official listed in Biot's French translation (1851) of the *'Rites of Chou'* (compiled 2nd cent. B.C.). Is this the inspector?

'The Inspector of Invading Oddities. He is instructed in the ten effects of light, and his function is to observe extraordinary things and say if they are good or bad.

(Top) An assortment of naturalistic animal designs found on Pictish stones; the last design being the curiously stylized 'swimming elephant' motif,as seen (Below) on a stone at Meigle. See Mike Crowley's letter (Left) and notes on p29.



The first of the ten light effects is the invasion; the second the double sun; the third, the halo; the fourth, the hanging clouds; the fifth, the weakening of the light; the sixth, obscurities; the seventh, sky bands; the eighth, symmetrical arrangements of clouds; the ninth, (circular) rainbows; the tenth is called clouds that make you think.

He is in charge of calming people down, and getting them to hand over things which have fallen from the sky. He begins his work at the beginning of the year, and at the end of the year he analyses it.' (XXV, 30-32.)

John Cox London

Our Oriental Obscurities editor, Steve Moore, replies:

For those unfamiliar with Chinese literature, the Chou Li, *an alleged description of the court ritual of the Chou dynasty (12th-5th centuries BC), is traditionally ascribed to the Duke of Chou (12th C. BC), although modern thought places its composition between the Warring States Period (5th-3rd C. BC) and the Former Han (1st C. BC) depending on whether one believes Liu Hsin of the Han found or forged the manuscript. Either way, it is very far removed from the T'ang (7th-10th C. AD); and official titles and the jobs attached to them were extremely prone to change; so a direct titular correspondence remains uncertain, though some such official doubtless existed throughout early Chinese history.*

The T'ang official would presumably have been working under the Imperial Astronomical Board (or 'Ministry'), which itself changed its title several times during the T'ang, responsible for studying changes in the colour of the sun, the moon, constellations, winds, clouds and 'breaths'. The special department with which we are concerned seems to be the T'ung Hsuan yuan, *'Close for Communication with the Occult', whose personnel studied and prepared quarterly reports on the omens, forwarding them to the government ministries and historical archives. See Edward H. Schafer:* Pacing the Void *(University of California Press, 1977) p13.*

Regarding the Chou official, we have found a reference to what may be another official with similar duties, from Alfred Forke: The World Conception of the Chinese *(Probsthain, 1925) p5. Forke is again referring to Biot's* Chou Li, *but this time to chapter 26, where we find an official called the* Pao-chang-shih *(unfortunately my dictionary fails to make sense of this title). He too was on the astronomical 'staff': 'From the motions and changes of the planets and the stars, eclipses and parhelions, phases of the moon and the like they prognosticated lucky and unlucky auguries. The happiness of the empire depended on the gyrations of Jupiter, that of the feudal states on their special stars. The five kinds of clouds around the sun at the time of the solstices and equinoxes were indicative of imminent blessings or disasters, and so were the twelve varieties of winds. Green clouds meant insects, white meant death, red meant devastation by war, black, inundations, and yellow a rich harvest.'*

Off-hand, I know of no complete English translation of the Chou Li.

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Next Issue

Scoop! For the first time in a Western publication, evidence for the **Chinese 'Bigfoot'**, presented by two anthropologists from the Academy of Sciences, Peking, no less! Part 1 of **David Fideler's** study of Fortean phenomena in the state of Michigan (postponed from this issue); **Michael Goss** on occult forces used to deadly effect in oriental fighting arts; a collection of engravings featuring death by ball lightning; and more Fortean notes.

In next and future issues, we'll continue our developments of style and content, opening our pages to more artists — with a variety of techniques from comix and cartoons to illustrations — inspired by our field's potential for humour as well as philosophy. These existential funnies will be under the creative editorship of our own inimitable Hunt Emerson. Steve Moore, Spirit of the Moon and chief of our Department of Oriental Obscurities, is cooking up a format in which to present Far Eastern Forteana in greater variety and quantity. And while we review our experiment with guest columns, we'd like to extend the invitation to any reader who feels strongly about any aspect of Forteana or FT. If you wish to air your opinion, on any relevant topic, and can keep it concise — about 500 words or less — the soap-box is yours. So stay with us — we've a lot more of what you want in the pipe-line.

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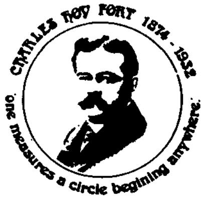
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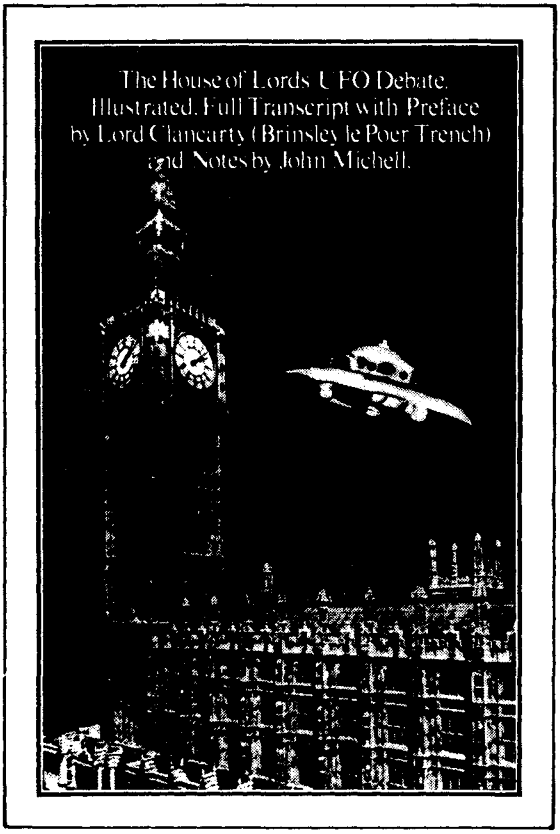
The House of Lords UFO Debate. Illustrated, Full Transcript with Preface by Lord Clancarty (Brinsley le Poer Trench) and Notes by John Michell.



"Is it not time that Her Majesty's Government informed our people of what they know about UFOs? I think it is time our people were told the truth." —Lord CLANCARTY.

The recent debate on unidentified flying objects (UFOs) in the House of Lords was the first to be held on this subject by any legislative body. The motion, calling upon the Government to promote international study of the rapidly growing UFO problem, was introduced to the Upper Chamber of the British Parliament by the Earl of Clancarty, better known as the pioneer UFO writer, Brinsley le Poer Trench.

Together with other speakers in the debate, notably the Earl of Kimberley, former Liberal spokesman on aerospace, Clancarty urges the Government to publish their secret files of UFO records and to reveal what is known about the phenomenon. His restrained, scholarly opening speech brings a variety of interesting responses from fellow peers. Contributions include charges of official UFO-news suppression, noble theories of UFO origins, accounts of members sightings and a theological intervention by the Bishop of Norwich. Marginal notes in this edition provide background information on the UFO cases and other matters referred to in this debate, and there are many relevant illustrations.

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